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THE FORTUNE TELLER

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THE HOOVING OF HOOVER

By Kenneth L. Roberts

GENERALLY speaking there are two schools of thought in Washington—the Griddle School and the Blow School.

The Blow School of thought takes a long breath, blows the blowee to a high, shiny, resplendent pedestal, and keeps him there by emitting constant and furious gusts of hot air. At intervals the members of the Blow School of thought sound clarion notes upon the big bazoo until the welkin rings with the violence of a six-dollar alarm clock. Usually it is the better part of wisdom to examine closely into the motives of the Blow School Boys, for only too frequently they are gentlemen who are developing their blowing powers because they have axes to grind.

The Griddle School of thought, on the other hand, places everyone on a griddle and roasts him to a cinder. The Griddle School affects tremendous cynicism, and has only the deepest and most supercilious contempt for everyone, from the President of the United States down to the most distracted secretary of the newest and most deeply submerged congressman. The members of the Griddle School are always endeavoring—as they so piquantly phrase it—to get something on somebody. The motives of the Griddle School Guards, like those of the Blow School Boys, need to be carefully scrutinized, for some of them are doing their roasting for purposes of revenge and others roast because roasting happens to be the popular pose in Washington just now.

LL.D.'s to Burn

BOTH of these schools have their finest and most fruitful subject in the person of Herbert Clark Hoover, Secretary of Commerce of the United States, honorary citizen of Belgium, a freeman of Belgian, Polish and Esthonian cities, and—to get to the matter by degrees—an A. B. at Stanford University, an LL.D. at Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Oberlin, Alabama, Liège and Brussels universities, and a D.C.L. at Oxford University. When the Blow School Boys pull out all the stops on their bazoos and render the Hoover Anthem with animation and enthusiasm the glad tidings flood the countryside: Hoover is the strongest man in the cabinet; Hoover is the greatest man in the world; Hoover is the man to put Russia on her feet! Hoover, Hoover, Hoover! Hurroo, Hurroo, Hurroo!

But let these echoes die away for a moment, and another and more ominous sound fills the air. This is the sizzling of the griddles of the Griddle School Guards as they put Hoover on to roast. He is fooling 'em, declare the Griddle School Guards. He has buffaloed the people of America. He has buffaloed the President of the United States. He has lived in Europe so long that he isn't an American any longer! Blah! Blah! Blah! Big business is getting wise to him! He is a four-flusher; he is a dead one; he is a dodo! He is working for Hoover first, Hoover last and Hoover all the time! Nothing else counts with Hoover. He's always advertising Hoover. Look at the publicity he gets! He'll do anything to get it! He sits up nights figuring how to get it! He always gets somebody else to do the work for him, and then he takes the credit! Never looks you in the eye; no, sir! Go to see him and he never looks you in the eye! Never says a word! Just sits with his face on his fist and stares at your shoes! Don't let that big stiff fool you! Hoover? Huh!

So say the Griddle School Guards. Yet the secretary who makes appointments for him appears to have little or no appreciation of this passionate craving for publicity on the part of his chief. The casual reporter, dropping in for a glance at the Hoover machine and the Hoover methods of inserting fuel, shaking down clinkers and removing ashes, finds this secretary asking pleasantly but with a marked absence of enthusiasm whether Mr. Hoover knows the reporter, whether he has an appointment, and displaying a polite but apparently complete ignorance of the newspaper or magazine the reporter represents.

"Hoover Plugs Along the Main Road; the Others are Eternally and Everlastingly Wandering Down Side Alleys"

"Deep! Deep!"

IT IS my belief that if Mr. H. G. Wells were to drop in for a look at Hoover his secretary would ask in a gravely interested manner: "Ah, was it important, what you wanted to see Mr. Hoover about? Ah, well, he is very busy to-day—maybe next week? No? Ah, well, I'll try to slip you in—the name is Wells, isn't it? Have you been writing long, Mr. Wells?"

If Mr. Wells had just presented a letter of introduction from, let us say, Lord Northcliffe, stating that Mr. Wells was to write on the American Commonwealth for the London Times it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Hoover's secretary would, after reading the letter, ask him absent-mindedly what newspaper he represented and whether he intended to write anything about Washington. I mention these things in no carping spirit, but merely to show that if Mr. Hoover is, as the Griddle School of thought in Washington seems to think, determined to get publicity by hook or by crook, he hasn't taken his secretary into his confidence. And that would be a very grave oversight if publicity is ardently wanted.

When these things are mentioned to certain members of the Griddle School Guards their eyes light up eagerly. "That shows the cleverness of the man," they declare. "He plays a deep game! Deep! Makes 'em think he doesn't want it so that they'll work harder to get it. Deep! Deep!"

You can't discourage a Griddle School Guard. If one of them had seen the Good Samaritan picking up the man who fell among thieves, and binding up his wounds with oil and wine, he would have ascribed the Good Samaritan's action to the imminence of election day and to the desire for campaign material. Any Griddle School Guard in good standing can worry nourishment out of a cobblestone.

Let us consider that widespread report that Hoover never looks anyone in the eye, that he never says a word, that he sits with his face on his fist and stares at the floor.

One finds Hoover sitting heavily at his desk, elbows on the arms of his chair and hands clasped across his chest. He wears his regulation blue suit—one of the score of the same model that are salted away in his haunts in different parts of the world. He looks somewhat pasty and noncommittal, and there is a contemplative and detached air about him that reminds one of a very large, moon-faced baby. As one draws nearer he smiles an ill-at-ease smile, and indicates a chair and grumbles an invitation to sit down.

One asks him what one wishes to know. He listens carefully, gazing at his desk top with a faint smile of the type usually known to our leading romanticists as cryptic or inscrutable. It is, however, neither cryptic nor inscrutable. It is merely a smile of reluctant good nature, and it means that he hasn't any reason for disliking you and that since he has agreed to receive you he will listen to what you have to say in spite of the fact that it's a bore.

Having absorbed the question he puts his hands behind his head, looks you squarely in the eye and delivers a fluent, comprehensive and complete answer. He divides the subject in hand into neat sections, and he picks up each section in turn, shaking it vigorously and remorselessly until its bones are thoroughly broken, and then tosses it over his shoulder and leaves it lying helpless and exhausted behind him. It is next to impossible to break in on the flow of Hoover's speech. He talks without effort, without stumbling, without repetition—this person who is known in some circles as a clam and a dodo, as a dummy whose tongue has been abstracted and concealed by the cat. He talks on and on, for ten minutes, for fifteen.

In the middle of his discourse he reaches down into a right-hand drawer of his desk and hauls out a large, club-like, dark brown cigar almost a foot in length. He doesn't offer one to you. It never enters his head. He wants a cigar for himself, and he gets it. Why should he give away cigars to a person who has asked for information? "Give 'em what they need" is Hoover's motto. He is furnishing the information; why drag a cigar into it? If the person needed a cigar he would—so Hoover probably figures—ask for it. Behind his chair, on the green carpet, lies a discarded cigar butt some three inches in length. Hoover, finished with it, has dropped it without further thought.

When he has brought his discourse to its logical conclusion he runs down like a machine and stares stolidly at his desk. He drops the thought as he has dropped the cigar butt. One takes advantage of the silence to shoot in another question. How about the irritation in another government department over his methods? What is the reason for these methods?

Nothing to Do but Work

INSTANTLY he is off again, staring you straight in the eye. There is more emphasis in his words, but no more in his voice. He finishes his sentences by monotonously querying, "See?" The business man hasn't been getting what he needed, see? The people who had been sending in the information weren't equipped to gather it, see? A lot of bush-leaguers, see? They sent in a lot of junk, see; and Mister Business Man doesn't give a damn for it, see? Hoover hits straight out from the shoulder. "If you run across any of those people that are kicking," he says, "tell 'em what I say. It'll do 'em good. All we want out of them is what we ask 'em for, see?"

There are no frills about this man Hoover. He knows the answer to questions, and he tells them without bursting into tears over the delicate feelings that may curl up in agony after he has said his say, see? A straight-thinking guy, a hard guy, an efficient guy, see? Getting ore out of Australian, Chinese or Siberian mines, feeding Belgian babies over German shoulders, getting milk through the Bolshevik lines, running the Department of Commerce—it's all the same to Hoover. Do you want babies fed? All right; here's the way to feed babies. Don't get in my way, because I can't feed them if you do. What, your feelings are hurt? Well, what do you want—somebody to nurse your feelings or somebody to feed babies?

One of the great differences between Hoover and the bulk of the near-statesmen who pose so gracefully in the government vineyard is that Hoover knows what he wants to do and exactly how to do it; whereas the others have a more or less vague idea of what they want to do, but not the slightest idea of how to do it. These people know hazily what they want to do and what they ought to do. They have sat in committees and had all the facts spread out before them until the floor is two or three feet deep in facts. Then they have waded around in them and tangled their feet in them and fallen down in them, and got their facts and themselves hopelessly and horribly messed up. Hoover is a simple person who dives down through the facts, gets hold of basic principles and works for the greatest good of the greatest number of people. Most of the Washington crowd wallow around on the top of the facts, get hold of no basic principles at all, and adopt any temporary expedients that will still the clamor of those who, being closest to them, are making the loudest noise. Hoover plugs along the main road; the others are eternally and everlastingly wandering down side alleys and private ways and branch roads, and getting stuck in the mud, and tearing their trousers on hedges. One of Hoover's jobs is to herd some of these wanderers back into the main road, and they don't like it. They like to lead a wild, free, untrammeled life, with mud on their pants and twigs in their hair, even though the rest of the country is waking up to the fact that they look and act like a lot of hoboes.

They object strenuously to being smothered and restricted and restrained in any way. And for the most part the people who are saying that Hoover is a four-flusher and a dead one and a dodo and a selfish advertiser are the people that he has pushed back on the main road—occasionally with sufficient force to bend their noses around into their ears. In this connection the chief trouble with Hoover is that there aren't more of him.

The job of the Secretary of Commerce is what might be called a complex job, compared with which Hoover's old job of chief engineer of the Chinese Imperial Bureau of Mines is as simple as buying a pound of prunes in a chain grocery. So far as can be learned the Secretary of Commerce has nothing to do with teaching eugenics to albino woodchucks or regulating the activities of persons who are attempting to communicate with Mars; but he seems to have a finger in nearly every other branch of activity known to these United States. He is charged, for example, with the work of promoting the commerce of the United States and its mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishery and transportation interests. This little job of promoting, one would naturally think, would be enough to keep any one man's promoter running at high speed for an indefinite period; and almost anybody charged with it would be justified in complaining to his most intimate friends that if he was expected to promote the fishing interests of the United States as well as all her other interests, he ought to get an extra five hundred dollars a year. Yet a Secretary of Commerce has other duties.

These consist, in part, of the administration of the Lighthouse Service, and the aid and protection to shipping thereby; the taking of the census, and the collection and publication of statistical information connected therewith; the making of coast and geodetic surveys; the collecting of statistics relating to foreign and domestic commerce; the inspection of steamboats, and the enforcement of laws relating thereto for the protection of life and property; the supervision of the fisheries as administered by the Federal Government; the supervision and control of the Alaskan fur-seal, salmon and other fisheries; the jurisdiction over merchant vessels, their registry, licensing, measurement, entry, clearance, transfers, movement of their cargoes and passengers, and laws relating thereto, and to seamen of the United States; the regulation of the enforcement and execution of the act of Congress relating to the equipment of ocean steamers with apparatus and operators for wireless communication; the custody, construction, maintenance and application of standards of weights and measurements; the gathering and supplying of information regarding industries and markets for the fostering of manufacturing; and the formulation—in conjunction with the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Treasury—of regulations for the enforcement of the food and drugs act of 1906 and the insecticide act of 1910. It must have been a thoughtful and farsighted person who foresaw that a person of Hoover's caliber would one day occupy the position of Secretary of Commerce, and wanted to be sure that if he ever had an idle moment he could devote it to formulating regulations for the enforcement of the insecticide act of 1910.

Such are the duties of Herbert Clark Hoover; and after a careful glance at them one can readily understand why it is that he comes down to work at nine o'clock and seldom breaks away until seven or half-past seven or even later in the evening, and why it is that if one places his hat on a vacant chair in Hoover's outer office and turns his back for a moment, he will find, when he turns back again, that a senator or a congressman or a big business man from Chicago or Seattle or Galveston or Boston is sitting solidly on the hat with a fixed determination to keep on sitting there until he sees Hoover.

Staggered by Straight Thinking

THE first and foremost of his duties, however, is the work of promoting the commerce of the United States. If Hoover were a congressman, now, he would probably figure that commerce could best be promoted by stopping all commerce so that there would be a universal demand for commerce. That seems to be the method of reasoning followed by a great many congressmen in, for example, their mental operations on the subject of immigration restriction. The restriction of immigration is demanded because America is getting a lot of people who are of no value to the country. Congress, having that fact more or less in mind, gives the matter several months of serious thought, and then decides that the best way of reaching the desired end is to let in each year a third of a million people who are utterly valueless to the country.

Hoover's mind, however, works in other channels. He figures that commerce can best be promoted by promoting commerce. There are a lot of people in Washington who stand aghast at such a revolutionary manner of thought. You will find them standing aghast on street corners and sitting aghast in hotel lobbies, and declaring in a keenly interpretative manner that some of Hoover's business theories are all very fine, no doubt, but that they are so extremely theoretical that there are a great many business men who can't get them at all. If this is true—and it probably is—it is due to the fact that there are, in this great Melting Pot of ours, a lot of business men who run so much to pot that they cannot grasp the fact that the best way to sell things is to get people to buy them.

That is the abstruse, theoretical and baffling basis of Hoover's activities in the Department of Commerce: Commerce can best be promoted by promoting commerce. Commerce is buying and selling. The best way to promote buying and selling is to promote selling and buying. Very incomprehensible! As clear as mud! Very obscure, mysterious, perplexing, enigmatic and muddy, not to say occult and recondite! But it is the way that Hoover hooves, and his hooving may be explained in more detail as follows:

Away back in the strange, uneventful, milk-and-watery days of 1911, when it was still considered a bit raw for a débutante to get likkered up at a dance, and when theater tickets could be had at the box office for two dollars, the production cost of the necessities of life—of food and shelter and clothing—was at a certain point, and the selling price of the same commodities was at another certain point. In order to simplify the explanation we will use what Hoover and the efficiency engineers, in their snappy and crystalline way, call an index number, and arbitrarily say that the production cost of necessities

(Continued on Page 105)

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Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Secretary of Labor Davis Having a Short Talk Before a Cabinet Meeting at the Entrance to the White House Offices

Winnie and the Dunoon System

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE instant Mr. George H. Jay, that notable agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row, set eyes on little Miss Winnie O'Wynn's face that morning he knew that something had happened to startle, to wound and to shock her. Not that she was pale—on the contrary her wild-rose color was, if anything, a trifle rosier and certainly wilder than usual; not that she was carelessly arrayed, shod, hatted or stockinged—for indeed she had never looked daintier or more carefully dressed.

It was her eyes that betrayed her. Darkly blue, wide, wondering, misty, with a hint of pain.

Mr. Jay was talking in urgent sharp-edged tones to a man like a boy in his outer office as Winnie entered, but he broke off at once.

"Wait here, Mike; wait, understand. I haven't finished. Just wait—see? Not to go away. Stop here, in fact."

The boylike man grinned and nodded, said something like "Yaz," and settled down on a chair as the gentle Mr. Jay hastened to Winnie.

"My dear Miss O'Wynn—this is a great pleasure! To see you once again illuminating this dingy old office ——" he began, looking keenly into her eyes.

He saw the faintly resentful distress in them, and guessed that all was not well.

He patted her little gloved hand reassuringly.

"There is a hitch—I mean to say, you have come to confide some difficulty to your old agent. Soon see to that, I can assure you, Miss Winnie. Yes, indeed, ha ha!"

He had ushered her into his inner office now, and uttering reassuring noises he proceeded to close the door. Then he took a seat at his desk and beamed upon his lovely little client.

"As you know, dear Miss Winnie, I've got a quick eye—an agent needs one nowadays, ha ha!—and I could see at a glance that something has happened to hurt—to shock you. Am I right?"

Winnie nodded.

"Yes, indeed you are, dear Mr. Jay," she said with a little sigh, and took an envelope from her bag. "I came to you at once. Someone—in the most peremptory way—has sent me this! So of course I brought it to you."

Mr. Jay ran a hard eye over the document which was so evidently distressing Winnie, and dropped it with a rather hollow laugh. It was a demand for payment of income tax.

"I see, Miss Winnie. In fact, I've got several of my own somewhere," he declared.

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, but you are a man—and, please, a very clever one, dear Mr. Jay," she smiled. "I knew, of course, that men received these demands. But I think it must be a mistake—surely—to pounce on a little lonely girl—without parents or even many friends, and demand income tax in this extortionate and vindictive way. You see, I am not in business, am I? I think it is some enemy of mine who is trying to make mischief in some secret way. A little unimportant girl like me is naturally exempt, isn't she, please?"

"It's a shame, of course, my dear Miss Winnie—but the fact is, they've got this country so that even a little lady like you has got to pay. In fact, you can't own money nowadays—you kind of rent it, and you've got to make what you can out of it while it's in your possession."

He ran his eyes over the demand.

"I'll do what I can about it, of course—claim a little here, snip off a little there, yes, yes. Get it knocked down a little, no doubt—but I fear we shall have to look upon it as a legitimate demand, regard it as so much good money gone west. Is this your first, Miss Winnie?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Jay! I—I have never dreamed of such a thing. Would it be any use, do you think, if I went and explained to the man?"

"I am in a Responsible Position With Regard to Her Ladyship's Horses. May I Ask at What Time Precisely the Horse Became Your Property?"

Mr. Jay shook his head slowly as he placed the demand under a paperweight.

"If it were any other kind of man on earth, dear little lady, I should say yes to that. But as it is, I've got to say no. Leave it to me, Miss Winnie. I will get you your proper abatements and allowances, but for the balance—there's only two things that will delete it. One's a check and the other's an earthquake. The fact is, we are all in the same boat, Miss Winnie. Ladies pay as well as men, nowadays."

Winnie sighed. But her pretty face cleared.

"Oh, I see. I don't mind now. I have not had very much experience of income tax and I thought they were pouncing on me unfairly; that was all, please. Then I may leave it with you. How kind you are to fight for my abatements, dear Mr. Jay!"

She rose, smiling, quite happy again.

"I must not keep you, I know. It was so kind of you and good of you to break off with the other client to see me."

"Oh, he wasn't a client," breezed George H. gayly. "That was only Mike—my jockey."

Winnie's eyes went wide. "But, please—your jockey!"

"Yes, ha ha! A little surprise, Miss Winnie, that, eh? I've started a string! Following your example, eh, Miss Winnie? Pick up a few races—little pocket money. Not much of a string of horses yet, of course—in fact it's only one—you may have heard of him—Benjamin Swift—useful old handicap horse. Got him at a bargain and I'll confess I'm looking to him to add to the string. I'm going to invest all his winnings—if any, ha ha!—in a few companions for him."

George H. ceased, looking with an anxious eye at his little client.

Winnie was nodding.

"I have heard them say that Benjamin Swift is a very good horse, Mr. Jay," she said. "Someone—I think it was Captain Fairbairn, or Mr. Harmon, the trainer—once happened to say that if he only had a reliable temper he would be a very famous horse."

Mr. Jay looked a little excited.

"It just does me good to hear you talk that way, Miss Winnie. For I think—I think—I have got over the temper difficulty." He dropped his voice and added mysteriously—"Mike!"

"Mike? Please, I don't quite understand."

"Mike—outside there. He's a marvel. I found him quite by chance cleaning horses in a livery-stable business just going into bankruptcy—got him at a bargain too. That lad, Miss Winnie, is a kind of freak. What I mean is, he ought to have been a horse. In fact, except for his shape he is a horse, you may say. I don't know his nationality, but I've got an idea that he drifted or was chased somewhere out from the back yards of Russia. He started in the war somewhere in Russia, drifted about almost everywhere and ran ashore in London. He isn't a Chinaman nor a Turkoman nor a Russian. A friend of mine says he's a kind of Tartar from Asiatic Tartary, wherever that may be, Miss Winnie—I never heard of it. But whatever his nationality he is certainly a horseman. Never knew they had horses in Tartary, Miss Winnie. Thought it was lamas, ha ha! It's my belief he talks to them in their own language. And what he doesn't know about horses, inside and outside, you could carve on a Japanese cultured seed pearl. All the horses were sick once at the livery stable. And he's my property, Miss Winnie, and I call him Mike because my throat isn't the right shape for pronouncing his real name, ha ha! You have to hiss like a serpent to pronounce it, anyway!"

The gentle George H. uttered one of his great gusty laughs, and charmed with the interest which Winnie seemed to show in the remarkable Mike he became spacious and generous.

"And I need hardly say, my dear Miss Winnie, that if by any chance you need the services of this lad he is at your disposal," he said, little dreaming how very quickly he was to be taken at his word.

Winnie was charmed.

"Oh, I am so glad for you, Mr. Jay, and I do congratulate you! It will be so nice to see Benjamin Swift coaxed into doing his very best. Please, who is training for you?"

Mr. Jay beamed.

"I have persuaded Dan Harmon, your own trainer, to accept Benjamin, Miss Winnie. He's accepted Mike too. The lad's been with him for a fortnight."

"Oh, but that is splendid! I am going to Newmarket this week with Lady Fasterton. No, not to Hawkshover Hall—that is being redecorated, I think. We and Captain Fairbairn and Mr. Peel are staying at Shornacres with Lady Dunoon for the Houghton meeting. I shall see Benjamin Swift working on the heath when I ride over there to watch my Lullaby."

She offered her hand, bright eyed. "And, please, you will make them be reasonable about the income tax, won't you? It was such a dreadful blow to me."

Her slim hand rested in his for a moment.

"And I wish you splendid luck with Benjamin Swift," she added. "I think you have been very wise to snap him up. People say all sorts of things about racing, but although perhaps I mayn't know very much about it I do feel that it is possible to make it pay a little profit if one is very careful, don't you, dear Mr. Jay?"

He agreed robustly, and she departed, leaving him chuckling.

"Pay a little profit? Good Lord!" he echoed. "I wonder how many thousands she's made out of her little Lullaby this year! She doesn't know much about racing! No! I wish I didn't know half she don't know about it. Might make a fortune then, ha ha! Still—what with Mike and Benjamin I might pay expenses yet." He thrust his massive head out of the doorway.

"Hey, Mike—*alles*—in here, my lad." The Mike person allezed in.

II

ALTHOUGH her own two-year-old, Lullaby, was not running in the Newmarket Houghton meeting, Winnie had never looked forward to a meeting with such soul-stirring excitement as that which flushed her cheeks, illumined her bright eyes, and helped enrich her dressmaker for the week immediately preceding the visit to Shornacres.

For months past, she felt, dear old Dame Fortune had been quietly shaping affairs with a view to bringing them to a suitable and highly satisfactory climax at the end of the year. As far as actual racing was concerned this had already been achieved, when, at the Newmarket Second October meeting, darling Lullaby had alligatored the Middle Park Plate with almost contemptuous ease, thus ensnaring a stake of approximately three thousand pounds plus a bet of fifteen hundred to five hundred twice over, for her little owner, and the kudos of winding up the season with the certainty of being first favorite for the next year's Derby provided she wintered well.

There remained, of course, in the noble art and craft of the turf, plenty to attract Winnie's keen interest. Captain Cecil Fairbairn, M.P., her man of all men, was giving his staunch little filly, Nanette, an opportunity to win him the Criterion Stakes; her friend Lady Fasterton had a couple of her best going in races which her husband fondly hoped to win; their hostess was running several steeds, and Winnie had gathered that if all went well the Mike person would be required in no uncertain fashion by the gentle George H. Jay to jam the nose of Benjamin Swift to the front in the Rutland Handicap.

Yes, Winnie had plenty of racing to interest her. But it was not the racing that was of the most vital importance to her. Hear her on the subject for yourselves as she sat, idly cozy, in her room at Shornacres a few minutes before she began to make herself radiant for the evening.

"I feel sure that this is going to be the happiest week for you that you have ever known, Winnie," she cooed, wide eyed before her mirror. "Something seems to tell me so. I guessed it the instant Cecil and I looked at each other."

Her gaze transferred itself to the expensively framed photograph of the good-looking Member of Parliament for Tiltonham, and the exquisite pinkness deepened in her cheeks. She looked back at the mirror and watched the color ebb.

"It is only Cecil who can make me blush like that just by thinking of him," she reflected. "Besides, it is rather a nice little blush—not an angry one, or a dyspeptic one, or a wine one, or because I am ashamed of anything. So I don't mind."

"I Don't Think I Would Care to Sell Barbarian to a Guest of Mine"

She leaned forward to the mirror, resting her delicate chin on her hand.

"He is going to ask me to marry him, and now I am so sure of that in my heart it seems so strange to me that I ever could have doubted him. Fate is not so funny and erratic as she seems, I think. She does things in her own way. All this year I think she has been helping us so quietly and kindly. When I first met Cecil he was so poor, and I was not very rich. But now we have plenty of money, and that is so nice. And he is a Member of Parliament and I own the favorite for next year's Derby! What would daddy have said to that! If only he could have lived just long enough to see Lullaby win the Middle Park Plate! He always liked to see that race, though he always backed a horse that lost, poor daddy."

She sighed a little and turned again to the glory within the expensive photograph frame.

"I have helped you, Cecil, a little, haven't I?" she whispered. "In your troubles. But now they are past. No more troubles now, Cecil! Only happiness."

But there the child was unconsciously filling her little basket from under the *citronnier*, or lemon tree, for down at the stables of Lady Freddy—as her intimates usually called Fredegonde, the fair wife of Sir Russell Dunoon—no less a personage than Samson B. Trouble himself was massaging his muscles for quick action.

"No more troubles now—only happiness!" said Winnie softly, and rang for her maid.

She was in a melting mood, perfect health and a wonderful frock when presently she joined the others.

It was quite a small party—just Lady Freddy, May Fasterton and Winnie, with Sir Russell, the Hon. Gerald Peel and Captain Fairbairn. All very cozy and, to deal truthfully, about all Lady Dunoon felt that she cared to afford.

When Lady Freddy entertained she liked to do the thing well, but charming in her way though she was, she was the possessor of a secret parsimonious streak, which, though usually well concealed, rendered it irksome to her to give of her quality to a quantity. Sir Russell, a large, fair, abstracted person of unpowerful intellect, greatly given to applied mathematics—applied, that is, to an intricate roulette system which he himself had invented and still hoped some day to understand—did not count as a factor in his own house and was rarely noticed unless one trod on his foot on account of his not getting out of the way.

And since Lady Freddy's star colt Barbarian was entered for the Dewhurst Plate at a weight so favorable that it seemed hardly possible that he could fail to smouch it with considerable ease; and inasmuch as Lady Fasterton was delightfully confident that in one, if not two, of the races she would probably inflict a most annoying surprise for her husband—whose horses alone she cared to beat; and whereas Sir Russell had recently discovered how to understand the simpler decimals, a most valuable aid to his system; and because the Hon. Gerald Peel was ever serene and utterly imperturbable; and, finally, as Winnie and Cecil Fairbairn were in the mood which would have made an iceberg in a snowstorm a Paradise of privacy, it follows that dinner went off not less pleasantly than the houri-haunted dream of a hashish gourmet.

It was not until they were in the drawing-room that Lady Freddy let fall a comment which, carelessly though it was made, caught the attention of all there.

She was giving up racing, or rather, race-horse owning, at the conclusion of the present season, she said casually. "Giving up?" echoed May Fasterton. "But, Freddy, you have several horses which are certain to pay their way—Barbarian, Paladin and Miss Magic."

Lady Freddy nodded.

"I know, dearest. I am not really giving up. I should have said cutting down. I shall keep Barbarian, of course. But the others I am going to sell. You see, after all, one needs quite a good deal of capital to tide even likely winners over the winter and through the year—especially such an appallingly unlucky year as this has been for me."

Winnie looked at her, openly astonished to learn that she had had such a bad year. She had the reputation of being one of the very keenest lady owners on the turf. There are many who fail to extract much profit from racing, but Lady Freddy had never been one of them. She did not even look like one of them, thought Winnie.

Winnie pondered her hostess. Beautifully dressed, with some rather exceptional jewels, she was of the willowy blond type, looking about fourteen years younger than her age. Perhaps a shade too thin to appeal to the average taste, there was a remote, almost imperceptible sharpness, or edge, to her beauty, and her honey-colored hair added a faint chilliness to the same. This gave her a slight air not of foxiness but rather of hawkiness. One would not have noticed it except after close study, for Lady Freddy possessed a remarkable pair of eyes, as nearly pure amethyst as any eyes ought to be, and these saved her from an effect of haggardness which would have charmed but a very minute minority of the world's beauty students.

It occurred to Winnie that Sir Russell seemed remotely surprised, though he was far too well broken to matrimonial harness to utter any comment whatever.

"So I am going to sell off my string—discreetly, of course. Among my friends. All except Barbarian," said the lady.

Cecil Fairbairn looked at Winnie.

"Paladin might be worth buying, don't you think, Miss O'Wynn? Shall I have a flutter?"

Winnie nodded, her eyes bright as she noted that he had reached the stage where almost unconsciously he consulted her before fluttering.

"Yes, oh, yes. I—I think it would be quite safe to buy Paladin—if the price proved to be reasonable."

He pressed the white hand, lying like a fallen flower on a black silk cushion between them on the big lounge, and turned to his hostess.

"How much do you want for Paladin, Lady Freddy?"

She reflected for a moment, then smiled across at him.

"Do you mean as he stands with all engagements—including his chance in the Jockey Club Cup on Thursday—an excellent chance?"

Fairbairn glanced at Winnie. He had a profound respect for her judgment, enhanced by his feeling for her. It would be something around two thousand pounds—a large, a very large figure, for him, who had only recently got the bow of his financial bark headed away from the rocks.

Winnie nodded. She, too, knew Paladin as a good, honest horse. Fairbairn turned to his hostess.

"Yes, as he stands, Lady Freddy," he said promptly.

"Two thousand guineas."

"I will give you pounds."

"So be it, Cecil. It's a bargain," said the lady, her eyes very amethystine.

Now any horse deal is very much a grim, chilled-steel matter o' business, and when the horse in question is entered for an approximately eight-hundred-pound event with other possibilities, it is well to be clear on the question of exact ownership. Everybody in the room knew that—except perhaps Sir Russell, who was fighting a mental battle with one Zero. And naturally Fairbairn stressed it.

"Thank you, Lady Freddy. Then Paladin is mine from now on—as he stands with all engagements?"

Lady Freddy laughed, glancing at the clock.

"It is half past nine," she said with mock seriousness, and the sweet low chime of the clock registered the half hour as she spoke. "From now on Paladin is your horse with all engagements, assets and liabilities. And this I do swear, so help me Mammon!"

"Splendid! A very fair bargain," said May Fasterton. The imperturbable Gerald Peel seconded that.

Winnie came out from a delightful reverie in which she had seen herself, with Fairbairn, busily superintending the training of their horses. This would make three good ones—Lullaby, Nanette and Paladin. If only they had one more to give them a solid trio of real talent certain to pay their way, in addition to one genuine flyer, Lullaby. It would be a promising start for a married-life racing partnership—and would produce a useful surplus for a few speculations in yearlings.

She leaned forward. "I will give you a fair price, please, for Barbarian, dear Lady Freddy!" she said with a delicious soft breathlessness.

For a moment the amethyst-eyed one hung—hovered—hesitated. But she had always possessed a weak spot for the great, raw-boned, backward, powerful colt that promised so well, and she shook her honey-colored head, smiling. "No, no. I intend to keep one or two—certainly one. And it must be Barbarian. But if I do ever sell him, darling, you shall have first choice."

"Thank you so much," said Winnie demurely, and turned to Fairbairn, whispering at her side.

"Was I right, dear—Miss O'Wynn?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I am sure you were. Mr. Harmon has spoken well of Paladin, more than once. He has never mentioned a price, but Gerald says it was reasonable—and, please, I think so too."

"You know, I have you to thank—in lots of ways, for being able to buy Paladin," he told her softly. "I won just about his price over Lullaby in the Middle Park Plate. And that's only one way."

Winnie's heart seemed suddenly to become hurried in its manner. Cecil was looking at her in a very intent and—yes, hungry way.

"I would not have bought him if you had not approved, dear little friend," he went on.

They were on the very verge of forgetting that they were not alone when the rather baa-ing voice of the usually silent Sir Russell bleated excitedly across the room. It was so unexpected that everyone was a little startled.

"Yes, yes—yes, yes—I see it now. I have it. It's the demned little decimal dot that does it. My friends!"—his spectacles flashed round upon them "like falchions from their sheaths"—"I have solved the secret of breaking any bank at roulette at any time, by sheer mathematics and a demned little decimal dot! Permit me to explain to you all, my very good friends, while it is fresh in my mind! You only need a notebook, a pencil, a little capital, and of course a large rake. They provide rakes."

The man was so obviously in earnest that even his wife let him have his head for once in a way.

And when your host has pinned you to a settee while he describes the discovery of a lifetime, how are you going, without discourtesy, to take a girl to a quiet corner for the purpose of proposing marriage to her? That was what Captain Cecil Fairbairn wanted to know.

There was nothing for it but to listen. Which Winnie and he did—so thrillingly conscious that they were holding hands under the silk cushion throughout the entire lecture that they never really understood quite what it was that the deadly decimal dot did to poor old Zero, though they gathered, by the time Sir Russell had finished his oration, that Monte Carlo would completely cease to function as a money magnet in slightly less than ten days after his arrival at that haunt of fashion, fantasy and foolishness.

III

FOR all the difference that the raw gray morning mist made to the two riders who left Shornacres in the dim first light of the following dawn it might have been the warm golden haze of a midsummer evening.

In spite of their long acquaintance and mutual interest in racing, this was the very first time that Winnie and Cecil Fairbairn had ever ridden out together at dawn to watch race horses working on Newmarket Heath, and they were in glorious spirits.

They purposed calling first of all at the Dunoon stables, quite near the house, to see Paladin and watch him stride out with the string, then to follow on to the Heath and see Fairbairn's Nanette—temporarily at Dan Harmon's stables, for the meeting—and Lullaby.

"We must be sure to see Mr. Jay's horse, Benjamin Swift, please," said Winnie. "I promised—and he has such great hopes of him."

"Of course," agreed Fairbairn, reveling in the very sound of her sweet, clear voice. "You know, this is the happiest morning I have ever had."

"Oh, yes—and for me, too!" cried Winnie, steadying the fretful, fidgety Arab she had long ago bought from her friend May Fasterton—who liked her mounts to be somewhat less jumpy.

Lady Freddy's trainer, one Sloman, a haggard-jawed gentleman with very tight lips and stony eyes, received them, like one on the lookout for them.

"Captain Fairbairn?" he asked, raising his hat to Winnie. "Her Ladyship sent a message last night that I might expect you. To see Paladin. You bought him last night, I understand, captain?"

"I did. Has he gone out yet?"

Mr. Sloman hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Well, no," he said. "The fact is, I have a bit of very bad news for you. The horse is not well. In fact ——" He checked himself.

"You will excuse my asking you the question, Captain Fairbairn—but I'm quite sure you will understand that I am in a responsible position with regard to Her Ladyship's horses. May I ask at what time precisely the horse became your property?"

"Why, certainly. At ha——"

A soft voice, very clear, distinct and musical, interrupted him. It was Winnie, who was as swift-witted happy as when unhappy.

"Paladin ill! But, please, at what hour did he show signs of illness?"

Mr. Sloman's eyes flickered to the girl.

"I saw him myself at midnight—and he was fit as a fiddle then, Miss O'Wynn. I can guarantee that. It took him at about five o'clock this morning—suddenly—like a kind of stroke. I know a good deal about horses—but I'm puzzled now. I don't know what's wrong with him. It's new to me. Never saw anything like it. The vet's in with him now—and he's a puzzled man. To tell you the plain truth, captain, your horse is dying!"

Fairbairn smothered an exclamation.

"Oh, but—is Paladin insured, do you know, please?" asked Winnie.

"I understand not, Miss O'Wynn. Her Ladyship does not insure her horses," said Sloman.

They turned into the stable yard, meeting the veterinary surgeon as he stepped out of the stable.

"No more need for me; he's dead," said this one briefly.

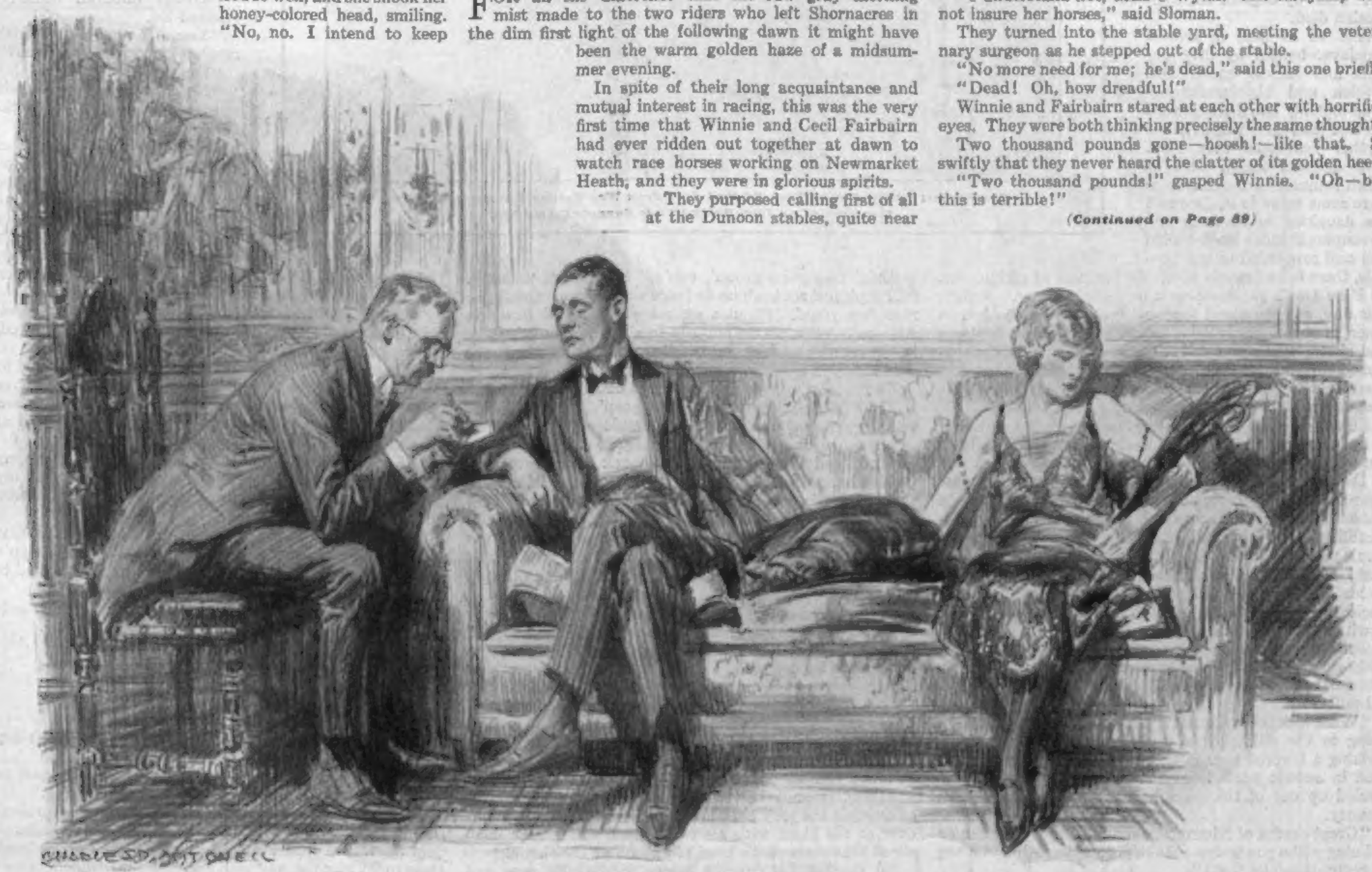
"Dead! Oh, how dreadful!"

Winnie and Fairbairn stared at each other with horrified eyes. They were both thinking precisely the same thoughts.

Two thousand pounds gone—hoosh!—like that. So swiftly that they never heard the clatter of its golden heels.

"Two thousand pounds!" gasped Winnie. "Oh—but this is terrible!"

(Continued on Page 59)



When Your Host Has Pinned You to a Settee While He Describes the Discovery of a Lifetime, How are You Going to Take a Girl to a Quiet Corner?

FUR CHASER

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

DOC HOLDEN was a firm believer in the theory that a bird-dog puppy should be allowed to learn the ways and wiles of feathered game by his own methods. Self-hunting, bird men call it. Turn the pup loose. Let him run his ears off. Time enough in a year to restrict his natural methods with commands after untrammeled days of self-hunting have built up the ranging spirit and the natural bird wisdom of him.

So, acting on his beliefs, Doc picked out the likeliest son of Doctor's Girl and sent him to Eddie Garfield, down in Alabama, with instructions to Friend Ed to throw away the leash. Ed gave the pup a week to get acquainted with his big quail-stocked preserve and then cut the rope; and the pup, standing not upon the order of his going, went away from there at once—and stayed; vanished as though the soil of the Cotton State had gobbled him down, hide, heels and tail. Buggy wheels whirled all over Northern Alabama. Wires grew hot from Maine to Florida. Detectives searched. Dog papers printed fabulous offers of reward. A puppy out of Doctor's Girl by Apache Don was lost or strayed or stolen. Pointer men's hearts skipped a beat or two for half a year thereafter at the sight of every stray, battered, liver-spotted dog that padded by. Then by degrees the commotion died.

And so at last, in solemn conclave, tearful by fifty per cent and maybe more, Doc Holden and his insufferably good-looking daughter Madge decided that there was to be no further heartache over Don. This decision made, with as much firmness as though there were some sense in it, Doc and his daughter arose from the davenport in Doc's book-walled den and proceeded to the kennels, there to go bravely about the business of picking out El Paso Don's successor as a field-trial winner. And on this day, as they stood there with elbows on the kennel fence, doubtfully appraising those of Don's litter brothers and sisters who still dwelt at the Holden huts, at the self-same hour, like as not, Ed Garfield, after long and hopeless searchings, found, much as Sir Launfal did, the thing he sought for, right at his castle gate.

Ed was returning from a weary, rumor-goaded quest out in the sticks—his horses mired to the ears, his buggy wheels mud-disked, his spirit resting like nine pounds of bird shot at the bottom of his high-laced field boots, and no more liver-spotted dog beside him than a pollywog. As he coaxed his tired sorrels up the lane that leads to his wide-rambling, long-columned house he heard, back in the scrub pine, off to his left, a mellow tonguing. Pooh for that! Beagles! Without a pause or look he kept clucking to his horses; but a little farther on he came upon an ancient and decrepit darky, with an ancient and decrepit howitzer laid across his knees, hunched in a seemingly dejected knot on the top rail of a snake fence, watching with rheumy and lackluster eyes the small pine grove whence the tonguing came, clearer and closer every second. Ed pulled up.

"What luck to-day, uncle?" asked Eddie sociably, something in the old fellow's stuck-in-the-slough expression striking a kindred note in the white man's gloomy heart. And in answer uncle leaned rheumatically forward and hauled up out of the grass half the rabbits in Jackson County.

"Great shades of Nimrod!" shouted Ed. "How can an old nigger like you tramp enough ground to gather in a bag of cottontails like that?"

The old man shifted a bit.

The Biggest Rabbit Hound That Ed Had Ever Seen Was Yelling His Head Off Not a Sixteenth of an Inch Behind That Bunny's Cotton End

"Ain' tramp no groun', cap'n," he grunted amiably. "Ol' Eph jus' set heah on de fence an' roll 'em. Oscuh, he race 'em roun'. Oscuh's de rabbit-huntin'es' dawg in Alabam'. W'en all de hoppers in dishyer county's done brung roun', Oscuh's gon' trabl' oveh in de nex' an' race dem all up in front ol' Come-to-Pappy too."

He patted Come-to-Pappy on the battered stock.

"Hol' fas' de reins an' watch a li'l', cap'n," he continued, grinning. "Gon' crack down on ol' mule-ears in a secon'."

The tonguing in the grove of pines grew deeper and more musical, and Uncle Eph yanked back two murderous-looking hammers; and presently to the accompaniment of the sweetest beagle music Ed had ever heard a ball of fur bounced out of the cover, hopping desperately up to Come-to-Pappy's muzzles; and, indistinct in the high grass, the biggest rabbit hound that Ed had ever seen was yelling his head off not a sixteenth of an inch behind that bunny's cotton end.

Uncle pulled up his harquebus and sighted with watery eyes along its rusty barrels. From where Ed sat it looked as though the rout of pickaninnies at Eph's cabin had a fine chance for dog giblet along with their rabbit stew that night.

And then, just as the darky pressed the trigger, Ed leaned far out from his buggy seat and made a wild grab at him.

"Don't shoot, for the love of Stonewall Jackson!" bellowed Ed.

"Dow!" roared the ancient culverin. And workmanlike as any job the jolly old black-hooded craftsman ever put over at the block with his two-handed snickersnee, Eph sliced that cottontail's head plumb off at the shoulders.

Ed checked his dancing horses, rubbed his eyes and swallowed hard.

"Uncle," he asked, gulping at the holy fright that choked up his throat, "don't you take an awful chance, killing that close in front of your hound?"

"Done gotta," the old man explained. "Done gotta roll dem hoppers right out f'om undeh dat Oscuh's nose. Dat's how he bring 'em by. Ol' man ain' take no chance though," he added, grinning lofty pride of craft. "Ain' no chance business with ol' man an' Come-to-Pappy. Dead shuah we knock dem jackass ears loose ev'y time."

Eddie Garfield meantime had come to a decision. Thinking of the astounding figures that the dog magazines had printed half a year before, Ed reached for his wad. Ed loved old darkies as Southerners know how to love them.

Most of us folks up here in the snow belt would have given the old man a twenty-dollar bill and called it square, quite satisfied with his elation and our own sense of munificence and honesty.

"Oscar's his name, is it?" inquired Ed.

"Yessuh."

"Find him?"

"Yessuh. Come in one day las' summeh with my otheh dawgs. Stayed along."

"Been hunting rabbits with him ever since?"

"Eveh since de season open," Eph answered circumspectly.

"Great codfish balls!" groaned Ed.

"Yessuh," replied Eph with rare intelligence. "How come?"

"For sale?"

"Nossuh, cap'n," Eph made emphatic answer. "Dem pickaninnies's gotta eat."

Ed always carried sinews of war aplenty on his various excursions on the trail of Doc Holden's pointer pup. So he was able now to produce, for uncle's benefit, a roll of bills big enough to plug a city sewer. He started to peel that wad very slowly, one luscious green skin at a time. Eph cleared a constricted throat.

"Always could get my share of rabbits with dem ol' houn's befoh dis Oscuh dawg eveh come," he muttered, weakening.

Ed kept on peeling. Ed was thinking. At last he had it. Those of us up here where the ice grows who would have had the honesty to turn over that reward to the old fellow would have made the blunder of giving it to him all at once.

"Listen!" said Ed. "I'm Captain Garfield. That's my house over yonder. How would you like to come to my place every Saturday morning and get a large round iron dollar?"

The ancient gentleman of color looked his incredulity. Yet this man, it seemed, was Cap'n Ed Garfiel'. Cap'n Ed, so he had heard many and many a time, never lied to a nigger.

"Ev'y Sat'day mo'nin' I comes to you-all's place an' gets a dollah?"

"That's it."

"Wha' fo'?"

"For that dog."

"No wuhk?"

"No work!"

"Fo' how long I gets dishyer dollah ev'y Sat'day mo'nin'?"

"Forever. This is Friday. Here's a dollar to start us off right. But come around to-morrow for another."

Shaking his cotton-thatched head at the incomprehensible ways of white folks, Eph took from about his shoulders the frayed rope that had answered for Oscar's leash these many months, and with a sigh of mingled delight and resignation handed it to Ed.

"Cap'n," asked Eph as Ed started to stuff the fat roll back into the pocket whence it had come—"Cap'n," asked Ephraim Terwilliger Joppey, licking his lips at thought of certain squat bottles lately offered for sale at his shanty by a weasel-faced white gentleman, "instead of dis heah dollah-a-week business, couldn' you make it six dollahs an' fifty cents in cash?"

And so it came about that while Eph Joppey shuffled down a muddy lane in Jackson County with eight hundred and sixteen rabbits slung under his arm, but minus his dog and with cash assets lacking just five dollars and fifty cents of the purchase price of a bottle of poisonous squareface; and while Doc Holden and his appallingly decorative daughter Madge leaned sorrowfully over a kennel fence way up in New York State, a jubilant gentleman answering to the name of Edward Corson Garfield knelt in gumbo and cursed gleeful words of welcome home into the thin leather of a big-boned, loose-shouldered, lion-hearted, liver-and-white pup that was the rabbit-huntingest dog in Alabama.

Meet Shirleigh Welles. But wait a minute. Bow and say something pretty; but don't shake hands. Don't do it. There's a reason. Shirleigh Welles, if you can grasp the meaning, was one sockdolager of a Waldo, a he tea hound. Shirleigh had shoulders eleven feet across, and the dearest sideburns. Shirleigh had a hoisting-engine boiler for a chest, and polished finger nails. The bottom buttons of Shirleigh's silken vest sunk deep into the splendid cave-in at his waistline. His hips were narrow and immaculately tailored. And the bulging thews of his thick thighs threatened to come cracking through his gray-striped morning trouserettes at every step. But the walk! Sweet marjoram, did you get the walk? Much like the pompous progress of Lord Chanticleer, than whom there is no more damfooler insect.

Shirleigh came rooster-strutting down the line of irregular flat stones set in the lawn that led from the Holden house to the kennels just as Doc Holden and his outrageously ornate daughter were commiserating each other on the fact that no field-trial champion's qualities were visible to the naked eye among the pointer pups that now nosed, whimpering, along the wire fence. By way of mutual consolation Doc had slipped an arm about his daughter's waist. Any man who has ever seen Madge Holden can name offhand eight thousand more unpleasant activities for the human arm. So, too, no doubt, could Shirleigh Welles. At any rate his speech supports this supposition.

"I just popped in to propose to Madge again," Shirleigh announced, "and Williamson shooed me through back here."

He extended a hand to Doc, smiling meanwhile a smile which was intended to convey good-natured banter, but which, due to the sort of features out of which it was manufactured and to the kind of mind behind the features, only succeeded in carrying to the doctor an impression of about two hundred and eight pounds of ego.

Doc looked at Shirleigh, and smiling as one who bides his time unwound his arm from its delectable resting place and put both hands behind his back.

"Give it to Madge," he said. "She's saving them. I tried it once."

So Shirleigh swung his mighty manicured flipper toward the lady, who without hesitation placed her soft fingers in it.

Back of Doc Holden's good-natured refusal of Mr. Welles' proffered hand there was a reason. Doc Holden, as he said, had tried it once. Sufficiency. "Pleasetomeetcha," you would probably say on meeting Shirleigh, and unless warned innocently put forth a hand and exchange grips with a rock crusher.

"Shirleigh Welles," that imbecile handclasp would say, with ponderous and bone-bending emphasis. "Welles, you know. Oughty-ought. The champion Scarlet team. All-American four years. You've heard of me. Some arm I've got, eh, what? You poor hundred-and-seventy-five-pound shrimp!"

Superiority was all that asinine performance meant to Shirleigh. Heartiness? With Mr. Welles? Doc Holden had walked quietly away from Shirleigh after his first and only contact with that grip, and with the tears of pain still on his cheeks had headed for an athletic outfitter's. There he bought a spring-grip dumb-bell. Two years later his right forearm was an inch and a quarter bigger round than his left; but he still smiled the smile of one who bides his time whenever Mr. Welles, on his frequent calls at the Holden establishment, offered him, as it were, the good right hydraulic forging press of fellowship.

"What cheer?" asked Shirleigh blithely as he reluctantly allowed Madge Holden to withdraw her hand. "Any bright word from the lost, strayed or stolen?"

Shirleigh, it seemed, would never learn that the loss of a potential field-trial winner is not a matter for blitheness.

"No news," Doc answered Shirleigh. Doc did not know that at that moment a young man down in Alabama was pulling his knees loose from the gumbo and hot-footing it for the nearest telegraph station. "And in this case we call that bad news," and he turned and looked down over the kennel fence again.

The better part of a year had laid its formative fingers on the lithe bodies of the litter brothers and sisters of El Paso Don that now raced, barking, up and down the kennel run in puppy effort to express their appreciation of a visit from the house. But Doc Holden appraised them with pointer-wise eyes and shook his head slowly; and Madge Holden, watching him with that look of adoration in her face which a girl carries for the father who can look his daughter's mother square in the eye, interpreted his decision so well that her broad boyish shoulders shook with an ill-concealed sob.

If he had tried for fifty years Shirleigh could not have picked a better time than this particular pointer-surcharged moment to pull the thing that proved he had a very bad Charley horse above his ears.

"My golly-whiz," cursed Shirleigh horribly, "why the salt tears, Madge? Why not get to work on one of the pups you've got and forget that Don dog? They're all the same breeding, aren't they?"

Doc Holden stared, then smiled. His daughter stared without smiling. Forget the Don dog?

"Of course you don't know pointers, Shirleigh," Doc explained. "But one look into that kennel run tells you that there isn't a trial dog in the lot. Nice gun dogs, splendid hunters, plenty of bottom to them all. But there does not flame in a single pair of those brown eyes the unbreakable courage that makes a champion in the field."

"Courage?" said Shirleigh, lifting his eyebrows in his superior stare. "Courage?" he questioned, and for good and all dumped over his apple cart as far as his chances with Madge Holden were concerned. "I'm a great lover of courage myself," Shirleigh explained. "Polo, football, the ring, and what not, have claimed my attention for years. I've even owned a pit dog or two. Paid well to have them trained and handled in the pit. Won ever so many wagers on them until they were killed. Wonderful courage there—wonderful. Fight till their last drop of blood is drained."

Shirleigh must have seen Madge Holden shudder. But Shirleigh was parading the red corpuscles of his blood before the ladies, and he went on—to his doom.

"But all this talk of dog courage that I hear about the Holden place—I don't get it. What is there to build courage in a fifty-pound dog who all his life and for long

(Continued on Page 46)

For an Hour These Two Pups Fought it Out, Back and Forth in Long Zigzags Across the Course. An Hour of Dashing Casts, of Top-Speed Galloping, of Sudden Stands

Trained and Untrained Seals

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

SUPPOSE you were a visiting Englishman—suppose you were a journalistic visiting Englishman—suppose you were a celebratedly authorial visiting Englishman—suppose you were a publicist visiting Englishman—suppose you were a diplomatist visiting Englishman—one or any. That may take some supposing, but be neighborly.

All set? Well, you have arrived in the United States to attend, participate in, write about, instruct and otherwise show a flattering and benign interest in President Harding's limitations conference, and on the morning the conference is to open you pick up a local newspaper, thinking, mayhap, to find some suitable reference to your advent in Washington, and possibly some discussion of the aims and hoped-for ends of the conference itself. Thereupon you discover that the first thing in the paper, the most important thing in the paper, the biggest and blackest thing in the paper, is this headline:

OYSTER BARS JAM PROBE

Would that give your sojourning British intellect pause? Or would it not? In a word, yes. In two other words, it did. It gave the aggregate and visiting British intellect not only pause but paralysis. It felled the aggregate and visiting intellect in its tracks. Here they were, these British, carefully hand-picked, and staring at them, leering at them from the tops of the first-page columns was this cryptogram: "Oyster Bars Jam Probe." It seemed ominous. It was incomprehensible. An oyster is an edible bivalve mollusk, often sold at bars. That much was fairly clear, but what the ballyell have jam, which is a breakfast essential, and a probe, which is a surgical instrument, to do with an oyster, and where do jam and probe coincide?

They struggled with it for a time, and then passed it up as one of those amazing American locutions, reprehensible, indeed, with which our irreverent people have defiled the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that, it must be remembered, is our common heritage, and which follows hands-across-the-sea and precedes blood-is-thicker-than-water in all public mention of the close and sacred relations between the mother country and this. Not 'arf.

So they all passed it up. That is, all save Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells did not pass up anything, not even Lenine and Trotzky. He persisted in his inquiries, having a great admiration for the American people, although, to be sure, he is not insensible to our faults. However, no person, not even a Wells, can be too censorious of a nation that will absorb several tons of an Outline of History at ten dollars and fifty cents the eight-pound package, or, roughly, three guineas at the rate of exchange when the main absorption was in progress, which made the ten or fifteen shillings the vast concourse of other visiting English authors get for their works sing very small. Still, the vast concourse of other visiting English authors have their ears keenly attuned to all sorts of similar singing, no matter how small. Not a note—not even a dollar note—escapes them.

There was one young woman to whom even the genial Mr. Wells could not subscribe. She is the one who backed him into the corner at a tea party and sternly reproved him because, as she understood, Mr. Wells once wrote a book called Kippers, and she was astonished and pained and shocked over this, and considered it a distinct loss to humanity that so marvelous a mind should have been devoted, even briefly, to a discussion of herrings.

The Mystery Explained

BUT we were speaking of "Oyster Bars Jam Probe." That was the subject before the British meeting. As stated, they all passed it up, save Mr. Wells. And finally he came to an American, who explained it in this wise:

"You see, Wells, the District Commissioner in Washington, who has charge of the police in Washington, is named Oyster. Yes; that's his name—Oyster. A hard-shelled sort of a chap. On the day they buried the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, which was the day before the conference opened, there was a tremendous automobile congestion, owing, it was said, to police inefficiency. It was suggested that there should be an investigation of this congestion, but Mr. Oyster did not agree. Is it getting clear?

"In American headline language, which is a language whereof brevity is the soul of display in type, anything that is forbidden is barred, all congestions are jams, and all investigations are probes. See it now? The fact that the headline artist thus succinctly conveyed to Washingtonians, but failed to get over with the visiting English, is

"Mr. Balfour Did His Democratic Stuff Tactfully"

that Commissioner Oyster is not in favor of an investigation of the congestion of automobiles that occurred on the day in question. Simple when you get the drift of it."

Mr. Wells was fascinated. For days after that he went around talking to himself in headlines: "Wells Bares Jap Plot"—"Wells Flays French"—"Wells Scores Pact Parley"—"Wells Balms Reds." And so on. He caught the trick of it quickly, for he has an alert and active mind. He was one of the two visiting English who did not muff the telegram the earnest young reporter got from his excited managing editor the night before the Unknown Soldier was buried: "Rush list of names of all mothers of unknown soldiers of our state."

It is inevitable that there shall be a flood of memoirs concerning the limitations conference—memoirs, recollections, explanations, exposures, revelations and expoundings; but probably more memoirs than else. Memoirs are now the thing. Everybody is doing them, and the younger the memorialists are the more they have to memorate. A tired-eyed and world-worn veteran of thirty-three has just put out his memories, and, like enough, it is well, because, as is well known, memory fails with age, but, on the other hand, memoirs do not. They come in unceasing stream. Every person who has survived for forty years at any employment whatsoever writes a book about that astounding fact.

One may as well have pen paralysis as be out of the literary fashion. Wherefore it is incumbent to set forth some memoirs, and these here set forth shall concern the English, because the English are well suited to and suitable for memoirs, and especially American memoirs, for these well-known and justly popular Pilgrim Society, Sulgrave Association, American Luncheon Club, Sons of St. George postprandial reasons:

She is the Mother Country;

We speak a common language;

We have the same heritage of glorious tradition;

Blood is thicker than water;

And others that will readily occur.

Moreover, the English delegation at the conference was the largest, most important and most representative visitation of our official and journalistic and political cousins that has ever favored Washington with its presence. To be sure, the English dropped in in a military way in 1814, but not many Washingtonians remained to receive them; and the Prince of Wales, who later became Edward VII, made a visit in 1860, accompanied by a considerable suite. These functions were one incendiary and the other social, so they are not comparable to the British governmental, publicist and publicity influx in the early days of November, 1921. That is unique in our history.

For that reason, and because the English, individually, collectively, racially and socially present many arresting phases, we proceed. No Englishman can possibly be so English as all Englishmen try to be and think they are. They all operate under a formula for repression and its associated attributes that, probably, is taught in their schools. They like to talk and write of themselves as calm, stoic, self-contained, non-emotional persons as to exteriors, but adventurers, sentimentalists, romanticists in truth and inside. Their creed is that they have all sorts of emotional impulses, reflexes and reactions, but successfully conceal them beneath an unperturbed manner. They do to some extent, but not to the extent they think they do. They are somewhat more transparent than they concede. However, when one does drill through this crust of manner of an Englishman it is quite likely that the matter of him will be found interesting. Not always, for a good many Englishmen are all manner, but often enough to make the prospecting and development work worth while.

When they set out to be amiable they are amiability itself. Therefore, as their official and unofficial motto, in the circumstances and concerning the limitations conference in particular and the inhabitants, Government and governed of the United States in general, was "We strive to please," they saw to it, so far as the British Government was able, and in private ways also, that those English who came to America were specifically engaging, which many of them were: and the most interesting of the lot were these four: Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Riddell, Mr. Wickham Steed and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Balfour was the only one of the four here in official capacity—that is, in governmental capacity, although Lord Riddell was not so nongovernmental that he could not get in touch with Lloyd George when desirable. He could, and did. In fact, Lord Riddell represented Lloyd George just as Mr. Steed represented Lord Northcliffe, and Mr. Wells represented the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, downtrodden humanity, uplifted humanity and H. G. Wells. These four provided four distinct Anglo-angles for the observation of those in and about the conference, and were the four most important individual English forces in operation at Washington.

Adaptable Mr. Balfour

THE English writers, of whom there was quite a company of distinguished men, were accustomed to Mr. Balfour, knew him and the politics of him, and his career, customs, manners and manifestations. He was an old story to them. They reported him in his capacity as the head of the English delegation, save in one regard. The fact that Mr. Balfour took lodgings, when he was in Washington, in a flat over a shop on Connecticut Avenue excited every English correspondent, from high to low, to a paragraph, and some of them to several. This was democracy—the aristocratic Balfour lodged over a shop. It was translated in various ways: As a concession to or, rather, a recognition of that great American prototype, John J. Demos; as a gesture against the popular conception of the exceeding dignity that surrounds a Minister of Foreign Affairs; as a sign of his appreciation of the spirit of America; and much similar tosh, not any of which reached the germ of the matter, which was that good rooms were available there, in proximity to the British Embassy, and—if we are to believe what the Mirrors of Downing Street has to say concerning Mr. Balfour's financial habit—rooms that were reasonably cheap.

Mr. Balfour had been here before—once, notably, when he came at the head of a British mission during the war; and it may be on other occasions. He was officially here then; and then, as when he was at the limitations conference, his job was to glad-hand the American people. It is not too much to state that when Mr. Arthur J. Balfour feels it incumbent on him to be a mixer, as we say in our American way, there is no Middle Westerner who has anything on him. He specialized in a large and

expansive urbanity, a smiling and ready acquiescence to the American program, a cordial and receptive attitude, and genially and frequently patted us on the shoulder and assured us that he approved of us, that we were doing fine, that we had his entire indorsement.

There is reason enough to think that Mr. Balfour does not seriously believe in politics as an instrument for human progress. Indeed, several of his commentators have said that about him. He is a metaphysician, a scientist, a man of letters, who is a politician from force of circumstances and because he dearly loves the power that goes with office; loves to have it. Whether or not he believes in politics as an instrument for human progress, he believes in politics as an instrument for the progress of relations between Great Britain and the United States, and that is the sort of politics he played every minute he was in the United States—skillfully, adroitly, cordially and effectively.

From the first speech he made, pulling in a half-embarrassed manner at the lapels of his coat, hesitating at just the point for emphasis, stumbling a little, it seemed, groping a bit, but producing a statement that, when it was set down in type, was a clear-cut, definite, polished and emphatic notice to the world that Great Britain lined up with America in these matters—from that first speech all through the negotiations and to the end he played his politics, wore the mantle of his democracy becomingly, radiated his urbanity as if he was the inventor of it, was suave and patient and painstaking and polite, and went home decorated and endowed by a large section of the United States with a high national regard and admiration and with the bulk of what he came after in his portfolio.

A Two-Sided Job

IN OTHER, and indigenous, words the author of A Defence of Philosophic Doubt, and The Foundations of Belief, the nephew of Lord Salisbury, the patrician and metaphysical and politic Balfour did his democratic stuff tactfully and artistically, got right down to a shirt-sleeve basis, and was proletarian from the time the whistle blew in the morning until he had to dress for dinner. A tall, heavy-shouldered, somewhat stooped man with a great dome of a head set on a short stout neck, he has the face of a sophisticated cherub, a cherub with a few philosophic degrees, say, a cherub that knows a few things besides cherubism. His eyes are big and blue and rather poppy, as if he is in a continual state of rather mild astonishment over what they see, and with a bit of a twinkle in them denoting even milder amusement. His smile is trustful and confiding—yes. His manner is hesitant, modest, almost self-deprecatory; one of those pray-pardon-me-if-I-differ manners, those may-I suggest manners, quite deferential—quite.

"Lord Riddell is the Greatest Trained-Seal Handler Extant"

It is a source of constant astonishment to Britons who go abroad—a few of them do; come to the United States, say—to discover the legend that pertains to the British Foreign Office. At home the Britons think of the Foreign Office as the habitat of a lot of fuddy-duddies, and they may be right, at that; but abroad they find that the general conception of the Foreign Office is that it is peopled and populated by diplomatists who, even to the most under of the under secretaries, are Talleyrands, Castlereaghs, Palmerstons and Machiavellis with all modern improvements. Hence with a certain section of the public every act of Mr. Balfour was set down as sinister and intriguing, every motive was sure to be ulterior, and every sentence dissimulative.

That was rather tough on so candid and artless an envoy as Mr. Balfour. He had a two-sided job, which was, first, to please the United States, and, second, not to displease Japan; a difficult assignment, as all will admit. There were British angles to it, also. As Mr. Balfour might himself say if he were minded to drop into the English vernacular, it took a bit of doing. But he did it, urbanely and democratically, and not too profligately so far as Great Britain was concerned. He aided materially in enlarging the traditional handclasp-across-the-sea to a ring-around-a-rosy, with the Yellow Peril seemingly glad to be ringing and rosying, and he saw to it that the nation he represented didn't get any the worst of the playing rules set down for the new game. He must have taken his ship for home in a warm glow of gratification over his success at these democratic duties so democratically performed, and I'll lay a quid that when he got home he retired to Whittingehame, Prestonkirk, and gave instructions to his lodgekeeper that nobody with fewer quarterings than a Cecil was to be admitted for a month.

Lord Riddell climbed aboard about the time the conference opened. He was not piped over the side as were Balfour and Lord Lee, et al. He just came, and he was particular to say he came in a purely nonofficial, an almost extempore capacity. Lord Riddell is a person of the same general architectural extensions and alignments as Ambassador George Harvey—that is, he looks Vermontish. He is the owner of some newspapers in England that have large circulations, was a solicitor, and came into the publishing business via the law. Once in he stayed in so successfully that he is now not only rich and powerful but a Peer of the Realm as well, and a confidential friend of Lloyd George.

Lord Riddell announced casually that he represented some association of newspapers in England, and that it was his sole purpose and prerogative to act as liaison volunteer between the correspondents and the members of the conference in order that the correspondents might have their labors lessened, get their facts straight and hold their opinions clear. Forty minutes after he arrived he began holding conferences with the trained seals and the reporters, and he held these twice a day. Also, whenever a trained seal barked at his door between conference times Lord Riddell was always responsive. A kindly and helpful man.

Trained Seals in Washington

TRAINED seals is the trade name for persons of celebrity, notoriety, publicity and, sometimes, of ability who are hired on special occasions by editors to sign their names to articles, effusions, dispatches and comment on whatever especially is going on, which articles, effusions, dispatches and comment they may or may not write, as the case may be. The point is that they sign them, and thus confer great kudos on the editors who hire them, for enterprise, expenditure, and an earnest desire to lift their readers to higher planes of thought. Trained seals are usually novelists, actors, movie persons, uplifters, statesmen retired and active, former diplomatists, ministers, evangelists, sob sisters, essayists and after-dinner speakers, but on occasion are baseball players, pugilists, divorcées, burglars, bootleggers and bootblacks. They flock to such doings as the limitations conference and write mostly about themselves, as distinguished from the regular reporters and correspondents, who write about the news.

The writing trade is the one trade in the world from which no one is barred, whatever may be his or her age, limitations or previous experience, and whether literate or not. Almost every person who fails in any other line of human endeavor takes up writing as a means of sustenance, and so does almost everybody who succeeds. The production of the written word is a wide-open, catholic institution, and never more so than when an item like this conference comes along. Scores of trained seals invaded Washington, and it was great stuff for the first few minutes.

(Continued on Page 112

"'Get Together' Was the Text of Mr. Stead's Dispatches"

"Mr. Wells Unceasingly Investigated Everything"

A CADDY'S DIARY

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Maybe if I Keep at it Long Enough I Can Get on to the Nag

Wed. Apr. 12.

I AM 16 of age and am a caddy at the Pleasant view golf club but only tempory as I expect to soon land a job some wheres as asst pro as my game is good enough now to be a pro but to young looking. My pal Joe Bean also says I have not got enough swell head to make a good pro but suppose that will come in time, Joe is a wise cracker.

But first will put down how I come to be writeing this diary, we have got a member name Mr Colby who writes articles in the newspapers and I hope for his sakes that he is a better writer then he plays golf but any way I cadded for him a good many times last yr and today he was out for the first time this yr and I cadded for him and we got talking about this in that and something was mentioned in regards to the golf articles by Alex Laird that comes out every Sun in the paper Mr Colby writes his articles for so I asked Mr Colby did he know how much Laird got paid for the articles and he said he did not know but supposed that Laird had to split 50-50 with who ever wrote the articles for him. So I said don't he write the articles himself and Mr. Colby said why no he guessed not. Laird may be a master mind in regards to golf he said, but that is no sign he can write about it as very few men can write decent let alone a pro. Writeing is a nag.

How do you learn it I asked him.

Well he said read what other people writes and study them and write things yourself, and maybe you will get on to the nag and maybe you wont.

Well Mr Colby I said do you think I could get on to it?

Why he said smileing I did not know that was your ambition to be a writer.

Not exactly was my reply, but I am going to be a golf pro myself and maybe some day I will get good enough so as the papers will want I should write them articles and if I can learn to write them myself why I will not have to hire another writer and split with them.

Well said Mr Colby smileing you have certainly got the right temperament for a pro, they are all big hearted fellows.

But listen Mr Colby I said if I want to learn it would not do me no good to copy down what other writers have wrote, what I would have to do would be write things out of my own head.

That is true said Mr Colby.

Well I said what could I write about?

Well said Mr Colby why don't you keep a diary and every night after your supper set down and write what happened that day and write who you cadded for and what they done only leave me out of it. And you can write down what people say and what you think and etc, it will be the best kind of practice for you, and once in a wile you can bring me your writeings and I will tell you the truth if they are good or rotten.

So that is how I come to be writeing this diary is so as I can get some practice writeing and maybe if I keep at it long enough I can get on to the nag.

Friday, Apr. 14.

WE BEEN haveing Apr. showers for a couple days and nobody out on the course so they has been nothing happen that I could write down in my diary but dont want to leave it go to long or will never learn the trick so will try and write a few lines about a caddys life and some of our members and etc.

Well I and Joe Bean is the 2 oldest caddys in the club and I been cadding now for 6 yrs and quit school 3 yrs ago tho my mother did not like it for me to quit but my father said he can read and write and figure so what is the use in keeping him there any longer as greek and latin dont get you no credit at the grocer, so they lied about my age to the trunce officer and I been cadding every yr from March till Nov and the rest of the winter I work around Heismans store in the village.

Dureing the time I am cadding I genally always manage to play at lease 9 holes a day myself on wk days and some times 18 and am never more then 2 or 3 over par figures on our course but it is a cinch.

I played the engineers course 1 day last summer in 75 which is some golf and some of our members who has been playing 20 yrs would give their right eye to play as good as myself.

I use to play around with our pro Jack Andrews till I got so as I could beat him pretty near every time we played and now he wont play with me no more, he is not a very good player for a pro but they claim he is a good teacher. Personly I think golf teachers is a joke tho I am glad people is suckers enough to fall for it as I expect to make my liveing that way. We have got a member Mr Dunham who must of took 500 lessons in the past 3 yrs and when he starts to shoot he trys to remember all the junk Andrews has learned him and he gets dizzy and they is no telling where the ball will go and about the safest place to stand when he is shooting is between he and the hole.

I dont beleive the club pays Andrews much salery but of course he makes pretty fair money giveing lessons but his best graft is a 3 some which he plays 2 and 3 times a wk with Mr Perdue and Mr Lewis and he gives Mr Lewis a stroke a hole and they genally break some wheres near even but Mr Perdue made a 83 one time so he thinks that is his game so he insists on playing Jack even, well they always play for $5.00 a hole and Andrews makes $20.00 to $30.00 per round and if he wanted to cut loose and play his best he could make $50.00 to $60.00 per round but a couple of wallops like that and Mr Perdue might get cured so Jack figures a small stedy income is safer.

I have got a pal name Joe Bean and we pal around together as he is about my age and he says some comical things and some times will wisper some thing comical to me wile we are cadding and it is all I can do to help from laughing out loud, that is one of the first things a caddy has got to learn is never laugh out loud only when a member makes a joke. How ever on the days when theys ladies on the course I dont get a chance to caddy with Joe because for some reason another the woman folks dont like Joe to caddy for them wile on the other hand they are always after me tho I am no Othello for looks or do I seek their flavors, in fact it is just the opp and I try to keep in the back ground when the fair sex appears on the seen as cadding for ladies means you will get just so much money and no more as theys no chance of them loosning up. As Joe says the rule against tipping is the only rule the woman folks keeps.

Theys one lady how ever who I like to caddy for as she looks like Lilian Gish and it is a pleasure to just look at her and I would caddy for her for nothing tho it is hard to keep your eye on the ball when you are cadding for this lady, her name is Mrs Doane.

Sat. Apr. 15.

THIS was a long day and am pretty well wore out but must not get behind in my writeing practice. I and Joe carried all day for Mr Thomas and Mr Blake. Mr Thomas is the vice president of one of the big banks down town and he always slips you a $1.00 extra per round but beleive me you earn it cadding for Mr Thomas, there is just 16 clubs in his bag includeing 5 wood clubs tho he has not used the wood in 3 yrs but says he has got to have them along in case his irons goes wrong on him. I dont know how bad his irons will have to get before he will think they have went wrong on him but personly if I made some of the tee shots he made today I would certainly considder some kind of a change of weppons.

Mr Thomas is one of the kind of players that when it has took him more than 6 shots to get on the green he will turn to you and say how many have I had caddy and then you are suppose to pretend like you was thinking a minute and then say 4, then he will say to the man he is playing with well I did not know if I had shot 4 or 5 but the caddy says it is 4. You see in this way it is not him that is cheating but the caddy but he makes it up to the caddy afterwards with a $1.00 tip.

Mr Blake gives Mr Thomas a stroke a hole and they play a $10.00 nassua and niether one of them wins much money from the other one but even if they did why $10.00 is chickens food to men like they. But the way they crab and squak about different things you would think their last $1.00 was at stake. Mr Thomas started out this A.M. with a 8 and a 7 and of course that spoilt the day for him and me to. Theys lots of men that if they dont make a good score on the first 2 holes they will founder all the rest of the way around and raze H with their caddy and if I was laying out a golf course I would make the first 2 holes so darn easy that you could not help from getting a 4 or

Theys One Thing About Cadding for These Dames, It Keeps You Out of the Hot Sun

better on them and in that way everybody would start off good natured and it would be a few holes at lease before they begun to turn sour.

Mr Thomas was beat both in the A.M. and P.M. in spite of my help as Mr Blake is a pretty fair counter himself and I heard him say he got a 88 in the P.M. which is about a 94 but any way it was good enough to win. Mr Blakes regular game is about a 90 takeing his own figures and he is one of these cocky guys that takes his own game serious and sneers at men that cant break 100 and if you was to ask him if he had ever been over 100 himself he would say not since the first yr he begun to play. Well I have watched a lot of those guys like he and I will tell you how they keep from going over 100 namely by doing just what he done this A.M. when he come to the 13th hole. Well he missed his tee shot and dubbed along and finely he got in a trap on his 4th shot and I seen him take 6 wallops in the trap and when he had took the 6th one his ball was worse off then when he started so he picked it up and marked a X down on his score card. Well if he had of played out the hole why the best he could of got was a 11 by holeing his next niblick shot but he would of probly got about a 20 which would of made him around 108 as he admitted takeing a 88 for the other 17 holes. But I bet if you was to ask him what score he had made he would say O I was terrible and I picked up on one hole but if I had of played them all out I guess I would of had about a 92.

These is the kind of men that laughs themselfs horse when they hear of some dub takeing 10 strokes for a hole but if they was made to play out every hole and mark down their real score their card would be decorated with many a big casino.

Well as I say I had a hard day and was pretty sore along towards the finish but still I had to laugh at Joe Bean on the 15th hole which is a par 3 and you can get there with a fair drive and personly I am genally hole high with a midiron, but Mr Thomas topped his tee shot and dubbed a couple with his mashie and was still quite a ways off the green and he stood studing the situation a minute and said to Mr Blake well I wonder what I better take here. So Joe Bean was standing by me and he said under his breath take my advice and quit you old rascal.

Mon. Apr. 17.

YESTERDAY was Sun and I was to wore out last night to write as I cadded 45 holes. I cadded for Mr Colby in the A.M. and Mr Langley in the P.M. Mr Thomas thinks golf is wrong on the sabath tho as Joe Bean says it is wrong any day the way he plays it.

This A.M. they was nobody on the course and I played 18 holes by myself and had a 5 for a 76 on the 18th hole but the wind got a hold of my drive and it went out of bounds. This P. M. they was 3 of us had a game of rummy started but Miss Rennie and Mrs Thomas come out to play and asked for me to caddy for them, they are both terrible.

Mrs Thomas is Mr Thomas wife and she is big and fat and shakes like jell and she always says she plays golf just to make her skinny and she dont care how rotten she plays as long as she is getting the exercise, well maybe so but when we find her ball in a bad lie she aint never sure it is hers till she picks it up and smells it and when she puts it back beleive me she don't cram it down no gopher hole.

Miss Rennie is a good looker and young and they say she is engaged to Chas Crane, he is one of our members and is the best player in the club and dont cheat hardly at all and he has got a job in the bank where Mr Thomas is the vice president. Well I have cadded for Miss Rennie when she was playing with Mr Crane and I have cadded for her when she was playing alone or with another lady and I often think if Mr Crane could hear her talk when he was not around he would not be so stuck on her. You would be surprised at some of the words that falls from those fare lips.

When We Find Her Ball in a Bad Lie She Aint Never Sure it is Hers Till She Picks it Up and Smells It

Well the 2 ladies played for 2 bits a hole and Miss Rennie was haveing a terrible time wile Mrs Thomas was shot with luck on the greens and sunk 3 or 4 putts that was murder. Well Miss Rennie used some expressions which was best not repeated but towards the last the luck changed around and it was Miss Rennie that was sinking the long ones and when they got to the 18th tee Mrs. Thomas was only 1 up.

Well we had started pretty late and when we left the 17th green Miss Rennie made the remark that we would have to hurry to get the last hole played, well it was her honor and she got the best drive she made all day about 120 yds down the fair way. Well Mrs Thomas got nervous and looked up and missed her ball a ft and then done the same thing right over and when she finely hit it she only knocked it about 20 yds and this made her lay 3. Well her 4th went wild and lit over in the rough in the apple trees. It was a cinch Miss Rennie would win the hole unless she dropped dead.

Well we all went over to hunt for Mrs Thomas ball but we would of been lucky to find it even in day light but now you could not hardly see under the trees, so Miss Rennie said drop another ball and we will not count no penalty. Well it is some job any time to make a woman give up hunting for a lost ball and all the more so when it is going to cost her 2 bits to play the hole out so there we stayed for at lease 10 minutes till it was so dark we could not see each other let alone a lost ball and finely Mrs Thomas said well it looks like we could not finish, how do we stand? Just like she did not know how they stood.

You had me one down up to this hole said Miss Rennie.

Well that is finishing pretty close said Mrs Thomas.

I will have to give Miss Rennie credit that what ever word she thought of for this occassion she did not say it out loud but when she was paying me she said I might of give you a quarter tip only I have to give Mrs Thomas a quarter she dont deserve so you dont get it.

Fat chance I would of had any way.

Thurs. Apr. 20.

WELL we been haveing some more bad weather but today the weather was all right but that was the only thing that was all right. This P.M. I cadded double for Mr Thomas and Chas Crane the club champion who is stuck on Miss Rennie. It was a 4 some with he and Mr Thomas against Mr Blake and Jack Andrews the pro, they was only playing best ball so it was really just a match between Mr Crane and Jack Andrews and Mr. Crane win by 1 up. Joe Bean cadded for Jack and Mr Blake. Mr Thomas was terrible and I put in a swell P.M. lugging that heavy bag of his besides Mr Cranes bag.

Mr Thomas did not go off of the course as much as usual but he kept hitting behind the ball and he run me ragged replaceing his divots but still I had to laugh when we was playing the 4th hole which you have to drive over a ravine and every time Mr Thomas misses his tee shot on this hole why he makes a squak about the ravine and says it ought not to be there and etc.

Today he had a terrible time getting over it and afterwards he said to Jack Andrews this is a joke hole and ought to be changed. So Joe Bean wispered to me that if Mr Thomas kept on playing like he was the whole course would be changed.

Then a little wile later when we come to the long 9th hole Mr Thomas got a fair tee shot but then he whiffed twice missing the ball by a ft and the 3d time he hit it but it only went a little ways and Joe Bean said that is 3 trys and no gain, he will have to punt.

But I must write down about my tough luck, well we finely got through the 18 holes and Mr Thomas reached down in his pocket for the money to pay me and he genally pays for Mr Crane to when they play together as Mr Crane is just a employ in the bank and dont have much money but this time all Mr Thomas had was a $20.00 bill so he said to Mr Crane I guess you will have to pay the boy Charley so Charley dug down and got the money to pay me and he paid just what it was and not a dime over, where if Mr Thomas had of had the change I would of got a $1.00 extra at lease and maybe I was not sore and Joe Bean to because of course Andrews never gives you nothing and Mr Blake dont tip his caddy unless he wins.

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Then I Kind of Give the Ball a Shove With My Toe and it Come Out of the Groove

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

WHEN younger men have asked me what to do to fit themselves to write plays I have advised three pursuits: The study of good modern plays, both on the stage and printed; acting professionally for a while; reporting on a metropolitan newspaper. The first two occupations explain their own relation to the business of playmaking. The reason for reporting is not so obvious; but the reporter learns news values, and the climactic situation for a play would be almost always a first-page story in a newspaper office. He also learns dialogue from his interviews, and he learns character drawing in his daily work.

None of these considerations, however, influenced me in the summer of 1885, when I found myself out of a job and in debt and in St. Louis. I was looking for work, and I looked for it amongst the men I knew. M. A. Fanning, a running mate of William Marion Reedy, and later secretary and adviser of fighting Tom Johnson of Cleveland, was for a few weeks in that summer acting as city editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mike and I were theater-lobby and summer-garden acquaintances. He thought I could write; he knew I could draw a little.

His word to Henry Moore, the managing editor of the paper, got me a job at twenty-five dollars a week, which was five better than I could have done by going back to Pope's box office. I took it as a stop-gap and went to work hoping from day to day that The Burglar, a four-act play I had written, would find a producer. I had a second play on the stocks which I called Pittsburgh, dealing with the big Pennsylvania strike. It contained the Philadelphia Grays, a burning roundhouse, a cannon fired on the stage, a fire engine and four horses, a burning tank car of oil, a runaway hansom cab, the interior of a rolling mill with a red-hot steel rail made in full view, an attic, an abduction, a bank robbery, a fight with bowie knives, a picnic by a flowing stream, a strike of mill hands, a man on horseback with rattling chains like the fellow in the Barnaby Rudge Gordon riots, a rusty, ruined mill wheel that turned over and drowned an escaping villain, plenty of sentiment, political economy and several light-comedy touches. I still have it; and some day, when the Hippodrome becomes a dramatic house and the United States Steel trust goes into the theatrical business, I mean to produce it. Charles Pope seriously considered it that summer.

Years later Joseph Brooks, after some interest in Ben Hur, also read it, and said, "I'd like to do it, but thank God, I can't!"

Pauline Hall

An Interview With a Rooster

BUT in the summer of 1885 my hopes were pinned to The Burglar. Will Smythe had a copy of The Burglar with him in New York trying to place it, and E. H. Sothern, who had another copy, wrote that he would be in St. Louis soon and discuss it with me. The job on the Post-Dispatch therefore seemed the most temporary assignment imaginable. But even at that there were daily duties, and there were editors.

I was not a stranger in newspaper offices. As an amateur actor looking for show publicity, as a man from the box office going with visiting advance men to the editors for two years, and also in the theatrical travel earlier described, I had become familiar with the local rooms. It was another matter, however, to report in the early morning as one of the force.

My first duty on my first day—and for that matter my first duty every day for many weeks—was to condense items from the morning papers to paragraphs of proper relation for our afternoon issue. At that time in St. Louis the newspaper practice was to cover by reference or by full report everything that happened in the city, from a drunk and disorderly to a burning barn in the suburbs. There was not the selective system now followed in metropolitan journalism, and there was no central news agency or flimsy. Each paper was expected to get its own information, and if possible to get it exclusively. The scoop, as a beat was then called, was evidence of a journal's efficiency and enterprise.

As the cub reporter in service, not in youth, I drew the simplest and most tail-end assignments. My first morning, after condensations were over, was devoted to a chicken show; not such a chicken show as would now fill Madison Square Garden, but a very unpretentious collection of coops and cages put into a twenty-five-foot vacant store. There were perhaps two hundred and fifty birds in this collection, ranging through the various breeds from Bantams to Cochin Chinas, and through the various specimens from new-hatched chickens to roosters with criminal records.

On this first day of the poultry show no awards had yet been made. As far as I could see, there was nothing to write about but just chickens and farmers with gosh-ding-it whiskers. Quite disgusted with the assignment, and seriously revolving in my mind an impulse to quit the business, and feeling strange at any kind of writing except dialogue, I hit upon what I thought was the outrageous notion of interviewing a young cockerel from Belleville and letting him talk of the exhibition. I turned in several pages of this kind of copy with a feeling of defiance. My astonishment can be imagined when I found that the report was considered a hit. The acting city editor read it aloud to men at the near-by desks, who laughed at it in chorus and regarded me estimatingly.

Lawrance D'Orsay in 1903

I was conducted into the art department and introduced to a German draftsman by the name of Steitz, who was instructed to make illustrations for the chicken interview under my direction. Irvin Cobb just back from Flanders with a portfolio of special stuff probably didn't make any relatively greater sensation than this first article of mine turned in at the Post-Dispatch; and to my mind there was a distinction about the issue of the paper that afternoon that I had never seen before. I carried extra copies home to my family. I reread the article with detached astonishment. The only reaction I didn't include was a lecture tour.

Rounding Up Mamie Kelly

THERE is an introductory line in a book called The New Hyperion, written in the early '70's by a Philadelphia newspaper man, I think named Strahan. It was his second book, and it began with this phrase that has stuck in my memory: "The man who hits one success by accident is always trying to hit another by preparation." That fully expresses my condition thereafter. I wanted with careful intent to repeat a performance which was the outcome of a rebellious explosion. Other assignments on subsequent days, however, did not lend themselves to dramatic dialogue, and from a candidate for the magazines I dropped suddenly back into the routine of hotels, real estate, justices of the peace, a school board on its vacation, architecture and weekly art notes.

It was a depressing experience to have the paper come out day after day with only one's condensations of the unimportant morning articles; depressing to see the other fellows with fatter departments grab the first copies that the office boy distributed as they left the roaring presses and scan their stuff ostensibly for errors but really for that authority which formal type seems to lend to gelatinous contributions, giving a satisfaction not unlike the sculptor's joy as the disappearing piece mold reveals his permanent bronze.

The first important assignment alone grew out of a morning paragraph relating an inquiry at police headquarters concerning a young girl who had been absent from her mother's home for forty-eight hours. Was it to be rewritten or to be reprinted as it was, a simple emanation from police headquarters? It was impossible to condense it. City Editor Magner said:

"Colonel Thomas, the reason that item is so brief is that it came into that morning newspaper office too late to be expanded or inquired into. It is now your pleasant duty to discover that young lady and her family and write an extended report of the case."

I went immediately to the girl's home, a rear apartment well out on Cass Avenue, one of the poorer quarters of the city, where I found the anxious mother, her eyes red from weeping, confined to the little apartment by her domestic duties. She confirmed the item, answered my questions, gave me a photograph of the girl. Beyond this there was nothing upon which to proceed. The girl's intimate friends were near at hand and had all been seen. There was no young man in the case so far as mother or friends knew. There was at home no particular disappointment further than the daily grind of poverty.

I started walking down Cass Avenue in the direction of the nearest police station, which was to be my next call. It was about ten o'clock of a summer morning. A dingy street car with two lazy horses jingled past me, going in the same direction, the conductor lolling on the back rail. Seated in the car were two laughing girls, the only passengers. As I caught their expression I smiled in the involuntary human response that is perhaps still a trick with youngish people. Then something familiar in the face of one of the girls fixed my attention and hooked up with the photograph I had in my pocket.

I ran after the car and boarded it. The girls grew serious with resentment of this procedure, which seemed more than they had invited. I addressed the one in particular: "Is your name Mamie Kelly?" and saw at once by the expression

of both girls that I had found the missing daughter. I sat down, told Mamie of her mother's unhappiness, of the police hunt for her, the item in the morning paper. The girl was contrite for her truancy and immediately ready to go home.

The car was stopped, we took one in the opposite direction, and a few minutes later I turned Mamie Kelly over to her mother, who wrung my hand and patted my shoulders with the inarticulate gratitude of a rescued animal. I stayed long enough to get the girl's story, which was one of a simple temporary revolt against the hard conditions of a monotonous life. I returned to the office, a fortunate full-fledged detective journalist, to make my report. There were only two or three of the ten or twelve local men still in the rooms.

"Well?" said Magner.

"I found her."

He called into the next room, "Hey, Moore, Thomas has found that Kelly girl!" The managing editor joined us.

"Where did you find her?"

"On a Cass Avenue street car."

"Where is she now?"

"At home."

"How did she get there?"

"I took her there."

With a look of disgust, Magner turned back to his corner.

Moore went into his room.

"What shall I write about it?" I asked.

Magner said, "Not a damn thing! But who ever told you that you belonged in the newspaper business?"

Ingenious Reportorial Stunts

OUT on the deserted route between the justices of the peace I met Bicycle Hicks, one of our reporters, who had rather taken me under his wing in the office. Bicycle Hicks was so called because he was one of the few men in the city and the only one on a newspaper who possessed a bicycle, which at that time was a machine with a front wheel sixty inches in diameter and a Hogarthian spine that ran from the saddle above the big wheel to a little trailer wheel behind, perhaps a foot high. His department was churches and the sterilized edges of athletics. Among my male acquaintances he was the original woman suffragist, prohibitionist and anticigarette advocate; a staring, ingenuous enthusiast. When I last heard from him he was editing the Army and Navy Journal.

At the street meeting I speak of I asked Bicycle Hicks what had been wrong with my report; what it was that the newspaper had expected me to do with that lost girl. He said he didn't know, but thought it was something extraordinary that would have furnished the paper with exclusive and worthwhile news. He then told me, as an indicative incident, of a reporter who had been highly commended for having carried the body of a dead man which he found on a deserted street into a near-by empty building, so that after writing understandingly concerning the inquiry which the disappearance of this man occasioned he was able as a representative of his paper wisely to reason out and discover the hiding place of the body and to clear up the mystery which he had created.

Mary Anderson

Hicks told me also of another enterprising reporter, who had obtained indirectly the stolen minute books of a St. Louis grand jury that was investigating some political bribery cases and had then carried these books to a near-by town in the state of Illinois, outside the jurisdiction of the court to which they appertained, and from this safe retreat had sent in daily installments transcribed from their records, to the great embarrassment of the machinery of justice but to the renown of the paper to which the reporter was attached.

Thomas Jefferson, writing from Paris to Mr. Edward Carrington in 1787, said: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

A Perfectly Good Tragedy Spoiled

IT SEEMED to me that to take the stolen records of a grand jury and print them defiantly was a practice which if persisted in would soon reduce a country to the alternative that Mr. Jefferson had preferred. I felt also that the desirability to have something to print scarcely justified its manufacture at this excessive cost to the subjects: but as I went on in the business observation convinced me that newspaper men who go to unethical extremes in the manufacture of news are in a very decided minority, and that many of the enterprises which they inaugurate in order to have something to print make the newspapers not only organs of publicity but frequently great constructive factors.

One rule on that early Pulitzer paper, the parent of the present New York World, was that nothing was to be printed reflecting or commenting upon any man's nationality or religion, whether for comic purposes or otherwise. It would be difficult successfully to deny the wisdom of this requirement or the justice of it.

One day a despondent German in the northern district of the city, self-persuaded that the future life held nothing hotter for him than that St. Louis August, killed his wife and four children and then shot himself. The scene was three miles away and the hour was nearly three in the afternoon. In the rickety hack that billowed us over that distance of rutted macadam dust and oblique hurdles of street-car tracks, Johnny Jennings, the senior of our group, assigned to each man his proper department, such as cause of the crime, description of scene, neighbors and comment, police and coroner. I drew neighbors and comment. Each reporter, as he got his information, hunted a near-by telephone and talked his stuff to a relay man in the office. It was exciting at the time, but my collaborator on the office end was a matter-of-fact person with a passion for extracts. And when I read the finished and assembled and printed product an hour later the whole tragedy, as far as I was concerned, was a disappointment and a waste of material.

That incident relates immediately to the lesson one learns early on a newspaper—that all material must adapt itself to the hourly changes in the paper's requirements. Oscar Wilde, being asked slightly to shorten Lady Windermere's Fan, sighed as he took his blue crayon to comply, "Who am I to trifle with a classic?" But for the newspaper, classic, epic and *chef-d'œuvre* watch their step, move up in front or change cars at command of city editor and make-up man.

Up From the Dusty Discard

ONE other thing I learned was that material good elsewhere might never be of value on the paper. In addition to the daily work expected of each man certain of us were supposed to turn in what was called a special for the weekly edition, an elaborated and extended write-up of some department, or now and then a more frank attempt at fiction. One such contribution of mine was a little dramatic sketch called A Man of the World. Magner laughed at the form, and the sketch did not appear in the paper. Months afterwards, when George Johns, during Magner's vacation, was again acting city editor, he dug this sketch from a drawer of dusty discards and returned it to me, saying he thought it too good to be lost.

In 1890 Mr. A. M. Palmer, at the Madison Square Theater, produced a short comedy called Aunt Jack, in which the principal members of his company, including Agnes Booth and James H. Stoddart, were appearing. Maurice Barrymore, on the salary list, was, however, out of this bill. After two or three curtain raisers had been submitted to him and found unsatisfactory, he carried this sketch to Mr. Palmer, and it was put on ahead of Aunt Jack. I received a royalty of fifty dollars a week for it the rest of that season, and when Aunt Jack went on the road the following year Mr. Joe Haworth played Mr. Barrymore's part in my curtain raiser. Mr. Barrymore also played it in vaudeville, where successively his sons, Lionel and Jack, each made his first appearance in the theater in one of its minor parts. I should roughly estimate my receipts from it at three thousand dollars. Of course the adaptability of the materials to their respective demands must be taken into consideration, but the incident is an example of the disparity between the early pecuniary rewards in the two professions.

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James O'Neill

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

They, Too, Were Swept by the Billows, But Seemed Grimly Determined Upon the Death of the Heroine

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IX

More Ways Than One

EARLY he was up to bathe and shave. He shaved close to make it last longer, until his tender face reddened under the scraping. Probably he would not find another cabin in which a miner would part with his beard for an Eastern trip. Probably he would have to go to the barber the next time. He also succeeded, with soap and water, in removing a stain from his collar. It was still a decent collar; not immaculate, perhaps, but possible.

This day he took eggs with his breakfast, intending to wheedle his appetite with a lighter second meal than it had demanded the day before. He must see if this would not average better on the day's overhead.

After breakfast he was irresistibly drawn to view the moving picture of his old home being dismantled. He knew now that he might stand brazenly there without possible criticism. He found Jimmy and a companion property boy already busy. Much of the furniture was outside to be carted away. Jimmy, as Merton lolled idly in the doorway, emptied the blackened coffeepot into the ashes of the fireplace and then proceeded to spoon into the same refuse heap half a kettle of beans upon which the honest miners had once feasted. The watcher deplored that he had not done more than taste the beans when he had taken his final survey of the place this morning. They were good beans, but to do more than taste them would have been stealing. Now he saw them thrown away, and regretted that he could not have known what their fate was to be. There had been enough of them to save him a day's expenses.

He stood aside as the two boys brought out the cooking utensils, the rifle and the miners' tools, to stow them in a waiting handcart. When they had loaded this vehicle they trundled it on up the narrow street of the Western town. Yet they went only a little way, halting before one of the street's largest buildings. A sign above its wooden porch flaunted the name Crystal Palace Hotel. They unlocked its front door and took the things from the cart inside.

From the street the watcher could see them stowing these away. The room appeared to contain a miscellaneous collection of articles needed in the ruder sort of photo dramas. Emptying their cart, they returned with it to the cabin for another load. Merton Gill stepped to the doorway and peered in from apparently idle curiosity. He could see a row of saddles on wooden supports; there were kitchen stoves, lamps, painted chairs and heavy earthenware dishes on shelves. His eyes wandered over these articles until they came to rest upon a pile of blankets at one side of the room. They were neatly folded, and they were many.

Down before the cabin he could see the handcart being reloaded by Jimmy and his helper. Otherwise the street was empty. The young man at the doorway stepped lightly in and regarded the windows on either side of the door. He sauntered to the street and appeared to be wondering what he would examine next in this curious world. He passed Jimmy and the other boy returning with the last load from the cabin. He noted at the top of the load the mattress on which he had lain for three nights, and the blankets that had warmed him. But he was proved not to be so helpless as he had thought. Again he knew where a good night's rest might be had by one using ordinary discretion.

Once more that day, the fourth of his double life, he went the mad pace, a well-fed, care-free youth, sauntering idly from stage to stage, regarding nonchalantly the joys and griefs, the twistings of human destiny there variously unfolded. Not only was he this to the casual public notice; to himself he was this, at least consciously. True, in those nether regions of the mind so lately discovered and now being so expertly probed by science—in the mind's dark basement, so to say—a certain unlovely fronted dragon of reality would issue from the gloom.

This would be at oddly contented moments when he least feared the future; when he was most successfully being to himself all that he must seem to others. At such times, when he leisurely walked a world of plenty and fruition, the dragon would half emerge from its subconscious lair to appall him with its head composed entirely of repellent facts. Then a stout effort would be required to send the thing back where it belonged, to those lower, decently hidden levels of the mind life.

But the dragon was cunning. From hour to hour growing more restive, it employed devices of craft and subtlety, as when Merton Gill, carefree to the best of his knowledge, strolling lightly to another point of interest, graciously receptive to the pleasant life about him, would suddenly discover that a part of his mind without superintendence had for some moments been composing a letter, something that ran in effect:

MR. GASHWILER:

Dear Sir: I have made certain changes in my plans since I first came to sunny California, and getting quite a little homesick for good old Simsbury, and I thought I would write you about taking back my old job in the emporium, and now about the money for the ticket back to Simsbury, the railroad fare is ——

He was truly amazed when he found this sort of thing going on in that part of his mind he didn't watch. It was scandalous. He would indignantly snatch the half-finished letter and tear it up each time he found it unaccountably under way.

It was surely funny the way your mind would keep doing things you didn't want it to do. As again, this very morning, when with his silver coin out in his hand he had merely wished to regard it as a great deal of silver coin, a store of plenty against famine, which indeed it looked to be under a not too minute scrutiny. It looked like as much as two dollars and fifty cents, and he would have preferred to pocket it again with this impression. Yet that rebellious other part of his mind had busely counted the coin even while he eyed it approvingly, and it had persisted in shouting aloud that it was not two dollars and fifty cents but one dollar and eighty-five cents.

The counting part of the mind made no comment on this discrepancy; it did not say that this discovery put things in a very different light. It merely counted, registered the result and ceased to function, with an air of saying that it would ascertain the facts without prejudice and you could do what you liked about them. It didn't care.

That night a solitary guest enjoyed the quiet hospitality of the Crystal Palace Hotel. He might have been seen—but was not—to effect a late-evening entrance to the snug inn by means of a front window which had, it would seem, at some earlier hour of the day been unfastened from

within. Here a not too luxurious but sufficing bed was contrived on the floor of the lobby from a pile of neatly folded blankets at hand, and a night's sound repose was enjoyed by the lonely patron, who at an early hour of the morning, after thoughtfully refolding the blankets that had protected him, was at some pains to leave the place as he had entered it without attracting public notice of a possibly unpleasant character.

On this day it would not have been easy for any part of the mind whatsoever to misvalue the remaining treasure of silver coins. This had now become inconsiderable, and even if kept from view could be, and was, counted again and again by mere blind finger tips. They formed, indeed, a senseless habit of confining themselves in a trousers pocket to count the half dollar, the quarter and the two dimes long after the total was too well known to its owner.

Nor did this total, unimpressive at best, long retain even these poor dimensions. A visit to the cafeteria, in response to the imperious demands of a familiar organic process, resulted in less labor, by two dimes, for the stubbornly reiterative finger tips. An ensuing visit to the Holden-lot barber, in obedience to social demands construed to be equally imperious with the physical, reduced all subsequent counting, whether by finger tips or a glance of the eye, to barest mechanical routine. A single half dollar is easy to count. Still, on the following morning there were two coins to count. True, both were dimes.

A diligent search among the miscellany of the Crystal Palace Hotel had failed to reveal a single razor. The razor used by the miner should in all reason have been found there, but he could find neither that one nor any other. The baffled seeker believed that there must have been crooked work somewhere. Without hesitation he found either Jimmy or his companion to be guilty of malfeasance in office. But at least one item of more or less worried debate was eliminated. He need no longer weigh mere surface gentility against the stern demands of an active metabolism. A shave cost a quarter. Twenty cents would not buy a shave, but it would buy at the cafeteria something more needful to anyone but a fop.

He saw himself in the days to come—if there were to be very many days to come, of which he was now not too certain—descending to the unwholesome artistic level of the elder Montague. He would, in short, be compelled to peddle the brush. And, of course, as yet it was nothing like a brush—nothing to kindle the eye of a director needing genuine brushes. In the early morning light he fingered a somewhat gaunt chin and wondered how long they would require to grow. Not yet could he be taken for an actor compelled by the rigorous exactions of creative screen art to let Nature have its course with his beard. At present he merely needed a shave.

And the collar had not improved with usage. Also, as the day wore on, coffee with one egg proved to have been not long-enduring fare for this private in the army of the unemployed. Still, his morale was but slightly impaired. There were always ways, it seemed. And the later hours of the hungry afternoon were rather pleasantly occupied in dwelling upon one of them.

The sole guest of the Crystal Palace Hotel entered the hostelry that night somewhat earlier than usual; indeed, at the very earliest moment that foot traffic through the narrow street seemed to have diminished to a point where the entry could be effected without incurring the public notice which he at these moments so sincerely shunned. After a brief interval inside the lobby, he issued from his window with certain objects in hand, one of which dropped as he clambered out. The resulting clamor seemed to rouse far echoes along the dead street, and he hastily withdrew, with a smothered exclamation of dismay, about the nearest corner of the building until it could be ascertained that echoes alone had been aroused.

After a little breathless waiting he slunk down the street, keeping well within friendly shadows, stepping softly, until he reached the humble cabin where so lately the honest miners had enacted their heart tragedy. He jerked the latchstring of the door and was swiftly inside, groping a way to the fireplace. Here he lighted matches, thoughtfully appropriated that morning from the cafeteria counter. He shielded the blaze with one hand while with the other he put to use the articles he had brought from his hotel.

Into a tin cooking pot by means of an iron spoon he now hastily ladled well-cooked beans from the discarded heap in the fireplace. He was not too careful. More or less ashes accompanied the nutritious vegetables as the pot grew to be half full. That was a thing to be corrected later and at leisure. When the last bean had been salvaged the flame of another match revealed an unsuspected item—a half loaf of bread nestled in the ashes at the far corner of the fireplace. It lacked freshness; was, in truth, withered and firm to the touch, but doubtless more wholesome than bread freshly baked.

He was again on his humble cot in the seclusion of the Crystal Palace Hotel. Half reclining, he ate at leisure. It being inadvisable to light matches here, he ate chiefly by the touch system. There was a marked alkaline flavor to the repast, not unpleasantly counteracted by a growth of vegetable mold of delicate lavender tints which Nature had been decently spreading over the final reduction of this provender to its basic elements. But the time was not one in which to cavil about minor infelicities. Ashes wouldn't hurt anyone if taken in moderation; you couldn't see the mold in a perfectly dark hotel; and the bread was good.

The feast was prolonged until a late hour, but the finger tips that had accurately counted money in a dark pocket could ascertain in a dark hotel that a store of food still remained. He pulled the blankets about him and sank comfortably to rest. There was always some way.

Breakfast the next morning began with the promise of only moderate enjoyment. Somehow in the gray light sifting through the windows the beans did not look so good as they had tasted the night before, and the early mouthfuls were less blithesome on the palate than the remembered ones of yestereve. He thought perhaps he was not so hungry as he had been at his first encounter with them. He delicately removed a pocket of ashes from the center and tried again. They tasted better now. The mold of tender tints was again visible, but he made no effort to avoid it, for his appetite had reawakened. He was truly hungry, and ate with an entire singleness of purpose.

Toward the last of the meal his conscious self feebly prompted him to quit, to save against the inevitable hunger of the night. But the voice was ignored. He was now clay to the molding of the subconscious. He could have saved a few of the beans when reason was again enthroned, but they were so very few that he fatuously thought them not worth saving. Might as well make a clean job of it. He restored the stewpan and spoon to their places and left his hotel. He was fed. To-day something else would have to happen.

The plush hat cocked at a rakish angle, he walked abroad with something of the old confident swagger. Once he doubtfully fingered the sprouting beard, but resolutely dismissed a half-formed notion of finding out how the Holden-lot barber would regard a proposition from a new patron to open a charge account. If nothing worse than remaining unshaven was going to happen to him, what cared he? The collar was still pretty good. Why let his beard be an incubus? He forgot it presently in noticing that the people arriving on the Holden lot all looked so extremely well fed. He thought it singular that he should

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In Company With Another of the Dance-Hall Girls Who Played the Accompaniment She was Singing a Ballad

THE SECRET PARTNER

"Suddenly a Figure Appeared, Silhouetted on the Top of a Dune. It Was He!"

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

KLAGGETT KING, like Pilate's wife, was troubled by a dream. That was the only point of resemblance between him and the noble Roman lady, who was concerned about a certain just man; whereas Klaggett King concerned himself neither sleeping nor waking about just men. He let just men look after themselves, and he did exclusively the same. Klaggett King's dream was a recurrent dream. Like the fabled Flying Dutchman or the phantom Headless Horseman, at certain periods in his life it appeared athwart the horizon of his slumbering consciousness, and each time it marked a milestone in his career, and was the invariable precursor of a business success.

Always the dream was the same in substance. It was a struggle—a struggle in the dark between himself and another whom in his dream King hated with a wild, violent hatred, accompanied by a hunger to kill. Whenever Klaggett King dreamed that particular dream he rose up the next morning and went about his affairs with a warm glow of satisfaction around his heart, for he knew that the stars in their courses or mysterious destiny or the subliminal will or angels or devils or the ouija board, or whatever you want to call it, was fighting on his side, and he was bound to win. And it was so. Success followed the wake of this dream as its blazing tail follows the wake of a comet through the night sky.

King could not by a mere act of will summon this dream, with its attendant success, out of the vasty deeps of its hidden lair, though, after he discovered it was the precursor of good fortune, he tried. He tried very hard. Who would not? He tried Peter Ibbetson's method of lying with his left foot crossed over his right—confoundedly awkward!—and his arms encircling his head. He tried retiring without dinner, with a light dinner, with a heavy dinner. He tried thinking earnestly of the dream just before he slept, and he tried not thinking of anything at all—carefully sponging out all the stray wisps and tails of thought and rendering his consciousness a dimly drifting gray impressionable blank. But never by means of these forced and artificial devices did he once find himself upon the right road of his dream. It seemed to have its own profoundly secret times and seasons, and came and went at will.

It did not appear in every important transaction of his life; nor—so he discovered—was its nonappearance necessarily a guaranty of failure. On the contrary, in checking up his eventful and—taking it all in all—rather distinguished career in the financial life of New York, Klaggett King could put his finger on several devilish tight corners he had been in, fighting heavy odds with his back to the wall, when he would have ardently welcomed that little dream harbinger. But had it come? It had not! It had stuck stubbornly down in its hole, away over the dim back of beyond, outside the rim of his consciousness, leaving King to fight his battle as best he might. And he had fought—and won. Whereupon, had it been possible, he would have fired the dream. But he could neither fire it nor hire it, nor could he leave it altogether alone. It was altogether an irritating puzzle, without apparent rime or rule—and that, for Klaggett King, was its chiefest attraction.

There was another permanent characteristic about the dream, aside from its arrogant independence in the matter of its entrances and exits, and that was that like all silly old wives' tales it followed the law of contraries. For although it invariably signalized success, nevertheless, in the actual dream itself, Klaggett King was always the defeated party. His enemy escaped.

In his dream King would come upon the other fellow—come upon him sharply, suddenly, with instant recognition, with a violent sense of joy, a kind of stark rapture of dark passion common to dreams, which quite lifted him out of himself. And then in his dream he would dash headlong after his enemy, who always eluded him. Reflecting upon this, King used to wonder impatiently why the devil he did not in his dream carry a gun or a knife. Why, with that enemy lurking about, was he always caught weaponless? Or why, even if he were weaponless, did he not catch up something, a rock or a club, with which to assault his foe? His dream double, it would appear, was an oversanguine, aggressive, reckless fool. If it were really Klaggett King—and King could not doubt that it was: the sense of identity with his dream self was altogether too powerful and poignant to deny—why did not that dream self make use of King's caution, King's big, scheming, strategic brain to obtain its ends? Why did it rush headlong, unarmed, to the encounter, with only that terrible, joyous resolve to kill thrilling its heart?

This foolish, melodramatic quality of the dream irritated King particularly. He was, to tell the truth, ashamed of it, and never alluded to it, even among his closest friends. This was in the beginning of his career, before he climbed into power.

Later, as his success and his personality grew, he altered his point of view. He ceased being ashamed of his fool dream. Klaggett King did not underestimate himself. He saw no reason why he should. Had he been another business man who had come to him to negotiate a loan on the banks to enlarge his plant, King knew very well what kind of report he would have submitted to the financiers. He would have indorsed Klaggett King up to the hilt as a strong man, a safe and sane man, with a brain and a will that would get him anywhere. He would have recommended the loan, and in a private memorandum he would have advised the bankers who were floating the loan to acquire as much stock as they could make King give up.

That was the kind of report he would have sent in, had Klaggett King been another man whom he was asked to report on in his official capacity as financial expert. And he did not see why he should not take his own expert opinion on himself, seeing that opinion was the best and most reliable of its kind in New York. Banks advanced money on it up into the millions. Private corporations and firms, seeking Eastern capital to enlarge their plants, paid him thousands of dollars for his opinion. There was, therefore, no legitimate reason why he should not take it himself. As a matter of fact, he did; and his estimate of himself was, in brief, that he was one of earth's conquerors. This was not vanity. Any banker in New York would have indorsed that point of view. The latter might have added that, of course, Mr. King was a self-made man, with a self-made man's defects. He was arrogant of manner, caustic of tongue and obstinate to a degree, but powerful beyond a doubt. If you questioned that, you had only to look him up in Who's Who and mark the number of important directorates he held in the biggest financial enterprises of the day.

With this perfectly justifiable opinion of himself as one of the conquerors, Klaggett King began little by little to take stock in his dream. Not much; not enough to trouble his conscience or spoil his business nerve, but a little. Enough to amuse him when, unable to sleep—for that, in later years, was his trouble—he spent the leaden-footed night hours, which paced slow as a chain gang, turning and twisting upon his pillow. To ponder sardonically upon a good-for-nothing fool dream was at least as intelligent a means to court slumber—and perhaps even the dream itself—as to count imaginary sheep jumping through an imaginary hole in an imaginary fence.

II

STARTING from nothing, Klaggett King had created for himself a significant position in the financial world. His business, in its early stages, was unique. He had formulated it out of his own head to meet the need of the times. Later other firms sprang up, catering to the same need. But for years Klaggett King stood head and shoulders above all competitors in thoroughness and reliability.

"What does Klaggett King have to say about this proposition?" was a common question in financial conferences when application was made for a loan by a new or hitherto unknown firm. If King reported favorably upon the applicant he could buy credit almost anywhere. His big, scrawling, uncouth signature at the foot of the financial report was enough. But if he reported unfavorably—and King was flat-footed in decision; he came out with a straight yes or a straight no—the unfortunate applicant might as well buy his ticket home. No reputable banking house would lend him a dime.

The method by which he made his name powerful was characteristic of the man. First of all, he selected his experts for their sound common sense and breadth of view, as well as for their technical excellence. When they were on a case, these experts departed singly and without knowledge of each other to the scene of their labors, investigated the client, returned and rendered a verbal and a written report.

These reports Klaggett King was wont to receive in his private office, one after another, on the same day, in order, as he said, to obtain a bird's-eye view of the entire situation at once. And so practiced had he become, by dint of long discipline and intense concentration to the matter in hand, that often he was ready with his own final report before the last expert had left the room.

But this sureness came only with years. In the beginning he did not trust his reputation to intuition or chance. Sometimes, of course, the case was smooth sailing straight from the start. But sometimes it was so complicated, with the elements of failure and success so evenly tied, that it took him days to decide. And when this occurred, with the complete data in his portfolio he would go home, lock himself in his room, and there remain, without sleep, diving deeper and deeper into the reservoirs of his reserve strength and coming out on the other side of his first

fatigue with a magnificent second wind of intelligence and power that never seemed to tire. Arrived at that point, his brain functioned with a kind of clean-cut, beautiful precision, like a well-adjusted, well-oiled machine. There was a delight in this intense absorption of all his faculties that exhilarated him like wine. Once he had fought past the outposts of normal fatigue into that inner citadel of radiant strength, he had a feeling as if he were a god—powerful, absolute.

About this time he began to complain to his wife, Lucinda, of insomnia. At breakfast one morning he confessed to a sleepless night.

"Well," said Lucinda, smiling her Lucinda smile, which had made Klaggett King marry her, "if you will be foolish about staying up that way, what can you expect?"

"It's the fight that attracts me. It gives me such a sense of power. I don't believe I could make a mistake to save my neck after I've fought through to my second wind."

"You'll make one if you keep on trying to go without sleep," said Lucinda. "I've about decided you're a silly man. It's not intelligent to kill yourself like that."

"My business demands it," said King. "And besides, if I don't sleep I make the other fellow pay for it. I put it in my bill."

"That's sillier still," said Lucinda, "for money won't buy sleep."

Whereupon King kissed her to stop her criticisms—he had not married her for that, and he would not take it, even from Lucinda—and went on just as before. But he began to be troubled. Hitherto he had boasted of his power to do without sleep. Now the darker side of that power began to make itself manifest, like the faint, shadowy circle about the new crescent moon. He could not, it appeared, force himself to stay awake when he wanted to without paying for it by staying awake when he did not want to. Klaggett King was too keen a merchant of values not to perceive a certain grim balance in this. He was robbing Peter to pay Paul, and Peter was beginning to show a deficit.

III

DURING this first or building stage of his success—a success which in its spectacular height and solid underpinning resembled the skyscrapers of New York to which it was spiritually akin—King had been content to demand a handsome commission for his services, reserving the option, if he saw fit, to buy a block of stock in the enterprise he supported with his name. Thus far he had been an honest server of industry, and he liked to think of himself as the liaison officer between high finance and the innumerable worthy business enterprises throughout the land which needed money to develop them to their full power.

By this time he had become an arresting personality, even in New York, and was swimming with the best of them, with a boxful of notabilities at the opera—which he hated, and called the woopera—and welcoming foreign celebrities when they came down to the financial district, showing them the Woolworth Building and the Stock Exchange.

Afterward he would lunch with them at the Bankers' Club, while they pumped him discreetly as to what he thought of their chance of floating another loan.

Cartoons of his tall, gaunt figure, spare to cadaverousness, with the jutting jaw, the caustic, sensitive mouth, the powerful nose which advertised that he was not only a leader of men but a follower of women, and the steady dark eyes lit by fires of malice, began to figure in the newspapers. King's eyes were his best asset, both with women and with men. Women pitied him when he quietly turned on them those great, dark, magnetic eyes, encircled by hollows, and often burning, in their deep caverns, with fires the true nature of which sentimental ladies were prone to mistake. They thought he must be unhappily married with Lucinda, and one or two of them threw their hats into the ring.

Men liked him, too, though they said he had the cheek of the devil unbreeched. And when he talked, fixing his companion with those deep-burning eyes which seemed to dilate and gather fire as he went on, enforcing his points by a brusque chopping gesture of one bony, upraised hand—very effective—other men in the company would stop talking and would gather round him in a close knot.

It was impossible not to believe him when within reach of those steady, compelling eyes.

For a man whose father had been a country blacksmith, who had never been to college, who had never seen the inside of a theater until he was eighteen, who had never worn evening clothes until he began to court Lucinda, Klaggett King had gone fast and rather far. He used to tell Lucinda to stick close behind him and keep hold of his coat tails, for he would go farther still before he was done.

IV

IT WAS Lucinda who had been his springboard of opportunity, as a woman often is. The daughter of Adam Brewster—a solid, rich, respectable woolen manufacturer—Lucinda had studied the violin three years in Paris, after which she had returned to her father's country place on the Hudson, where she met Klaggett King, who inside of six months had married her, though there is no doubt Lucinda had something to do with that too.

Lucinda always declared that it was the story of the house without a staircase which had won her. At that time King, then a struggling young contractor, was building a house for a rich and avaricious widow who niggled and naggled over every penny of expenditure, and tried to beat the young man at every turn of the game. In particular, she tried to beat King into giving her more floor space without paying therefor. On the plans she pushed out one partition after another, striving to make her rooms larger and yet pay no more for her house.

"But, madam," explained King impatiently, "can't you see that if your entire floor space remains fixed, you can't enlarge one chamber save at the expense of another? And your floor space is a question of initial expense."

"Oh, dear!" fumed the widow. "I did want this front bedroom a decent size. Can't you just move back that partition four feet?"

Klaggett King frowned. "Yes!" said he suddenly, fixing his sardonic black eyes on the plans.

"And that won't affect the size of the rear room?"

"No!"

"You're sure?"

"Sure as that God made fools!"

But she was suspicious, and she made him swear to it before witnesses. After which he went on with the contract. The widow went South on a visit, and when she returned the house was done. Klaggett King himself drove her out from the station in a hired livery rig—which he could ill afford—to inspect the house he had built for her. The widow was delighted with the exterior. She wanted to go inside. A few laborers were still on the ground, and they watched the couple with a broad grin. But Klaggett King stalked about, as stiff and dour as a hangman.

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To Win Him Out of His Gloomy Self-Absorption Was the First Prerequisite of Slumber, and to Achieve This Object Lucinda Had Often to Anger Him

THE ACCIDENT OF CRIME

By Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

EVERY seaman who makes the city of Bordeaux a port of call knows the Rue Lucien Faure. It is one of those irregular streets which one finds in the neighborhood of docks in every city in the world. Cordwainers, ships' stores, cafés and strange foreign eating houses jostle each other indiscriminately. At the farther end of the Lucien Faure and facing Bassin à Flot Number 2 is a little cul-de-sac known as Place Duquesne, an obscure honeycomb of high, dingy houses.

He Produced a Sheet of Dirty Paper. "Everything is in Order," He Said Dolefully. "Good!" Said Laissac

It had often been pointed out to the authorities that the Place Duquesne was a scandal to the neighborhood; not that the houses themselves were either better or worse than those of adjoining streets, but that the inhabitants belonged almost entirely to the criminal classes. A murderer, an apache, a blackmailer, a coiner, hardly ever appeared in the court of justice without his habitation being traced to this unsavory retreat. And the authorities did nothing. Indeed, Chief Inspector Tolozan, who had that neighborhood under his own special supervision, said that he preferred it as it was. He affirmed—not unreasonably—that it was better to have all one's birds in one nest rather than have them scattered all over the wood.

Tolozan, although a practical man, was something of a visionary. He was of that speculative turn of mind which revels in theories. The contemplation of crime moved him in somewhat the same way that a sunset will affect a landscape painter. He indulged in broad generalities, and it always gave him a mild thrill of pleasure when the actions or behavior of his protégés substantiated his theories. In a detached way he had quite an affection for his birds, as he called them. He knew their records, their characteristics, their tendencies, their present occupation, if any, their place of abode—which was generally the Place Duquesne.

If old Granoux, the forger, moved from the attic in Number 17 to the basement in Number 11 Monsieur Tolozan would sense the reason of this change, and he never interfered until the last minute. He allowed Carros to work three months on that very ingenious plant for counterfeiting one-franc notes. He waited till the plates were quite complete before he stepped in with his quiet "Now, *mon brave*, it distresses me to interfere."

He admired the plates enormously, and in the van on the way to the police court he sighed many times, and ruminated upon what he called the accident of crime. One of his pet theories was that no man was entirely criminal. Somewhere, at some time, it had all been just touch and go. With better fortune the facile Carros might now be the director of an insurance company, or perhaps an eminent pianist. Another saying of his, which he was very fond of repeating, was this:

"The law does not sit in judgment on people. Laws are only made for the protection of the citizen."

His colleagues were inclined to laugh at Papa Tolozan, as they called him; but they were bound to respect his thoroughness and conscientiousness, and they treated his passion for philosophic speculation as merely the harmless eccentricity of an urbane and charming character. Perhaps in this attitude toward crime there have always been two schools of thought—the one which regards it, like Tolozan, as the accident, the other as represented by the forceful Muguet, of the council of jurisprudence at Bayonne, who insists that crime is an ineradicable trait, an inheritance, a fate. In spite of their divergence of outlook, these two were great friends, and many and long were the arguments they enjoyed over a glass of vermuth and seltzer at a quiet café they sometimes favored in the Cours du Pave when business brought them together.

Muguet would invariably clinch the argument with a staccato "Well, come now, what about old Laissac?"

Then he would slap his leg and laugh.

Here, indeed, was a hard case. Here, indeed, was an irreconcilable, an *intransigeant*, an ingrained criminal, and as this story principally concerns old Laissac, it may be as well to describe him a little in detail at once. He was at that time fifty-seven years of age. Twenty-one years and ten months of that period had been passed in penitentiaries, prisons and convict establishments. He was already an old man, but a wiry, energetic old man, with a battered face scarred by years of vicious dissipations and passions. At the age of seventeen he had killed a Chinaman. The affair was the outcome of a dock-side mêlée, and many contended that Laissac was not altogether responsible. However that may be, the examining magistrate at that time was of opinion that there had been rather too much of that kind of thing of late, and that an example must be made of someone. Even the Chink must be allowed some show of protection.

Laissac was sent to a penitentiary for two years. He returned an avowed enemy of society. Since that day he had been convicted of burglary, larceny, passing of counterfeit coins, assault and drunkenness. These were only the crimes of which he had been actually convicted, but everyone knew that they were only an infinitesimal fraction of the crimes of which he was guilty. He was a cunning old man. He had bashed one of his pals and maimed him for life, and the man was afraid to give evidence against him. He had treated two women at least with almost unspeakable cruelty. There was no record of his ever having done a single action of kindliness or unselfishness. He had, moreover, been a perverter and betrayer of others. He bred crime with malicious enjoyment. He trained young men in the tricks of the trade. He dealt in stolen property. He was a center, a focus of criminal activity.

One evening Muguet remarked to Tolozan, as they sipped their coffee:

"The law is too childish. That man has been working steadily all his life to destroy and pervert society. He has a diseased mind. Why aren't we allowed to do away with him? If the laws are made to protect citizens, there's only one way to protect ourselves against a villain like Laissac—the guillotine."

Tolozan shook his head slowly.

"No, the law only allows capital punishment in the case of murder."

"I know that, my old cabbage. What I say is, why should society bother to keep an old ruffian like that?" Tolozan did not answer, and Muguet continued, "Where is he now?"

"He lives in an attic in the Place Duquesne, Number 33."

"Are you watching him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Been to call on him?"

"I was there yesterday."

"What was he doing?"

"Playing with a dog."

Muguet slapped his leg and threw back his head. Playing with a dog! That was excellent! The greatest criminal in Bordeaux playing with a dog! Muguet didn't know why it was so funny. Perhaps it was just the vision of his old friend Tolozan solemnly sitting there and announcing the fact that Laissac was playing with a dog, as though it were a matter of profound significance.

Tolozan looked slightly annoyed, and added: "He's very fond of dogs."

This seemed to Muguet funnier still, and it was some moments before he could steady his voice to say:

"Well, I'm glad he's fond of something. Was there nothing you could lay your hands on?"

"Nothing."

It is certainly true that Muguet had a strong case in old Laissac to confute his friend's theories. Where was the accident of crime in such a confirmed criminal? It is also true that old Laissac was playing with a dog, and at that very moment.

Whilst the representatives of law and order were discussing him in the Café Basque, he was tickling the ribs of his beloved Sancho, and saying: "Up, soldier! Courage, my old warrior!"

Sancho was a strange, forlorn-looking beast, not entirely retriever, not wholly poodle; indeed, not necessarily dog at all. He had large sentimental eyes, and he worshiped his master with unquestioning adoration. When his master was out, as he frequently was, on strange nocturnal adventures, he would lie on the mat by the door, his nostrils snuggled between his paws, and watch the door. Directly his master entered the house Sancho would be aware of it. He would utter one long whine of pleasure, and his skin would shake and tremble with excitement. The reason of his perturbation this morning was that part of the chimney had fallen down with a crash. The brickwork had given way, and a little way up old Laissac could see a narrow opening, revealing the leads on the adjoining roof. It was summertime, and such a disaster did not appall him unduly.

"Courage!" he said. "To-morrow that shall be set right. To-day and to-night we have another omelet in the pan, old comrade. To-morrow there will be ham bones for Sancho, and a nice bottle of fine champagne for the breadwinner, eh? Lie down, boy, that's only old Grognard!"

The dog went into his corner, and a most strange-looking old man entered the room. He had thin white hair, a narrow horselike face, with prominent eyes. His face appeared much too thin and small for his body, which had unexpected projections and convolutions. From his movements it was immediately apparent that his left side was paralyzed. On the left breast of his shabby green coat was a medal for saving lives. The medal recorded that at the age of twenty-six he had plunged into the Garonne and saved the lives of two boys. He sat down and produced a sheet of dirty paper.

"Everything is in order," he said dolefully.

"Good!" said Laissac. "Show us the plan."

"This is the garage and the room above where you enter. The chauffeur left with Madame Delannelle and her maid for Pau this morning. They will be away three weeks or more. Monsieur Delannelle sleeps in this room on the first floor; but, as you know, he is a drug fiend. From eleven o'clock till four in the morning he is in a coma. Lisette and the other maid sleep on the top floor. Lisette will see that this other woman gets a little of the white powder in her cider before she retires. There is no one else in the house. There is no dog."

"It appears a modest enterprise."

"It is as easy as opening a bottle of white oil. The door of the room above the garage, connecting with the first landing in the house, is locked and the key taken away, but it is a very old-fashioned lock. You could open it with a bone toothpick, master."

"H'm! I suppose Lisette expects something out of this?"

The old man sniggered and blew his nose on a red handkerchief. "She's doing it for love."

"You mean—young Leon Briteuil?"

"Yes. Now this is the point, master. Are you going to crack this crib yourself, or would you like young Briteuil to go along? He's a promising lad, and he would be proud to be in a job with you."

"What stuff is there there?"

"In the second drawer on the left-hand side in a bureau in the salon is a cash box where monsieur keeps the money from his rents. He owns a lot of small property. There ought to be about ten thousand francs. Madame has taken most of her jewels, but there are a few trinkets in a jewel case in the bedroom. For the rest there is a collection of old coins in a cabinet, some of them gold. That is in the library—here, see?—and the usual silver plate and trinkets scattered about the house. Altogether a useful haul—too much for one man to carry."

"Very well, I'll take the youngster. Tell him to be at the Place du Pont, the other side of the river, at 12:30. If he fails or makes the slightest slip I'll break his face. Tell him that. That's all."

"Right you are, master."

Young Briteuil was not quite the lion-hearted person he liked to pose as, and this message frightened him. Long before the fateful hour of the appointment he was dreading the association of the infamous Laissac more than the hazardous adventure upon which he was committed. He would rather have made the attempt by himself. He was neat with his fingers and had been quite successful pilfering little articles from the big stores, but he had never yet experienced the thrill of housebreaking. Moreover, he felt bitterly that the arrangement was unjust. It was he who had maneuvered the whole field of operation—he, with his spurious love-making to the middle-aged, coquettish Lisette.

There was a small fortune to be picked up, but because he was pledged to the gang of which Laissac was the chief his award would probably amount to a capful of sous. Laissac had the handling of the loot, and he would say that it realized anything he fancied. Grognard had to have his commission also. The whole thing was grossly unfair. He deeply regretted that he had not kept the courting of Lisette a secret. Visions of unholy orgies danced before his eyes. However, there it was, and he had to make the best of it. He was politeness and humility itself when he met old Laissac at the corner of the Place du Pont punctually at the hour appointed. Laissac was in one of his sullen moods, and they trudged in silence out to the northern suburb where the villa of Monsieur Delannelle was situated. The night was reasonably dark and fine. As they got nearer and nearer to their destination, and Laissac became more and more unresponsive, the younger man's nerves began to get on edge. He was becoming distinctly jumpy and, as people will in such a condition, he carried things to the opposite extreme. He pretended to be extremely light-hearted, and to treat the affair as a most trivial exploit. He even assumed an air of flippancy, but in this attitude he was not encouraged by his companion, who on more than one occasion told him to keep his ugly mouth shut.

"You won't be so merry when you get inside," he said.

"But there is no danger, no danger at all," laughed the young man unconvincingly.

"There's always danger in our job," growled Laissac. "It's the things you don't expect that you've got to look out for. You can make every preparation, think of every eventuality, and then suddenly, presto! a bullet from some unknown quarter. The gendarmes may have had wind of it all the time. Monsieur Delannelle may not have indulged in his dope for once. He may be sitting up with a loaded gun. The girl Lisette may be an informer. The other girl may have heard and given the game away. Madame and the chauffeur may return at any moment. People have punctures sometimes. You can even get through the job and then be nabbed at the corner of the street, or the next morning, or the following week. There's a hundred things likely to give you away. Inspector Tolozan himself may be hiding in the garden with a half dozen of his thicknecks. Don't you persuade yourself it's a soft thing, my white-livered cockerel."

The Body Found by a Printer's Devil Named Adolf Roger at 4:15 on the Morning of the Ninth on the Pavement of the Place Duquesne

This speech did not raise Leon's spirits. When they reached the wall adjoining the garage he was trembling like a leaf, and his teeth began to chatter.

"I could do with a nip of brandy," he said suddenly in a changed voice.

The old criminal looked at him contemptuously and produced a flask from some mysterious pocket. He took a swig, and then handed it to his companion. He allowed him a little gulp, and then snatched the flask away.

"Now, up you go!" he said.

Leon knew then that escape was impossible. Old Laissac held out his hands for him to rest his heel upon. He did so and found himself jerked to the top of the wall. The old man scrambled up after him somehow. They then dropped down quietly onto some sacking in the corner of the yard. The garage and the house were in complete darkness. The night was unnaturally still, the kind of night when every little sound becomes unduly magnified. Laissac regarded the dim structure of the garage with a professional eye. Leon was listening for sounds and imagining eyes peering at them through the shutters, perhaps a pistol or two already covering them. His heart was beating rapidly. He had never imagined it was going to be such a nerve-racking business. Curse the old man. Why didn't he let him have his full whack at the brandy? A sudden temptation crept over him. The old man was peering forward. He would hit him suddenly over the back of the head and then bolt. Yes, he would. He knew he would never have the courage to force his way into that sinister place of unknown terrors. He would rather die out here in the yard.

"Come on," said Laissac, advancing cautiously toward the door of the garage.

Leon slunk behind him, watching for his opportunity. He had no weapon, nothing but his hands, and he knew that in a struggle with Laissac he would probably be worsted. The tidy concrete floor of the yard held out no hope of promiscuous weapons. Once he thought:

"I will strike him suddenly on the back of the head with all my might. As he falls I'll strike him again. When he's on the ground I'll kick his brains out."

To such a desperate pass can fear drive a man!

Laissac stood by the wood frame of the garage door looking up and judging the best way to make an entrance of the window above. While he was doing so Leon stared round, and his eye alighted on a short dark object near the wall. It was a piece of iron piping. He sidled toward it and surreptitiously picked it up.

At that exact instant Laissac glanced round at him abruptly and whispered, "What are you doing?"

Now must this desperate venture be brought to a head. He stumbled toward Laissac, mumbling vaguely, "I thought this might be useful!"

Leon was left-handed and he gripped the iron piping in that hand. Laissac was facing him, and he must be put off his guard. He mumbled: "What's the orders, master?"

He doubtless hoped from this that Laissac would turn round and look up again. He made no allowance for that animal instinct of self-preservation which is most strongly marked in men of low mentality. Without a word old Laissac sprang at him. He wanted to scream with fear, but instead he struck wildly with the iron. He felt it hit something ineffectually. A blow on the face staggered him. In the agony of recovery he realized that his weapon had been wrenched from his hands! Now, indeed, he would scream and rouse the neighborhood to save him from this monster. If he could only get his voice! If he could only get his voice! Curse this old devil! Where is he? Spare me! Spare me! Oh, no, no!

Old Laissac stuffed the body behind a bin where rubbish was put in the corner of the yard. The struggle had been curiously silent and quick. The only sound had been the thud of the iron on his treacherous assistant's skull, a few low growls and blows. Fortunately the young man had been too paralyzed with fear to call out. Laissac stood in the shadow of the wall and waited. Had the struggle

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Young Man's Career

IT HAS always been a momentous undertaking for a young man to decide in what direction and toward what goal his life could be most usefully and advantageously directed. Nor is it other than a delicate and knotty assumption for an older man to advise him. Youth will be served in any case, and must try life out for itself. The fresh vigor and enthusiasm of twenty and twenty-five never mix overwell with the rather frequent cynicism and almost always settled resignation of forty-five and fifty. Yet the young have never been able and never will be able to plan their lives wholly without consultation with those who have already reached the goal of success. It is hard to combine the opposing elements of youth and middle life, and yet they can never be separated.

But in an age of revolt both the young man and his elder are more than ever at sea regarding the former's career. When the authority of church, parents, elders and superiors has become weakened, both advice and counsel lose weight. Occupations and careers, like everything else, tend to lose moorings as authority, restraint and control diminish.

Perhaps the self-confidence which conceives of accomplishment and achievement in a single bound has been exaggerated by the increase in wealth and the consequent ease of attaining comfort and luxury. Young men in the colleges are accustomed in so many cases to having everything provided for them. One of their own publications recently defended the rather humiliating freshman customs in these words: "Despite the frequent protest received from various sources we still strongly favor the freshman customs, and regret to see continued attempts to weaken them. They are very beneficial to the majority of men who enter college with an exaggerated sense of their importance, whether as a result of social position, wealth or prep-school record."

There is another type of young man, of course, the one who is discouraged from the start, who thinks he will always be poor and sees no break ahead. Possibly he suffers less disillusionment in the end than the one who starts out to make a fortune or reform the world instanter. But both young men, though of opposite types, make a common mistake which is almost always recognized in the perspective of after-life. The confident youth is afraid all the big problems will be solved before he gets to them or that they will be solved wrong, by doddering elders, unless he hurries up. The more modest worker fails to see that his period of waiting or humble activity is a very short one after all.

What really counts in building a career is to do a rather small job first and get a reputation for doing it well. Now and then a genius, so called, seems to be able to jump the preliminary and intermediate stages and at an early age occupy the seats of the mighty. But such is one in a million. The aspiring young journalist may seek to sway the multitude through the power of his pen, but before anyone cares to read his discourses on world affairs he is usually set to work for some years reporting what happens in a magistrate's court. If he is the one in the million, the rare genius, he may leap from tender high-school years into the full glare of fame; but even then there is a serpent in his Eden, for he usually pours out the sort of facile smart cleverness which most competent and authoritative critics regard as not only superficial but quite undependable.

Any careful study of the principles which surround promotion in business organizations will disclose the fact that men are advanced because their superiors believe in their ability to handle larger problems on the basis of proved capacity in mastering smaller ones.

Whatever occupation or career one follows, the central fact is that no worker can successfully throw technic overboard until he has mastered it. The really great futurist painters have been those who first knew their conventional schools through the laboratory of regular professional pursuit and compliance. There is no more childish or pitiful delusion than that one can break away from the bounds of convention without first knowing rather well just what convention amounts to.

Yet young men and women often expect to achieve at once through sheer intensity of ardor the largest results in literature, art, music, science and social reform. They count upon their youth, vigor, enthusiasm and courage to get results, forgetting that these are the very qualities which make it possible for them to master the technic, do the small job well and prepare the soil for the flower which only growth can bring.

Both young and older men overemphasize the importance of getting into what they call the right occupation or profession. Is it not vital then that all should choose the work for which they are best fitted and are most likely to enjoy? Of course. But it is so easy to believe that the other fellow's profession is more attractive, more replete with opportunities and more certain to lead to an illustrious career than one's own.

The public official often thinks that the royal road to power and influence lies in journalism. He sees that his own policies receive little attention unless the press reports them fully.

His words appear to have more weight when addressed to newspaper readers than when his auditors are members of legislative committees. Editors and writers, so he reasons, do not, like himself, have to put into effect the policies which they advocate.

But the man in public life often mistakes the broad and easy path of propaganda for the hard and narrow one of impartial journalism. When he speaks of the power of the press he forgets that the greater its power and success the more heavy are its responsibilities and the less often can it ride hobbies, even if they be the pet topics of the editor and the owner. Success in journalism is determined by painfully acquired judgment and professional vision, experience and technic, and is not a great natural resource of Nature, as it were, which the lucky editor merely grabs out of the air.

But the journalist can be just as shortsighted as the leader in public life. Too often he envies the public official a power and influence which the latter does not really have.

The trials and tribulations of public office, the cranks and meddlers, the critics whose only object seems to be to asperse motives and blacken and destroy character—this is a story all by itself. So one could go on through every occupation and profession—salesmanship, factory production, engineering, teaching, banking, law, medicine and the rest. The scope and brilliance of each career are magnified from the outside, and only the insiders think they know what toil and drudgery really mean.

Assuming as a matter of course that a young man will not go into work which is honestly and intrinsically distasteful to him or for which he is obviously unfitted, then the foundation stone of a career is not so much the particular field or subject as his willingness to master its technic and do small preliminary jobs well and loyally. If he can only realize that his youthful attributes, his superabundant energy, enthusiasm and a quality which almost approaches inspiration, are given him for the very purpose of building the foundation instead of immediately gilding the dome, he will already have won half the battle.

Unreliable Statistics

THE conduct of modern business requires statistics. Perfection of transportation and expansion of banking have made every business an international business. For international transactions producers and dealers need to know domestic conditions accurately and foreign conditions at least approximately. The Secretary of Commerce has made most emphatic pleas for the collection, digestion and prompt issuance of adequate data on all phases of production, distribution and consumption.

A periodic survey of current business conditions ought to be as much a part of governmental activity as the weather report. With the Federal Reserve Board, the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture coöperating with the Department of Commerce, the state of current business ought to be analyzed and future tendencies forecast in such manner as to be of direct aid to the great mass of men engaged in active business in all lines.

But the statistics must be good. Congress has never understood the purport of statistical data and has been parsimonious. The several departments have endeavored to continue to expand in proportion to growth of the country, despite inadequate appropriations. Naturally the quality of work was likely to suffer. It has done so.

The wheat-crop estimates for the past three years are now announced to have been short some one hundred and thirty-five million bushels, distributed through the three years. Our exports and supposed consumption have been higher than the figure for crop. This should have caused prices to rise, but instead they have weakened on slight provocation. The missing figures now explain what the trade knew—that the wheat was in the country, only not reported.

The cotton crop was grossly underestimated until November. The earlier low figures were in direct contradiction to the ginning figures. The revised figures correspond to the ginning figures. But the low forecast caused a heavy advance in the price of cotton over a considerable period of time. This advance in price did the cotton growers good; it relieved the country banks. The entire population will pay a bill in increased price of textiles. Perhaps it was a good thing for the country. But as a continued policy we do not want prices to be bulled by mistaken reports of crop shortage.

Other discrepancies come to mind. The census of domesticated animals as given in the 1920 Census of the Department of Commerce and that in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture show really striking differences. And other illustrations could be adduced.

Statistics are used to analyze business that has passed and to forecast prospects in the near or distant future. The past decade has witnessed the gradual substitution of private trade statistics for official tabulations. To satisfy practical men official statistics must be in a handy form. They must also be reliable. Otherwise industries will develop their own collections of information. The Steel Corporation has shown that this lies within the power of a commercial organization. This holds only for specialized business. Agriculture cannot be so treated. The crop of oranges is known accurately to the fruit exchanges. But the crop of wheat cannot be known to the millions of wheat farmers. Only the Government can collect such data, and accurate collection of such data must be enforced.

Solution of the Railroad Problem

By HERBERT QUICK

THE new factor in energy which has made most changes in the industrial and social life of the world in the past quarter of a century is electricity. We have installed in the United States in the past thirty years more than twice the electric power which would be required to operate all the railroads of the United States; but the railroads themselves have been the least affected by this revolution in all our great industries. Other business is living in the Age of Electricity. The railroads yet dwell in the Age of Steam. The Age of Steam cannot haul the tonnage of the Age of Electricity.

Yet we have made a fine start in railroad electrification. Based on single-track mileage we are operating, it is asserted, more than 5000 miles of railroad with electricity. By this statement, electric street, suburban and interurban lines in which the cars carry their own motors, are eliminated. We are now actually operating more than 5000 miles of regular railroad on which trains are hauled by electric locomotives in the place of steam locomotives. On these railroads ordinary passenger and freight trains made up into ordinary trains are hauled by electricity, and it is such operation that is referred to in this article as the solution of the railroad problem.

Electrical Economies

IN FORMER articles I have shown how completely we are dependent on the railroads for our continued national prosperity and, so far as that goes, for our continued national existence as America has existed in the past. I have shown how the railways have failed us and must continue to fail us whenever we are prosperous, because they cannot haul the load of tonnage prosperity imposes. I have shown the reason why, in the failure of the steam locomotive to develop with the needs of the nation. The solution proposed is electrification. The proposal is based on the performance of electrified railroads already in operation. It is based on engineering knowledge.

We have several hundred miles of main-line electrification on the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound. Use of electricity in mountain-grade work and in making up trains, negotiating sharp curves and operating through tunnels with heavy freight trains has been a wonderful success on the Norfolk & Western. Terminal work, as well as a good deal of main-line operation, has been completely tried out on the New York terminals and on the New York, New Haven & Hartford, as well as in other places. Every problem in American railroading has been met by electrification by the systems now in operation.

If electrified by beginning where the greatest need exists the process might be carried forward rapidly enough to solve the problem of our next railway crisis, which will be upon us within five years. Electrification will enable the railroads to handle with ease the heaviest traffic we have ever had, on the same tracks and with the same terminals we now possess. It will put off the necessity of double-tracking, reducing grades, and otherwise extending our present facilities, for at least twenty-five years, and greatly reduce that necessity when it comes upon us if it ever does The cost will be very great, but probably no greater than would be the making over of the roads along the lines demanded by steam traffic, and the results would be certain of success, while the ability of the roads to handle the growing tonnage with the steam locomotive with any conceivable expenditure of money is more than doubtful when we consider the growing problems of huge terminals and the definite limits of the steam locomotive under multiplying burdens.

The railroads have resorted to electrification in the past just as they must resort to general electrification in the future, to solve problems that steam could not and cannot solve. The Norfolk & Western after a receivership ending in 1898, faced a grave problem that it could not solve with steam, in its physical obstacles, in the form of a single-track tunnel and its heavy grades in the West Virginia coal fields, where on a stretch of thirty miles there originated daily more than 2000 carloads of coal.

The N. & W.'s Experiment

IT HAD the first 100-ton coal cars ever put in service, the best and most powerful Mallet steam locomotives it could get, and a wonderful steel pier at tidewater, on which these huge cars may be run loaded, and dumped by being capsized bodily into bunkers from which a 5000-ton cargo ship can be loaded in two hours. A physical obstacle existed in the heart of their system. The steam locomotives could not handle the traffic through the tunnel and on the grades. The trouble through the tunnel was ventilation, while on the grades and curves it was lack of power and speed.

The company decided to electrify They made many mistakes by which, and by the mistakes of others on other systems, the electric locomotive has been perfected to an extent that makes it a safe and dependable engine, though

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LASHED TO THE MAST

TO HIM THAT HATH

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

IF THAT one particular January morning had not been unwontedly cluttered with depressing incident Anvell Gregg might have gone his under-house-salesman way for many years to come. Which, to the initiated, is a very humble and unassuming way indeed, unless it foolishly tries to be a bumptious way. Then at once it usually is leveled without mercy by the disapproval of its betters. In millinery wholesale houses the under house salesmen are the butt of circumstance; disdained by the road salesmen and the city salesmen; watched, hawklike, by general managers for delinquencies; snubbed by the oldish hard-working forewomen of the various workrooms; scorned for the most part by the pretty, high-waged girl workers. What loot, culling a term from Rudyard, can a twenty-five-dollar pay envelope offer a pretty-eyed, marceled young person who knows perfectly well that women's rights include platinum dinner rings, service from head waiters at the best restaurants and plenty of taxicabs and eight-dollar silk stockings? Run away, under house salesmen!

In addition, they are gibed—behind their neat backs—by errand boys growing up to be general managers, and derided by errand girls growing up to women's rights. While the more important retailers say indignantly: "Don't send one of those shrimps to take care of me. Aren't my orders big enough to get me a real salesman at this place? One who has authority to shave prices a little for the right people—or throw on more discount?" And in his gloomier moments Gregg acknowledged he was a shrimp among shrimps. This even before he put his six hundred dollars of savings and Liberty Bonds into oil stock.

That January morning he got the news in the mail at his rooming house that his dollars and bonds were sunk more hopelessly than the ill-fated Lusitania. The oil firm which printed the stock was in an Oklahoma jail and headed for a penitentiary. Even while his six hundred was charging an Oklahoma mail chute, other investors were volleying for a warrant of arrest.

This news of course was the bludgeon that at the start knocked joy out of the day. A bludgeon the heavier that Anvell felt earnestly impelled to keep it a close secret. Red-haired Logan, the youngest and glibbest city salesman, had warned him—quite altruistically, because unassuming Anvell and talky Hi Logan were not intimates. But the one, quick of eye, had glimpsed the address on the envelope which the other was blotting at the general office desk, and had shouted: "You poor sucker, whatcha doing? For the love of Mike, give me the money and let me stick it in this wholesale house's furnace! Or buy a bunch of flappers a week's feeds!"

Logan was so loud and scornful that a group of salesmen and Genevieve Lightly, the catalogue artist, drifted over to hear what it was about.

You Couldn't Dislike Letty Any More Than You Could a Little White Rabbit

Anvell Gregg had flushed. He had the pale skin which takes a flush readily at snub or rebuke, or even banter.

Though a diffident person and inclined to courtesy in speech—back in Indiana he had been reared in the gentle and courteous atmosphere of a Congregational-parsonage home—he said with a show of spirit, "It's my money, Logan." The crowd was a goad; especially Genevieve, whose silky-lashed black eyes opened scornfully.

"In about two months I'll come around," jeered Logan, "and say, 'Oh, Greggy, where has thy money gone?'" The crowd had laughed.

Anvell Gregg, the two months having passed, reddened over memory and resolved that Logan should never know.

He reddened a little more when in the center aisle of the main floor old Mellion stared right past his polite and respectful good morning.

Not that he expected the president of the Mellion millinery house to beam upon him in daily welcome. There was nothing significant, he knew, in the grim nonrecognition from mop-haired Mellion. Being one of the brusquer specimens of self-made men, James Mellion often ignored the greetings of his employes. And at the moment, as Anvell heard in passing, he was bitterly discussing with Himmings, one of the crack road salesmen, the present shy-violet attitude of retailers toward wholesalers while prices of most materials still soared sky-high.

But on a flank which is sore from a heavy blow the flick of a stick is painful. Himmings as well, deep in discussion, stared past Anvell as past an errand boy.

In the elevator Logan and Brownell, stout cocky head of the credit department, were discussing the baseball scandal. They paid no attention to him while he ascended to his flowers-and-ornaments section on the third floor.

Emerging from the elevator he got attention. In the brusque and unflattering tone a spinster aunt might employ to a stupid nephew, Jane Crohan, of the ready-to-wear workrooms, demanded: "Mygoodness, Mr. Gregg, where've you been? Our stockroom's out of maroon-plush fuchsias. I want an order for a box from your counters." Jane Crohan looked like a spinster aunt, with her straight black dress and knob of back hair.

He gave her the order and explained that his L train had been derailed. She took the order and hurried away without heeding the explanation.

An hour later Kippy, of the pasteboard hat boxes, almost openly ran out a red tongue when Anvell advised him that the rear aisles should be patronized by errand boys with huge packages; while soon after, Minnie, a tow-haired errand girl, grimaced impudently—he caught her reflection in a pier glass—because Anvell inadvertently blocked her way down an aisle with an armful of velvet turbans.

And on Minnie's impudent heels came the eldest Sloan sister, of the Sloan Sisters Hat Parlors, to buy jet ornaments. At sight of the unobtrusive young man standing respectfully in her way she swerved and called in imperious undertone to Cannery, the heavy-pompadoured manager of the trimmings department: "Not this person. Someone who can spout prices right to me."

The Sloan sisters, in their capable fifties, as assured as long business years and tailored satin clothes could make them, every season put a cool fifteen thousand into the Mellion credit columns. Cannery, with a look of reproach at Anvell for being merely Anvell Gregg, ran for Logan.

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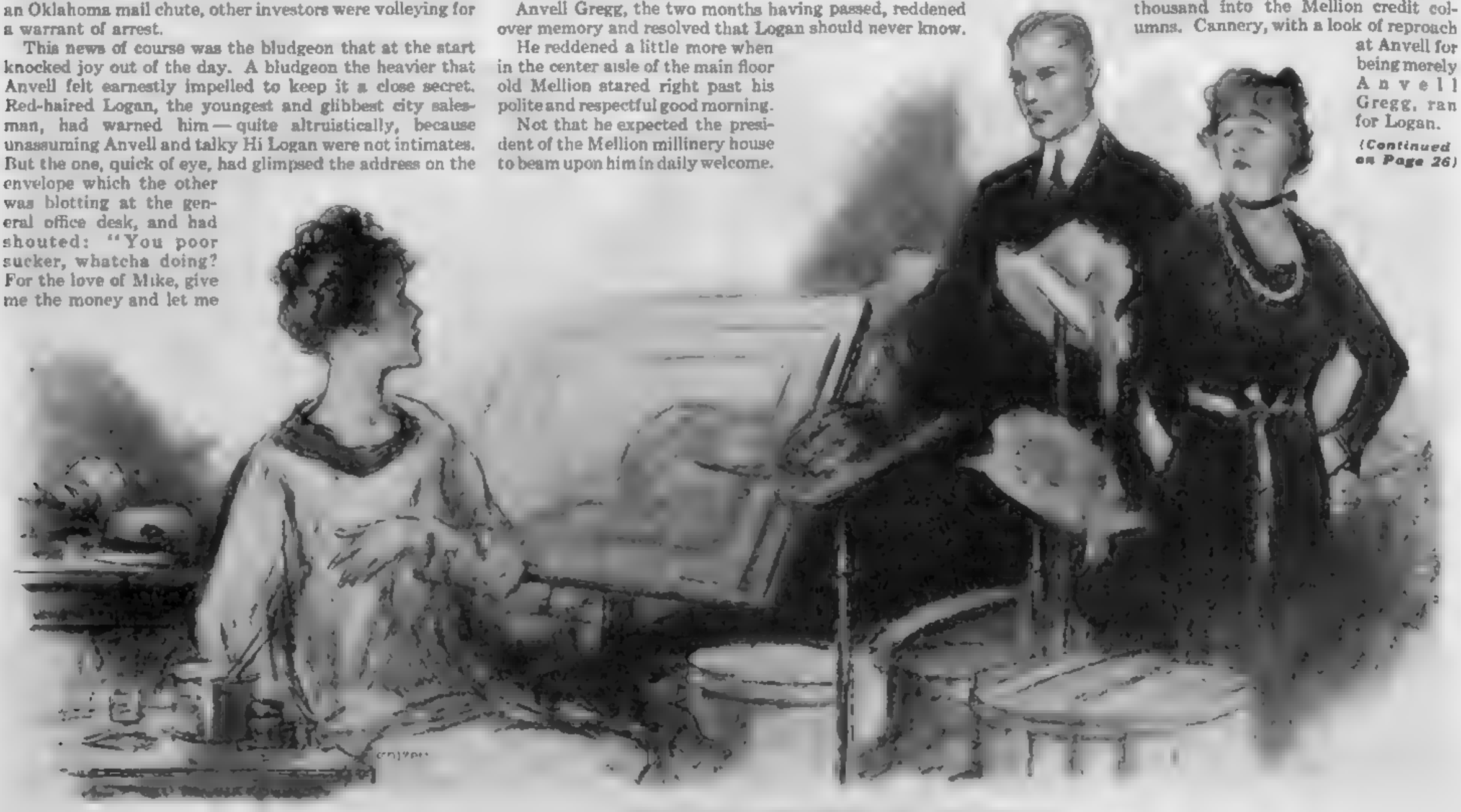

"What K-Kind of Sketches of Hats are You Getting Out This Week, Miss Lightly?"

Vegetable purées!

rich-nourishing-tempting

In European countries people eat vegetable purees —bean soup and pea soup—so constantly that they might almost be said to live on them. Have these smooth, delicious Campbell's Soups often—they are such valuable foods. The whole family will thrive on them and they will do wonders for the health of your children!

Campbell's Bean Soup

is the filling, good old-fashioned kind of bean soup that delights a hearty appetite. Choice hand-picked Michigan beans, cooked and strained and blended with a puree of carrots and celery, a flavoring of other vegetables and fresh herbs—our own recipe.

Campbell's Pea Soup

is made from the tender, tiny kind of peas that taste the sweetest and give such a fresh, delicious flavor. Blended in the velvety puree are fine country milk and butter which is the pride of the creamery. The delicate seasoning shows the deft hand of the master-chef.

Cream of Bean easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Bean Soup an equal quantity of milk, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

Cream of Pea easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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Anvell Gregg reddened to the tips of his ears. Afterward he admitted to himself that at that moment the ground was prepared for the Personality People's seed. Not so much by Amanda Sloan and the tall reproachful Cannery as by Genevieve Lightly and Letty Mills.

The two were passing. The one, overhearing as she paused to cast a casual glance round for ideas for a turban page for the next catalogue, evinced an unflattering lack of interest. Genevieve Lightly was a self-possessed, handsome-eyed young woman, perfectly up to date in her knowledge of women's rights. But little Letty Mills paused and registered silent and delicate sympathy.

Anvell Gregg, ears reddening still more, would have liked the situation reversed—the lack of interest from Letty, the sympathy, if mortifying sympathy there must be for his hapless self, from Genevieve.

He did not dislike Letty. You couldn't dislike Letty Mills any more than you could a little white rabbit frisking up for a lettuce leaf. She was soft and pretty as a rabbit—big baby blue eyes and bobbed blond hair. And in her economic niche, model in the misses' trimmed-hat department, Letty was an absolute success. City salesmen and road salesmen maneuvered against each other to get possession of her bobbed blondness for an hour's display of misses' lines, and counted her blue eyes and smart little crêpe-de-Chine gowns a heavy adjunct to rams and flowered legitorns. But outside selling hours—

Once Logan shrugged: "Pretty? Pretty as a pink gumdrop. A lisping gumdrop," unkindly, "but I like 'em—different."

This hardly agreed with a little confidence Letty had once half made to Anvell: "That Hi Logan needn't think—"

She broke off. Letty herself was inclined to a lisping gentleness of speech. "Course I haven't a thing against him. He can't help his red hair or the sort of loud way he likes to talk. But"—she hummed absently a little bar or two of a plaintive popular song of a few years back, which ended: "Love me all the time, summer time, winter time," and colored faintly—"he isn't the kind you could love 'all the time.'"

Anvell Gregg, as has been said, was courteous. He could not bring himself to set Letty right; to hint that though Logan and others once or twice she had mentioned others, too, in the same little belittling way—might show a pretty girl such attentions as baby-blue eyes and blond hair seem to invite, she was hardly justified in half dangling their scalps at her small waist. And he had felt uncomfortably, more than once, that Letty's evident partiality for himself was hardly a compliment. One day Logan had laughed: "Guess Letty has a taste for under house salesmen." It had been annoying. Logan liked to speak for the benefit of many hearers. And already the conviction had forced itself upon Anvell Gregg that perhaps Letty subconsciously inclined to him as one as deficient as herself in—what was the word?—say, personality. Both were small peanuts, using a trite simile, in the bag of life. Sort of equals in inferiority!

Such a thought was rankling. He was half aware that unfairly he was using Letty as a peg for morbid conclusions. But the thought continued to rankle. Especially when Genevieve Lightly's assured black eyes passed over him. Always over him. In contrast with Genevieve you could not help recognizing that Letty was merely a pretty froth of inferior personality. That last word is so often in magazine and newspaper pages, to say nothing of psychoanalysts' limp-leather yearly volumes, that it belongs to the vocabulary of most people, house salesmen and others.

And it was that evening that it fairly leaped at Anvell Gregg's gloomy gray eyes as he perused a popular monthly magazine. Doubtless he had seen the large headlines of that particular advertisement page hundreds of times; but his day had been such as to bring about psychological attention, or the glowing advertisement of the Personality People, Box 298765, Brookbyn, N. J., would have interested him no more than did the Filet Lace Making Mastered by Correspondence While You Wait which had the gaudy preceding page, or Tootsum's Transcendent Toothpaste which five-toned the page following.

With his thoughts bitterly harking back to oil investment, old Mellion, Logan, Brownell, Amanda Sloan and Genevieve Lightly, Anvell read and, like Lucifer, fell.

The heavy black-lettered query at top of page seemed a straight taunt at his depressed and diffident self: Is the World at Your Feet?

In deliberate self-torture he read further:

"Have you charm?"

"Have you force of personality?"

"Have you the power of compelling the admiration and obsequiousness of your fellows?"

"If not, why not?"

"Letty, Would You Like Me Better if I Had a Lot of Money?"

Anvell read the page twice, grimly. He reflected that upon it he was indirectly described with a trenchancy which could not have been improved. Had he charm? Genevieve Lightly glimpsed less about him than about one of her broken pencil points. Had he force of personality? James Mellion detected none emanating from him. Had he the power of compelling the admiration and obsequiousness of his fellows? Had he? Shades of mirth and laughter! Logan had once told him he needed a keeper. Cannery that week had peevishly asked him why in the name of common sense he couldn't tell the new buyer of the West Side Felt Works from a herd of price spotters from rival wholesale houses. Mellion took his good mornings with a blank stare. Men like Himmings passed him without a nod or with one so careless that he hardly got it. Errand folks like Kippy and Minnie disdained him in the scheme of their days.

Even his landlady, whose hall bedroom he had occupied two seemly years, conscientiously paying her in advance every week, had looked searchingly at him the day before when he had tendered her a patched two-dollar bill.

"If I can't pass this you'll have to take it back, Mr. Gregg," she had said coldly, quite as though he were in the habit of giving her unpassable money.

He could concede that in the very nature of their business landladies found wise the inhibition of kindliness. But without too much self-pity or unreason he could truthfully say that somehow he missed fire at most of his social contacts.

"Let our methods secure these qualities for you. Let us teach you the secret of drawing others to you!"

Reading, Anvell Gregg grunted. He was quite sure that mop-haired Mellion, and Himmings, and Genevieve Lightly did not get their personalities from a printed page. The idea was foolish. Poise and aplomb had come to them from some other source. Nature, he guessed wistfully. And Nature had slighted him. He noted, however, and wistfully, that forty dollars, the price of ten lessons was in fine-printed advertisemental footnote would be cheap enough if results were as promised.

Trifling sum it was, indeed, if by any formula you could remake yourself. If you could so change yourself and your ways that Genevieve Lightly's clever and lovely eyes would seek you with favor, or old Mellion let loose a good morning in your direction, or cheeky, self-assured Logan treat you with that respect which equals give equals. Or even though Anvell felt a little compunctious over this last thought, but bitterness of mood molded desire—even so that you were not the sort of person to whom bobbed-blond Letty Mills felt free to sail up and pin a flower, muslin flower, on your coat lapel, asking anyone who happened to be within view, "Isn't it a pretty posy, and isn't it a nice boy that wears the posy?"

He reread the glowing page. Cynically, it must be admitted. If success were as easily attained as these folks promised, it was a wonder the whole world wasn't overflowing with successful persons. Still—this thought stuck—forty dollars wasn't a huge sum. If a fellow lost it he would go on living well enough. Looking back upon six dull underpaid-man years, he could almost find it in his heart to regret that so little bizarreness of action, as men rate bizarreness, had marked them. Dull as ditch water they had been for the most part; barring the oil fiasco. Even the war, which had proved great adventure to nearly every man in the civilized world, in barracks and far forests, had passed him by; for his flat feet and near sight.

As has been said, the ground had been prepared for the seed. But it cannot be said that Anvell Gregg sent off forty of his dollars in any fatuous expectation of a great harvest. It was more a gambler's whim—a childish clod thrown at fate; or a slap, in the shape of foolishly wasted money, deliberately wasted money, at circumstance. Much sitting alone in a hall bedroom evenings makes a young man childishly moody, and inclined to impulsive action.

There was of course a faint wistful flicker of hope behind his action. Humanity scoffs aloud, but secretly donates whether or not such a story as the pot of gold could come to be so thoroughly attached to the rainbow's end without some—far back, maybe—plausible origin.

Whatever the Personality People were personally—and Anvell Gregg never laid his gray eyes upon them, and so never ascertained if they were male or female, bearded or marceled, horned or haloed—they, or someone employed per column by them, had the gift of phrase.

Even in his first scarcely responsive mood—as soon as it was gone he wished he had back his forty—Anvell Gregg had recognized in Lesson Leaflet One, which came by prompt mail upon receipt of his fee, a singular felicity of sentence. Words of instruction were strung together like consonantal pearls, beaded into clauses that twined themselves lovingly in the convolutions of your brain, scattered like rubies, till against your judgment you were infected with the will to hope and believe.

You had to dig rather hard down that leaflet for a fact or two among the many generalities which promised more than Solomon's Song and hinted at revealments greater than Revelation. Anvell got the clear advice, however:

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The Standard of the World

Exceptional roadability, combined with a dashing smartness, are admired characteristics of the New Type 61 Eight-Cylinder Cadillac Phaeton.

Owners are enthusiastic over its exhilarating gliding smoothness even when the car is driven at high speeds. They take no less pleasure in its superb power and in the easy swiftness of its acceleration.

An outstanding improvement of the New Type 61 Cadillac—its lowered center of gravity, achieved without reduced road clearance—causes the Phaeton to cling to the road and handle with a sure ease which is a joy to the experienced driver.

It seems almost superfluous to add that the owner can implicitly count upon the dependability of his Cadillac.

Dependability is so notably its feature that he knows he can undertake a transcontinental tour as readily as a trip to the club or to a suburban home.

In the Phaeton, as in all models of the New Type 61, a delightful surprise awaits those who had assumed that the maximum of roadability and riding comfort had been previously attained in the Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The New Type 61 Eight-Cylinder Phaeton
$3150, f. o. b. Detroit

C A D I L L A C

(Continued from Page 26)

"Strive not for instant results, but let our teachings soak in with the bright patience of the morning dew."

And in the second lesson, a week later by mail, he garnered nothing more original, though gemmed heavy with intricate metaphor, than that rather trite old bit of information which has been handed down to child from parent as far back as Shem, that "honey gathers more flies than vinegar."

The same information, worded precisely the same, printed on a card, hung over Cannery's and other managers' desks for the good of Mellion salesmen in general. Anvell Gregg smiled wryly and stuffed the leaflet into his pocket. He'd hate to hear what Logan or anyone else would say about those forty dollars.

And he reddened furiously a moment later, when Logan himself impertinently asked him what was in his mail lately. "Why the mad interest in your correspondence?" breezily. "Why this darting into corners to read and ponder and muse like a mother over her first child's first school report?"

Anvell, visibly embarrassed, replied it was nothing much.

Logan was one of those who can bristle with curiosity over other folks' business. He had a sudden bright thought.

"I bet it's oil literature," he jeered. "Told you so! Are they saying, Greggy, that you must wait a while for gushing returns?"

"No, they're not saying I must wait a while for returns," snapped Anvell, with perfect truth.

In millinery wholesale houses February is not a month for extended idle converse. The spring rush is on; city and hamlet have their representatives on hand to cull styles and materials for American womanhood's summer hats. A pursy head buyer from Iowa took Logan in tow. A shabby owner-buyer from South Dakota, intent upon bargains, trotted up to Anvell Gregg.

And the fact that Anvell Gregg got a larger order from his shabby customer than did the glibber Logan from his more important buyer could not even remotely be laid to the influence of the Personality People, Box 298765, Brookbyn, N. J. The pursy buyer came from a big factory town where lessened production and the threat of lowered wages cast a heavy shadow in advance over wage earners' millinery hopes. The shabby owner came from a general store over whose counters the bright beams of large crops were falling in silver rays.

Then, too, Letty Mills had taken a hand, though Himmings was waiting impatiently in another showroom for her. Strolling by, she had paused to hold a tuft of pink violets against her bobbed blond hair in order that Anvell's customer could estimate correctly the value of the color. Against the blondness the pink petals were accentuated. Letty was obliging. She went through the rose, acacia, lilac, pansy, forget-me-not, marigold, grape, mignonette, peony and alyssum boxes.

Logan saw and commented. "Say, Letty, when were you transferred to the trimmings department?"

"I didn't have anything else to do," calmly said Letty. "I helped swell your flower total, didn't I?" she added plaintively to the other.

Anvell admitted that she had helped swell it considerably. He was annoyed, though, at Logan's grin, and a little irritated at Letty's careless ignoring of that grin.

When the grinning Logan had gone on his way to another buyer, Letty, lingering in absolute unconcern of Himmings, who even then was dispatching an errand boy to locate her, lisped with indignation, "I think it was terribly cheeky of Hi Logan to ask you what your letter was about!"

"It was dog-goned inquisitive," admitted Anvell.

Letty's blond lashes fluttered up, seemed to wait.

"I—I wouldn't dream of asking anyone whom a letter was from," she sighed.

"Of course not," said Anvell politely. He began to foot his order.

Letty lingered, her eyes flickering toward the pocket into which the letter had been stuffed by Anvell.

"Is—is your mother well? Or have you heard from your parents or sister lately?"

"Not lately," he said absently, having added two figures from a wrong column.

The errand boy from Himmings glimpsed Letty and she went on her way, to Anvell Gregg's relief. He had begun to fear that Letty was curious also about his mail. And not for a thousand dollars would he have shown that leaflet to her to be published throughout the establishment. Personality seekers, like alchemists of old, collect only ridicule. His face burned at vision of what would fall upon his luckless head should his quest become public property.

In every age, like the Wandering Jew, the quest for the philosopher's stone has appeared; it is a quest of many guises—perhaps more correctly it should be described as of many disguises. Material, spiritual and intellectual sources are drawn upon by it for garb to clothe its nakedness. Anvell Gregg, being in truth what he appeared to be, a diffident and not very brilliant young man, did not know that he was a wistful member of the largest brigade which ever has walked the earth and the ages. But as the days went on he knew that he was yielding weakly to the lure of word users who seemed to know more than he did about life as it ought to be lived.

Anyway, in the fifth lesson leaflet there was a tangible and not unsensible bit of advice, to the effect that if you want people to listen eagerly and pleasedly to you while you talk, your prime rule is to talk to them about their own affairs.

Perhaps a canny resolve to get a show of return for his money led Anvell to the slow resolve to give the Personality People's advice and instruction at least a brief test. It was a very slow resolve; he made it hesitantly, regarded it uncertainly after he made it, shied away, dallied with it, put it away sheepishly for two or three days.

But the Personality People themselves stated that it was unfair not to give their system a thorough trial; not to follow their instructions to the best of your ability; promising clearly that ability would develop in you as you followed.

Anvell Gregg, in a spasm of resolution, finally decided to give the instructions a fair trial. He was indulgent to his diffident self this far—he reserved the privilege of selecting that part of the method to be tried out first by him. For instance, whether his instructors knew or not what they were talking about, he was positive that so far he hadn't imbibed enough of their potentiality to enable him to rise and thrust his latent self-magnetism in another man's—or woman's—face. He feared that even if he had any self-magnetism it was entirely too latent to be used for thrusting purposes; at least until he should develop considerably in potential lines—and he wasn't wholly sure what meaning his instructors attached to that word "potential."

But the command, in Lesson Four, to select, say, six or eight various persons and, on a day arbitrarily set by himself, deliberately approach them, one by one, and manifest an interest in their lives and private affairs, thereby reactively stimulating their interest in himself and his affairs—well, even a diffident and unobtrusive—by nature—young man could nerve himself to do that—once anyway.

Well, he nerved himself. And since there seemed no good reason for delay if he actually intended to make the trial, he set the first day of the week to come, somewhat as a cold bather counts one, two, three and then hies himself into the chilly lake, not delaying longer lest resolution weaken.

He selected six persons whom he knew, leaving two to be customers chosen on the spur of the moment. He chose the wholesale house as the scene of his effort, because that was about the only place he knew which could serve as a fair scene. And though he mentally wabbled shamefully for a morning hour or two, in the end he reread Lesson Four through again for final heartening and, even as he crushed it in his pocket, assumed the alert, interested expression advised and commanded, and walked up to Hi Logan, first on his list and conveniently at hand beside the satin-apple-blossom table.

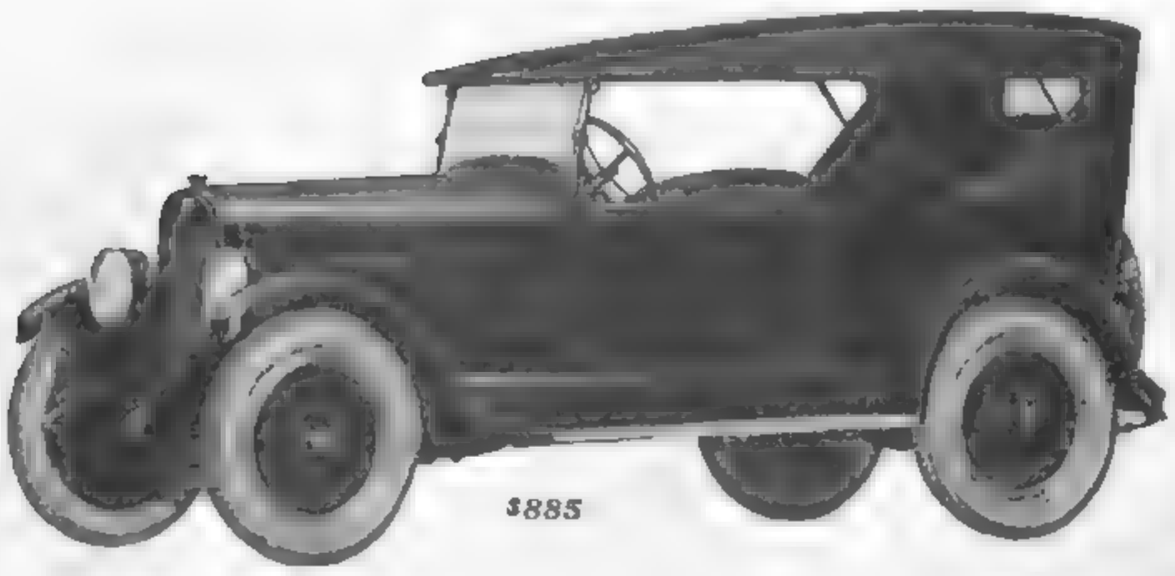
Hi Logan was perfectly willing to be approached. With interest he had watched Anvell Gregg read his piece of mail and then stuff it in his pocket. And he began inquisitively: "Say, Gregg, why not loosen up and let us in on the sad ending?"

Anvell Gregg ignored this, which had nothing to do with his own business in hand, and inquired in a casual but steady tone, taking pains to look alert and much interested, how much commission Logan had made the past month? Surely quite a sum, even if retailers all season had hung back like partridges before the hunters.

But at that point Anvell Gregg blinked and stepped back a foot. For Logan, who like many breezy people was fonder of putting personal questions than of having them put to himself, shot his full face forward offensively.

(Continued on Page 60)

She Had Paused to Hold a Tuft of Pink Violets Against Her Bobbed Blond Hair in Order That Anvell's Customer Could Estimate the Value of the Color



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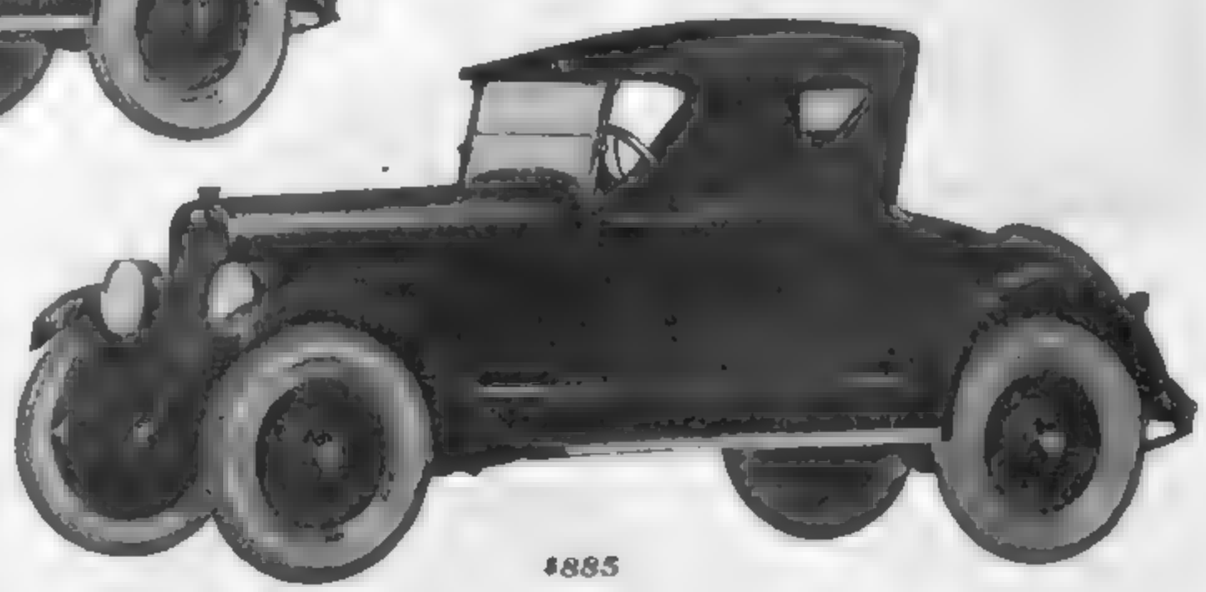

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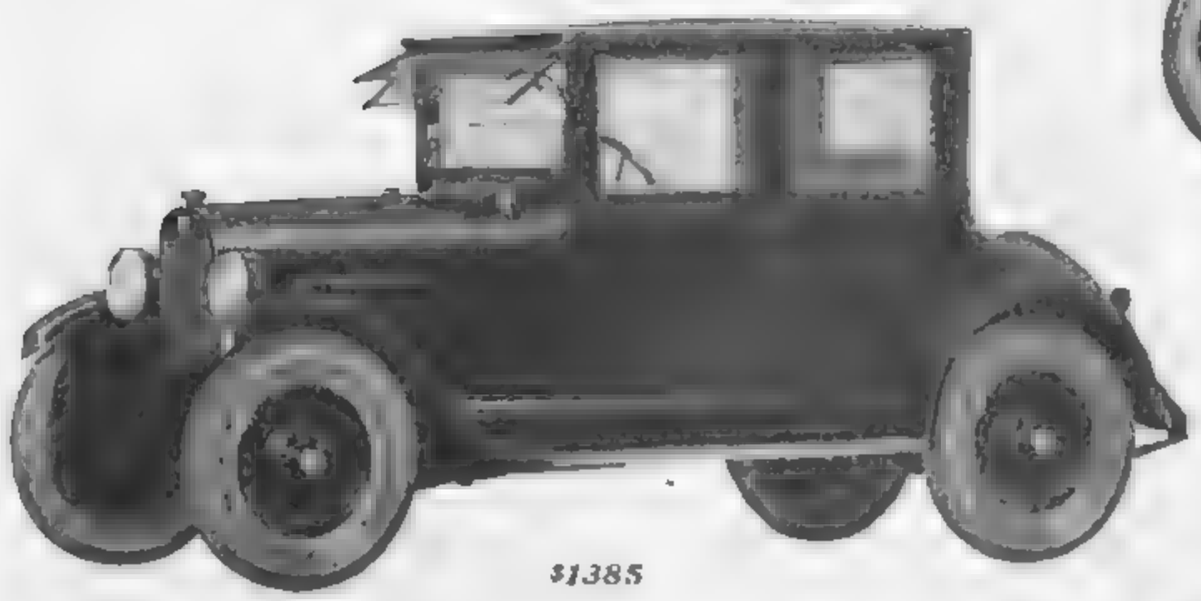

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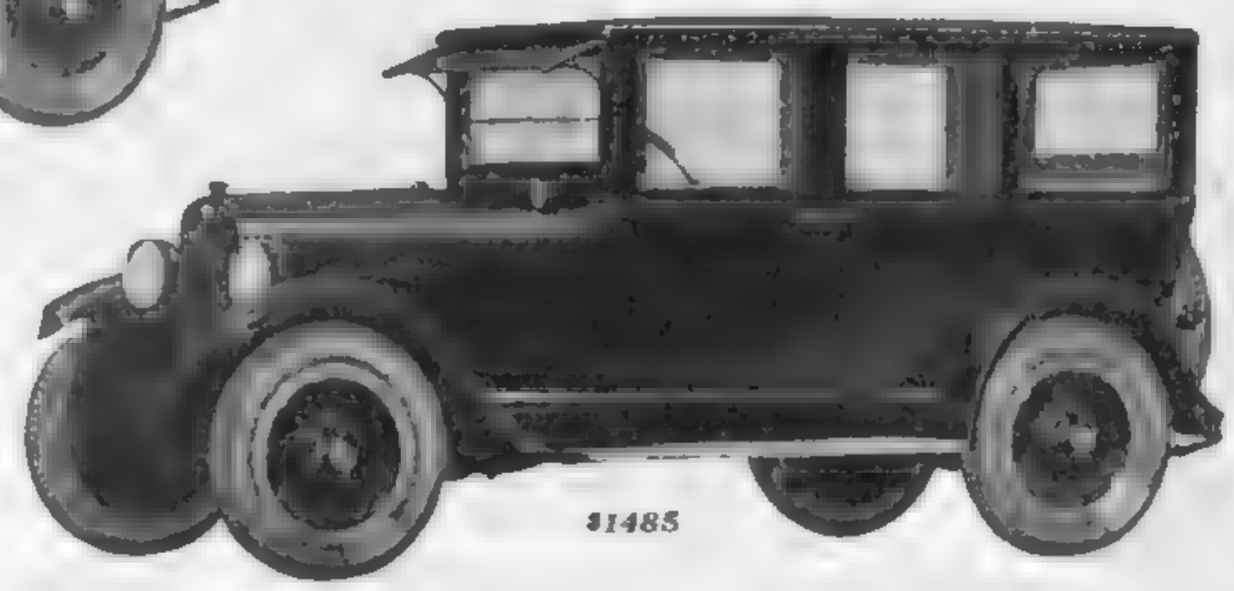

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Start your Aladdin Set Now

THE ACCIDENT OF CRIME

(Continued from Page 21)

attracted any attention? Would it be as well to abandon the enterprise? He thought it all out dispassionately. An owl, with a deep mellow note, sailed majestically away towards a neighboring church. Perhaps it was rather foolish. If he were caught and the body discovered, that would be the end of Papa Laissac! That would be a great misfortune. Everyone would miss him so, and he still had life and fun in him. He laughed bitterly. Yes, perhaps he had better steal quietly away. He moved over to the outer wall.

Then a strange revulsion came over him, perhaps a deep bitterness with life, or a gambler's lure. Perhaps it was only professional vanity. He had come here to burgle this villa and he disliked being thwarted. Besides, it was such a soft thing, all the dispositions so carefully laid. He had already thought out the way to mount to the bedroom above the door. In half an hour he might be richer by many thousand francs, and he had been getting rather hard up of late. That young fool would be one less to pay. He shrugged his broad shoulders and crept back to the garage door.

In ten minutes' time he had not only entered the room above the garage, but had forced the old-fashioned lock and entered the passage connecting with the house. He was perfectly cool now, his senses keenly alert. He went down on his hands and knees and listened. He waited some time, focusing in his mind the exact disposition of the rooms as shown in the plan old Grognard had shown him. He crawled along the corridor like a large gorilla. At the second door on the left he heard the heavy stentorian breathing of a man inside the room. Monsieur Delannelle—good! It sounded like the breathing of a man under the influence of drugs or drink.

After that, with greater confidence, he made his way downstairs to the salon. With unerring precision he located the drawer in the bureau where the cash box was kept. The box was smaller than he expected, and he decided to take it away rather than to indulge in the rather noisy business of forcing the lock. He slipped it into a sack. Guided by his electric torch, he made a rapid round of the reception rooms. He took most of the collection of old coins from the cabinet in the library, and a few more silver trinkets. Young Briteuil would certainly have been useful carrying all this bulkier stuff.

Rather unfortunate, but still it served the young fool right. He, Laissac, was not going to encumber himself with plate. A few small and easily negotiable pieces were all he desired, sufficient to keep him in old brandy and Sancho in succulent ham bones for a few months to come. A modest and simple fellow, old Laissac.

The sack was soon sufficiently full. He paused by the table in the dining room and helped himself to another swig of brandy. Then he blinked his eyes. What else was there? Oh, yes! Grognard had said that there were a few of madame's jewels in the jewel case. But that was in the bedroom where Monsieur Delannelle was sleeping. That was a different matter, and yet, after all, perhaps a pity not to have the jewels!

H'm! Monsieur Delannelle was in one of his drug stupors. It must be about two o'clock. They said he never woke till five or six. Why not? Besides, what was a drugged man? He couldn't give any trouble. If he tried to, Laissac could easily knock him over the head like he had young Briteuil—might just as well have those few extra jewels. His senses tingled rather more acutely as he once more crept upstairs. He pressed his ear to the keyhole of Monsieur Delannelle's bedroom. The master of the house was still sleeping. He turned the handle quietly, listened, then stole into the room, closing the door after him.

Now for it. He kept the play of his electric torch turned from the bed. The sleeper was breathing in an ugly, irregular way. He swept the light along the wall and located the dressing table—satinwood and silver fittings. A new piece of furniture—curse it! The top right-hand drawer was locked. And that was the drawer which the woman said contained the jewel case. Dare he force the lock? Was it worth it? He had done very well. Why not clear off now? Madame had probably taken everything of worth. He hesitated and looked in the direction of the sleeper. Rich, guzzling old pig! Why should he have all the comforts and luxuries while Laissac had to work hard, and at such risk, for his living? Be damned to him!

He put down his sack and took a small steel tool out of his breast pocket. It was necessary to make a certain amount of noise, but after all the man in the bed wasn't much better than a corpse. Laissac went down on his knees and applied himself to his task. The minutes passed. Confound it! It was a very obstinate lock. He was becoming quite immersed in its intricacy when something abruptly jarred his sensibilities. It was a question of silence. The sleeper was no longer snoring or breathing violently. In fact, he was making no noise at all.

Laissac was aware of a queer tremor creeping down his spine for the first time that evening. He was a fool not to have cleared out after taking the cash box. He had overdone it. The man in bed was awake and watching him! What was the best thing to do? Perhaps the fool had a revolver! If there was any trouble he must fight. He couldn't allow himself to be taken, with that body down below stuffed behind the dustbin. Why didn't the tormentor call out or challenge him? Laissac crept lower and twisted his body into a crouching position.

By this action he saved his life, for there was a sudden blinding flash, and a bullet struck the dressing table just at the place where his head had been. This snapping of the tension was almost a relief. It was a joy to revert to the primitive instincts of self-preservation. At the foot of the bed an eiderdown had fallen. Instinct drove him to snatch this up. He crumpled it up into the rough form of a body and thrust it with his right hand over the end of the bed. Another bullet went through it and struck the dressing table again. But as this happened, Laissac, who had crept to the left side of the bed, sprang across it and gripped the sleeper's throat.

The struggle was of momentary duration. The revolver dropped to the floor. The man addicted to drugs gasped, spluttered, then his frame shook violently and he crumpled into an inert mass upon the bed. A blind fury was upon Laissac. He struck the still cold thing again and again. Then a revulsion of terror came over him. He crouched in the darkness, sweating with fear.

"They'll get me this time," he thought. "Those shots must have been heard. Lisette, the other maid, the neighbors, the gendarmes. Two of these disgusting bodies to account for! I'd better leave the swag and clear."

He drained the rest of the brandy and staggered uncertainly towards the door. The house was very still. He turned the handle and went into the passage. Then one of those voices which were always directing his life said:

"Courage, old man! Why leave the sack behind? You've worked for it. Besides, one might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!"

He went quietly back and picked up the sack. But his hands were shaking violently. As he was returning, the sack with its metallic contents struck the end of the brass bed. This little accident affected him fantastically. He was all fingers and thumbs to-night. What was the matter? Was he losing his nerve? Getting old? Of course the time must come when —— What was that? He stood dead still by the jamb of the door. There was the sound of stealthy tread on the stairs, the distinct creak of a board. How often in his life had he not imagined that! But there was no question about it to-night. He was completely unstrung.

"If there's another fight I won't be able to face it. I'm done!"

An interminable interval of time passed and then—that quiet creaking of another board. The person, whoever it was, was getting nearer. He struggled desperately to hold himself together, to be prepared for one more struggle, even if it should be his last. Suddenly a whisper came down the stairs.

"Leon!"

Leon! What did they mean? Eh? Oh, yes, Leon Briteuil!

Of course, that fool of a woman, the informer—Lisette. She thought it was Leon—Leon, her lover. He breathed more easily. Women have their uses and purposes, after all. But he must be very circumspect. There must be no screaming She repeated:

"Leon! Is that you?"

With a great effort he controlled his voice.

"It's all right. I'm Leon's friend. He's outside."

The woman gave a little gasp of astonishment.

"Oh! I did not know ——"

"Very quietly, mademoiselle. Compose yourself. I must now rejoin him. Everything is going well."

"But I would see him. I wish to see him to-night. He promised ——"

Laissac hurried noiselessly down the stairs, thankful for the darkness. He waited till he had reached the landing below. Then he called up in a husky voice:

"Wait till ten minutes after I have left the house, mademoiselle. Then come down. You will find your Leon waiting for you behind the dustbin in the yard."

And fortunately for Lisette's momentary peace of mind, she could not see the almost inhuman grin which accompanied this remark.

From the moment of his uttering it till four hours later, when his mangled body was discovered on the pavement just below the window of the house in which he lived in the Place Duquesne, there is no definite record of old Laissac's movements or whereabouts. They exist only in those realms of conjecture in which Monsieur Tolozan is so noted an explorer. Old Laissac had a genius for passing unnoticed. He could walk through the streets of Bordeaux in broad daylight with stolen clocks under each arm and it never occurred to anyone to suspect him; but when it came to traveling in the dark he was unique. At the inquest which was held five days later not a single witness could come forward and say that they had seen anything of him either that evening or night.

That highly eminent advocate, Maxim Colbert, president of the court, passed from the cool mortuary into the stuffy courthouse with a bored, preoccupied air. Dead bodies did not greatly interest him, and he had had too much experience of them to be nauseated by them. Besides, an old criminal! It appeared to him a tedious and unnecessary waste of time. The old gentleman had something much more interesting occupying his mind. He was expecting his daughter-in-law to present his son with a child. The affair might happen now any moment; indeed, it might already have happened. Any moment a message might come with the good tidings. A son! Of course it must be a son! The line of Colberts, tracing their genealogy back to the reign of Louis XIV, must be perpetuated. A distinguished family of advocates, generals, rulers of men. A son! It annoyed him a little in that he suspected that his own son was anxious to have a daughter. Bah! Selfishness!

Let's see; what is this case all about? Oh, yes, an old criminal named Theodore Laissac, aged fifty-seven, wanted by the police in connection with a mysterious crime at the villa of Monsieur and Madame Delannelle. The body found by a printer's devil named Adolf Roger at 4:15 A.M. on the morning of the ninth on the pavement of the Place Duquesne. Witness informed police. Subinspector Floquette attested to the finding of body as indicated by witness. The position of body directly under attic window, five stories high, occupied by deceased, suggesting that he had fallen or thrown himself therefrom. Good! Quite clear. A life of crime; result—suicide. Will it be a boy or a girl? Let us have the deceased's record.

A tall, square-bearded inspector stood up in the body of the court, and in a sepulchral voice read out the criminal life record of Theodore Laissac. It was not pretty reading. It began at the age of seventeen with the murder of the Chinaman, Ching Loo, and from thence onward it revealed a deplorable story of villainy and depravity. The recount of evil doings and the award of penalties became monotonous. The mind of Maxim Colbert wandered back to his son and his son's son. He had already seen the case in a nutshell and dismissed it. It would give him a pleasant opportunity

(Continued on Page 33)

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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 30)

a little later on. A homily on the wages of sin—a man whose life was devoted to evil-doing, in the end driven into a corner by the forces of justice, smitten by the demons of conscience, dies the coward's death. A homily on cowardice, quoting a passage from Thomas à Kempis—excellent! Would they send him a telegram? Or would the news come by hand? What was that the counsel for the Rights of the Poor was saying? Chief Inspector Tolozan wished to give evidence. Ah, yes, why not? A worthy fellow, Inspector Tolozan. He had known him for many years, worked with him on many cases, an admirable, energetic officer, a little given to theorizing—an interesting fellow, though. He would cross-examine him himself.

Inspector Tolozan took his place in the witness box and bowed to the president. His steady gray eyes regarded the court thoughtfully as he tugged at his thin gray imperial.

"Now, Inspector Tolozan, I understand that you have this district in which this unfortunate affair took place under your own special supervision?"

"Yes, Monsieur le President."

"You have heard the evidence of the witnesses, Roger and Floquette, with regard to the finding of the body?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Afterwards, I understand you made an inspection of the premises occupied by deceased?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"At what time was that?"

"At 6:15, monsieur."

"Did you arrive at any conclusions with regard to the cause or motive of the—er accident?"

"Yes, Monsieur le President."

"What conclusions did you come to?"

"I came to the conclusion that the deceased, Theodore Laissac, met his death trying to save the life of a dog."

"A dog! Trying to save the life of a dog!"

"Yes, monsieur."

The president looked at the court, the court looked at the president and shuffled with papers, glancing apprehensively at the witness between times. There was no doubt that old Tolozan was becoming cranky, very cranky indeed. The president cleared his throat—was he to be robbed of his homily on the wages of sin?

"Indeed, Monsieur Tolozan, you came to the conclusion that the deceased met his death trying to save the life of a dog! Will you please explain to the court how you came to this conclusion?"

"Yes, Monsieur le President. The deceased had a dog to which he was very devoted."

"Wait one moment, Inspector Tolozan! How do you know that he was devoted to this dog?"

"I have seen him with it. Moreover, during the years he has been under my supervision, he has always had a dog to which he was devoted. I could call some of his criminal associates to prove that, although he was frequently cruel to men, women and children, he would never strike or be unkind to a dog. He would never burgle a house guarded by a dog, in case he had to use violence."

"Proceed."

"During that day or evening there had apparently been a slight subsidence in the chimney place of the attic occupied by Laissac. Some brickwork had collapsed, leaving a narrow aperture, just room enough for a dog to squeeze its body through and get out onto the sloping leads of the house next door. The Widow Forbin, who occupies the adjoining attic, complains that she was kept awake for three hours that night by the whining of a dog on the leads above. This whining ceased about 3:30 A. M., which must have been about the time that the deceased met his death. There was only one way for a man to get from his attic to these leads, and that was by a rain-water pipe, sloping from below the window at an angle of forty-five degrees to the roof next door. He could stand on this water pipe, but there was nothing to cling to except small projections of brick till he could scramble hold of the gutter above. He never reached the gutter."

"All this is pure conjecture, of course, Inspector Tolozan."

"Not entirely, Monsieur le President. My theory is that after Laissac's departure the dog became disconsolate and restless, as they often will, knowing by some mysterious instinct that their master is in danger. He tried to get out of the room, and eventually succeeded in forcing his way through the narrow aperture in the fireplace. His struggle getting through brought down some more brickwork and closed up the opening. This fact I have verified. Out on the sloping roof the dog naturally became terrified. There was no visible means of escape, the roof was sloping and the night cold. Moreover, he seemed more cut off from his master than ever. As the Widow Forbin asserts, he whined pitiably.

"Laissac returned some time after three o'clock. He reached his attic. The first thing he missed was the dog. He ran to the window and heard it whining on the roof above. Probably he hesitated for some time as to the best thing to do. The dog leaned over and saw him. He called to it to be quiet, but so agitated did it appear, hanging over the edge of that perilous slope, that Laissac thought every moment that it would jump. Monsieur le President, nearly every crime has been laid at the door of the deceased, but he has never been accused of lack of physical courage. Moreover, he was accustomed to climbing about buildings. He dropped through that window and started to climb up."

"How do you know this?"

"I examined the water pipe carefully. The night was dry and there had not been rain for three days. Laissac had removed his boots. He knew that it would naturally be easier to walk along a pipe in his socks. There are the distinct marks of stockinged feet on the dusty pipes for nearly two meters of the journey. The body was bootless—they were found in the attic. But he was an old man for his age, and probably he had had an exhausting evening. He never quite reached the gutter."

"Are the marks on the gutter still there?"

"No, but I drew the attention of three of my subordinates to the fact, and they are prepared to support my view. It rained the next day. The body of the dog was found by the side of its master."

"Indeed! Do you suggest that the dog jumped—committed suicide, as it were?"

Tolozan shrugged his shoulders and bowed. It was not his business to understand the psychology of dogs. He was merely giving evidence in support of his theories concerning the character of criminals—"birds"—and the accident of crime.

Maxim Colbert was delighted. The whole case had been salvaged from the limbo of dull routine. He even forgave Tolozan for causing him to jettison those platitudes upon the wages of sin. He had made it interesting. Besides, he felt in a good humor—it would surely be a boy! The procedure of the court bored him, but he was noticeably cheerful, almost gay. He thanked Tolozan profusely for his evidence.

Once he glanced at the clock uneasily, and said in an impressive voice: "Perhaps we may say of the deceased—he lived a vicious life, but he died not ingloriously."

The court broke up and he passed down into a quadrangle at the back where a pale sun filtered. Lawyers, ushers, court functionaries and police officials were scattering or talking in little groups. Standing outside a group he saw the spare figure of Inspector Tolozan. He touched his arm and smiled.

"Well, my friend, you established an interesting case. I feel that the verdict was just, and yet I cannot see that it in any way corroborates your theory of the accident of crime."

Tolozan paused and blinked up at the sun.

"It did not corroborate, perhaps, but it did nothing to ——"

"Well? This old man was an inveterate criminal. The fact that he loved a dog it's not a very great commendation. Many criminals do."

"But they would not give their lives, monsieur. A man who would do that is capable of—— I mean to say, it was probably an accident that he was not a better man——"

"Possibly, possibly! But the record, my dear Tolozan!"

"One may only conjecture."

"What is your conjecture?"

Tolozan gazed dreamily up at the Gothic tracery of the adjoining chapel. Then he turned to Monsieur Colbert and said very earnestly:

"You must remember that there was nothing against Laissac until the age of seventeen. He had been a boy of good character. His father was an honest wheelwright. At the age of seventeen the boy was to go to sea on the sailing ship La Turenne. Owing to some trouble with the customs authorities the sailing of the ship was delayed twenty-four hours. The boy was given an hour's shore leave. He hung about the docks. There was nothing to do. He had no money to spend on entertainment. My conjecture is this: Let us suppose it was a day like this, calm and sunny, with a certain quiet exhilaration in the air. Eh? The boy wanders around the quays and stares in the shops. Suddenly at the corner of the Rue Bayard he peeps down into a narrow alley and beholds a sight which drives the blood wildly through his veins."

"What sight, Monsieur Tolozan?"

"The Chinaman, Ching Loo, being cruel to a dog."

"Ah, I see your implication!"

"The boy sees red. There is the usual brawl and scuffle. He possibly does not realize his own strength. Follow the law court and the penitentiary. Can you not understand how such an eventuality would embitter him against society? To him in the hereafter the dog would stand as the symbol of patient suffering, humanity as the tyrant. He would be at war forever, an outcast, a derelict. He was raw, immature, uneducated. He was at the most receptive stage. His sense of justice was outraged. The penitentiary made him a criminal."

"Then from this you mean ——"

"I mean that if the good ship La Turenne had sailed on time, or if he had not been given that hour's leave, he might by this time have been a master mariner, or in any case a man who could look the world in the face. That is what I mean by the accident——"

"Excuse me."

A messenger had handed Monsieur Colbert a telegram. He tore it open feverishly and glanced at the contents. An expression of annoyance crept over his features. He tore the form up in little pieces and threw it petulantly upon the ground. He glanced up at Tolozan absently as though he had seen him for the first time.

Then he muttered vaguely: "An accident, eh? Oh, yes, yes! Quite so, quite so!"

But he did not tell Inspector Tolozan what the telegram contained.

EDUCATIONAL MOVIES PHOTO., NEW YORK CITY

Twin Lakes, Glacier National Park, Montana

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Here's a blouse any mother can buy!
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WESTFIELD, MASS.

Robinson Reminder

ORIGINAL COUPON REMINDER

THE SECRET PARTNER

(Continued from Page 19)

Finally the widow said: "The downstairs is charming. I congratulate you. Now let's go upstairs."

Upon which Klaggett King permitted himself his first smile.

"After you, madam," he grinned. "I have no wings."

Neither, it appeared, had the avaricious widow any pinions, and without them she could not get into the second story, for she had telescoped her staircase in order to enlarge her bedrooms, and she had made Klaggett King swear before witnesses to build it after that plan. Of course she sued him. And of course Klaggett King won.

The story of the house without a staircase went rolling humorously all over the countryside and eventually came to the ears of Lucinda, who, having a keen sense of the comic, teased her father to entice the young humorist around to dinner some night.

King came, watched Lucinda all through dinner out of the corner of his eye; decided she was the nicest thing he had ever seen; decided that just to be around her was a liberal education; decided to give himself that liberal education as fast as he decently could. All of which he did without hesitation, indirection or beating about the bush.

And Lucinda took him. When her father expostulated with her, and asked her what on earth she saw in this scraggy young mountebank with the wild eyes, Lucinda replied, laughing with pretty confusion, that other men only said funny things, but Klaggett King did them. She added that she was sure she would get more fun out of him than out of her violin.

Her father retorted that Klaggett King would make her laugh on the other side of her mouth before they were married six months, or he was no judge of men. But Lucinda took him just the same. Brewster died within the year, and with his money, which went to Lucinda, King got his first start. And King knew the week before his father-in-law died that things were drifting his way, for again he had dreamed his fool dream.

V

AS KING'S business flourished, he built, in his fiftieth year, a great turreted granite mansion just off Fifth Avenue, in the East Seventies, and a famous firm of decorators, after a discreet study of his temperament and his bank account, furnished it in the Florentine fashion in the period of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with heavy, dark old carvings, the walls hung with huge mirrors, gorgeous crimson velvets and dim old brocades, most of them museum pieces.

There was about it an air of somber splendor, relieved by patches of vivid, passionate color which consorted well with King's character. But he complained that it was sunless, as dank as a vault, and there was not a chair fit to sit in outside of his library. His library, a beautiful octagonal room, with a carved-oak ceiling, he had furnished to please himself, after riding roughshod over the decorator's plans and reducing that sensitive soul almost to tears. For King had shouted at him. He had a way of shouting when it pleased him to do so. In justification it should be said that he only shouted at a certain type of man. But he had suddenly shouted at the decorator, causing that highly strung gentleman to leap like a stung horse. And then, standing with his head down and his eyes gleaming like a bull about to charge, King had told the man exactly what he thought of all that damned moth-eaten, faded Dago junk for which the decorating firm had the chartered nerve to charge him a cool quarter of a million dollars.

After which he furnished the library according to his own ideas. Those ideas were, in fact, much nearer to those of Lorenzo the Magnificent than any which the unassisted brain of the decorator could have conceived. For King loved books, not for their backs, but for the distilled brain stuff inside of them. His bookcases rose to the ceiling. Alternating with the bookshelves were dark, old, mellow carved-oak panels, before which he had placed black-veined marble pedestals, surmounted by the busts of gentlemen of whose intelligences Klaggett King thought favorably. He had always read voraciously, chiefly at night when he could not sleep. He read, and then he estimated the author, with the same dispassionate, clean-cut, relentless judgment as if the writer were a client soliciting a loan.

Some of the men whom he reported favorably upon were Poe, Machiavelli, Voltaire, Montaigne and Fielding. Shakspere he described as a fine word-slinger, but a sentimentalist of the first water; and sentimentalists he could not abide.

Thus, with at least a bowing acquaintance with the giants and demigods of literature, King, for his private pleasure, and to while away the long sleepless nights, began an investigation into the subject of dreams. And he discovered some interesting things. He discovered that the inventor of the automatic brake had worked out the secret of its mechanism in a dream. He discovered that Julius Cæsar, one of the gentlemen on his pedestals, had a recurrent dream. So also had Lincoln.

Klaggett King pondered long over the dream of Lincoln, for it offered some points of resemblance to his own. Like his own, it invariably marked the milestones in his career; but unlike King, Lincoln, according to his biographer, placed implicit confidence in it. In his dream Lincoln would find himself aboard a strange vessel, sailing over a smooth yet sullen sea toward a sad-hued, misty shore. It had come to him the night before his assassination, leaving him expectant and wondering.

This dream King thought sufficiently noteworthy to enter in his diary, which contained memoranda on the subject. For Lincoln as a humanitarian King had no use; but for Lincoln the statesman, the politician and shrewd manipulator of men he entertained a profound admiration. And he once remarked to Lucinda that if Lincoln had been alive and in business he would have offered him a partnership in the firm.

Upon the subject of dreams he read widely, and when he had examined and weighed all his material he found, in the words of Omar, that he had come out the same door he went in. Nobody, it appeared, knew any more on the subject than did Klaggett King.

As a result of all this reading he fell into the habit of writing down his dream immediately upon waking, while it was still warm. He also set down the first time the dream made its appearance in his life. His notes, recorded in his diary, ran as follows:

"I dreamed I was wandering in the sand dunes by the sea. (N. B. I did not then know any sand dunes, for I was brought up inland; and yet in my dream I seemed to know every foot of those sand dunes, and they and the sea off behind them were my best friends.) It was twilight, not yet dark, but with a thickness in the air which obscured the features and details of objects even close at hand. Off beyond the dunes I could hear the steady pounding of the surf—could that pounding have been the throbbing of my heart, as one of those experts suggests?—but the sea itself was hidden. Hidden, but the high, flying spray of the surf was driving square in my face, and I could smell the strong, clean tang of the sea. The tide was up. The seaweed was coming in. (How should I know that, who at that time had never smelt fresh seaweed?) All this I realized as I ran bareheaded in the dusk. Suddenly a figure appeared, silhouetted on the top of a dune. It was he! In a flash I knew him for my enemy. It seems I had been hanging about, waiting for him, though this had not been apparent to me before. I ran toward him, to kill him. I was filled with a violent, a savage joy. He stood like a dark statue, looking down on me from the hilltop. I could not see his face. I ran at him, shouting I don't know what foul insult at the top of my lungs. But when I arrived at the dune top he was gone. I was wakened by the sound of my own angry laughter, with the sweat pouring off me, my heart pounding as if I had been running a race, and in my nostrils the strong, acrid scent of the seaweed. All the next day the thrill, the exhilaration of that dream remained with me, a strange tingling warmth about my heart. They say love uplifts, but in my dream it was hate that uplifted me. It ran through all my veins like bright fire."

He told himself that he did not take seriously either the dream or its possible signification.

"A dream," he wrote in his notes one night, "is just like anything else in the world—it is exactly what you make of it. You can make it into a mountain or a molehill. You can control it—or you can let it control you. If I believed in this dream, for example, it could play the very devil with my nerve. I might believe, for example, that somebody was going to assassinate me. I might believe any one of a dozen things. One authority says it may be caused by the way I lie in bed. Another says it may be indigestion. Another says it may be a race dream, a hang-over from the struggles of some arboreal ancestor. Do I, Klaggett King, honestly believe any of these explanations which do not explain? Well, I'll admit this much—I don't know."

VI

IT WAS in the second period of his success, after his reputation was solidly established, that Klaggett King's business took a new twist, and he began to make the industrial concerns which came to him pay tribute money for the support of his name. His levies were heavy, sometimes staggering, but such was the stupendous industrial expansion of the country that his terms, exorbitant beyond reason as they were, were accepted with resignation by those who realized that it was worth the price to have Klaggett King on their side. Some lively and rebellious little concerns refused to turn over what amounted practically to a controlling interest in the enterprise, and continued on what local capital they could command. Some others, rejecting his terms and attempting to negotiate directly with the Eastern sources of capital, discovered that word had somehow mysteriously leaked round that the applicant had already been to Klaggett King, who had reported adversely on him as an unsound financial risk.

Some of the concerns, finding themselves suddenly in such a vise, with a valuable business but with their money all invested in the plant and shorn of their borrowing power, were forced into receiverships. Upon which, if he saw fit, King, acting through agents, bought them in at public auction, reorganized the company, put in his own directors and maintained a controlling interest in the enterprise.

"Business," he wrote one night in his diary, "like everything else in Nature, follows certain profound, inexorable laws. Puling sentimentalists cry out against these laws—call them brutal, immoral, unjust. But not all their whining will make those laws one whit less operable in life, for they govern alike animals and men and nations, and the rule is the same for all: Little beasts must keep out of big beasts' way—or pay the penalty."

He was fifty-five years old when he wrote that, and he knew whereof he spoke, for he had proved every word of it up to the hilt by hard, actual experience. He added, with caustic humor: "If these sentimentalists could see life as it really is it would make them scream in their sleep!"

VII

ONE night Klaggett King laid down the book he was reading, and sat back in his chair and sighed. After a moment of abstracted meditation he pulled out his watch. It was two o'clock in the morning. Not for many nights had he been in bed at that hour. The fact was, he slept worse—or stayed awake better—in his bed than any other place. He had grown to hate the soft yielding of the mattress, which promised a rest that it did not fulfill.

The big octagonal room, with its busts and faintly gleaming rows of books, was in sober shadow, save for the luminous halo of light cast by the standing lamp beside the deep leather chair in which sat Klaggett King. He leaned back and closed his eyes. Seen thus, under the brilliant light, his heavy, pallid face, with the closed lids, the big nose, the wide, ironic mouth twisting off to one side, and the clean-cut masterful jaw, was not unlike the marble bust of some lean, rugged old Roman consul and colonial administrator, and not lacking in nobility. Strength, obstinacy and a certain caustic philosophy were stamped on those features, which at the moment were as sharp and still as if cut in statuary. Only an occasional slight twitching of the eyelids proclaimed he was still awake.

As a matter of fact, he was not asleep, though he had a feeling that sleep was hovering not far away. Perhaps later ——

(Continued on Page 36)

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MARCH 1922

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(Continued from Page 34

For the moment he was thinking of that Frenchman whose book on dreams he had just laid down. Of the whole crowd, he was the sanest King had ever read But what a man! What a will! A scientist, at the age of thirty he had set out to make a first-hand study of dreams, and for ten years holding that purpose steadily in view, he had waked himself in the night by means of an alarm clock or a bell and recorded his dreams; or if he had none he recorded that fact. And it was the endurance of this admirable imbecile of a Frenchman which had made King sigh

"What a fool!" he mused in weary admiration. "An alarm clock, eh?"

He grimaced, pressing his lips hard over his teeth as he visualized that shrill brutal little destroyer of sleep. He slid down deeper in his chair and cautiously elevated his feet to a more comfortable position on the brocade seat of a precious *fauteuil*, his mind still playing round the Frenchman who could wake himself in the night. This was a game of visualization by which sometimes he could put himself to sleep. The Frenchman's bedroom would be dark King's hand went up and switched off the light—and he would be lying very flat in bed, breathing regularly, for of course he was asleep—sound asleep.

King's chest rose and fell regularly, in simulation of the slumbering Frenchman. His features relaxed. His consciousness seemed floating, exquisitely floating, on a smooth, dusky tide which was bearing him softly away. A delicious languor enthralled him like a spell—an enchantment, dewy, drowsy, dim, of all his jaded faculties. His chin sank lower upon his chest. He felt himself drifting, drifting. . . . Lights began to glimmer in his brain. They were the far-off lights of the dim land of sleep. . . .

Suddenly it seemed to him that he was in his private office, seated at his desk, looking at the door. The boy was ushering in Pinkney Sloane.

"'Morning, Mr. King. Royal morning," said Sloane, and King observed, but without surprise, that his visitor had on neither shoes nor socks. His feet were naked, and coming out from his black trousers they looked abnormally big and white and cold.

King decided not to say anything to Sloane about his naked feet—might hurt his feelings

"Sit down, Sloane," said he, and he laughed. Suddenly a great agonizing shudder shook him from head to foot and startled him into crude, raw consciousness, the laugh still curving his lips. . . .

King opened his eyes and lay staring into the dark. He had not quite made it after all. Almost—but not quite! A thousand times, by ruse, stratagem or guile, he had tried to outflank sleep, to slide in behind the sentinels or outposts who kept the guard, and then, just as he thought he had won by and was well inside, would come this great nervous shudder, like a rough hand on his shoulder, shaking him wide awake

He reached up, switched on the light and found his place in the book. After a time his eyes strayed thoughtfully down to his feet. They felt cramped and chill. They were crossed, one over the other, and one of his slippers had fallen to the floor. King reached down and touched one of his ankles. It was as icy cold through the thin silk as Sloane's had looked in the dream.

"H'm!" he murmured grimly. "And there you are! That's the whole explanation of dreams in a nutshell."

He rose somewhat stiffly and stretched himself to his full, gaunt height. And suddenly, like a flash, he felt again within himself a delicious, drowsy languor, a faint, sweet yielding of all his senses, as if the boat of his soul had been loosed insensibly and was rocking gently to the outward drift of the tide.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I believe I'm going to sleep to-night!"

He switched off the light and, stepping carefully in order not to brush away the delicious, drifting dimness of his mind, traversed the length of the corridor to his own room. In ten minutes he was lying flat between the smooth, cool sheets, on the yielding mattress, prepared to drift away. But now by a perverse contrariety of mood he could not drift. The delicious dreaminess which had woven its enchanted, drowsy web about his jaded senses had melted entirely away, and in its place was a hard, live, alert devil of wide-awakeness, sardonic, brazen, which seemed to mock at him. His eyeballs ached with the tension; the dew of exhaustion stood out on his cheek. But he fought on. An hour passed. Methodically, one after another, he went through all the sleep-producing exercises he knew, and at the end was more brutally wide awake than before

Abruptly he surrendered. He sat up, switched on the electricity, grimacing with pain as the flash of bright light streamed across his eyeballs, flung his legs over the bedside and sat scowling and blinking and brooding. He had never been a handsome man; but now, with his hollow eyes fixed sternly before him, with his thin, ravaged face under the disordered gray hair twitching with uncontrollable nervousness and his mouth twisting off to one side, there hung over him an air of terrible, wrung seriousness which gave him a distinction all its own.

For the moment he had come to the end of his tether. He had to have help. Three alternatives confronted him: He could summon his man, Renée, who would offer him a pill; or he could return to the library for another go at that cool-blooded Frenchman and his alarm clock; or he could arouse Lucinda.

He decided for Lucinda, groped with an exploring foot for his slippers, found them, and then sat for a long minute, hoping against hope that the sweet, delicious languor of drowsiness would steal again over his senses. But his brain was as clear as a bell.

With a grunt of impatience he rose, padded across to the adjoining room, pressed the button by the door and flooded the place with mellow light. In the bed at the far end of the room Lucinda was lying, nestling her cheek in her palm. One long, silky strand of golden hair curled across her shoulder. Her profile, pure and pale against the white pillow, brought a subtle assuagement to Klaggett King, despite his antagonism to her for her ability to sleep. He crossed to her side and stood over her, half angry, half appeased by the soft, clear, tranquil charm of that still face.

"Lucinda!"

At a certain savage stage of his sleeplessness King would have roused all the world had he been able—with an alarm clock—to keep the watch with him.

"Lucinda!"

How soundly she slept! Across her temple meandered a tiny transparent blue vein, definitely visible just above the closed eye, and then sinking to hidden levels. It was a head which would have delighted a sculptor—small, but with an exquisite sureness of modeling of every feature, the eyes, the delicately chiseled nose, the lovely, faintly smiling mouth, clear-carved as archaic statuary

"'My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep as it is lasting, so be deep! Soft may the worms about her creep!' Who was it had said that? Poe, of course—another man who couldn't sleep. A madman, but fine ——

"Lucinda!" He bent down and put a hand on her shoulder

Lucinda's eyelids lifted. She lay gazing up at him for a moment, her eyes still vague with dreams. Then she smiled.

"Hello, dearesty!"

"Hello, yourself! I'm going to buy a trumpet to wake you with. You sleep like the righteous dead."

Lucinda laughed, and sat up, pushing back her hair.

"I was tired. Celia dragged me around all day with her shopping, and then I saw her off on the train. What time is it?"

"Just off daylight."

"Ten! Ten!" She made soft little sounds of pity, her quick glance taking in the nervous ravage of his haggard face. "Why didn't you wake me before? Why do you keep on battling away all by yourself?"

"Because the only way I know how to fight is to fight. If I thought I could sleep better by waking you I'd have waked you long before this, never fear." He spoke with a hard, biting irony, and eased himself down into a chaise longue.

Lucinda slipped out of bed, drew her arms through a gauzy smock of translucent rose, and rebraided her hair, her dark eyes fixed thoughtfully on her husband's face. She saw before her a struggle in which Klaggett King did not intend to help—was perhaps past the power to help her or to help himself. To win him out of his gloomy self-absorption was the first prerequisite of slumber, and to achieve this object Lucinda had often to anger him.

Continued on Page 38

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Read the little booklet attached to every tin—the story of FRESH TUXEDO.

Shot from Guns

Tell them the Puffed Grain story

Tell the boy how Puffed Grains are created.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. Each grain contains over 100 million food cells. Each food cell contains a bit of moisture. When the guns are shot, all those hundred million food cells are blasted by steam explosion.

Puffed Rice is the finest breakfast dainty ever served

Puffed to airy bubbles

That's how the grains are puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. They are flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

The story will double a boy's delight in these delicious morsels.

Fitting whole grains to digest

Puffed Grains were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. The object is to fit whole grains for easy, complete digestion. The food cells must be broken. This is the only process which will break them all.

They make whole grains a fascinating food. They tempt children to eat them in plenty.

There is nothing to compare with Puffed Grains in these desired respects.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Serve Puffed Wheat in every bowl of milk

Make it the good-night dish

The greatest dish a child can get, with every food cell fitted to digest

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

(Continued from Page 36)

"Did you see Celia before she left?" she began conversationally.

"I did not see her, and I did not know she had left," King replied succinctly from behind closed lids. "Celia doesn't trouble to acquaint her father with her movements any more since she went to war."

Lucinda smiled. Her ruse had been successful.

"Celia is a strong-minded girl," she said lightly. "I've no idea where she gets that soft obstinacy of hers."

King opened one sardonic eye.

"Soft! That girl's about as soft as a young marble quarry—and as impervious to suggestion. Where did she go?"

"Out to some place she calls a dude ranch in the mountains of Wyoming. It seems there was a sergeant who was in the war—no, this particular one was a runner. Do you know what a runner is?"

"I might."

"Well, according to Celia, it's something wonderfully brave and fine. He crawls through the lines with letters and orders, and so on, and nearly always gets killed."

"And did Celia's get killed?"

"Yes. He came in, all smashed to pieces, to the mobile unit Celia was with during the last months of the war. You know, she worked as nurse in the operating room of one of those mobile hospital units which, it seems, followed right behind the Army during the offensives, and was shelled and air-raided—and Celia, as you know, came in for her share ——"

"I don't know. I don't know the first thing about her affairs. She didn't favor her father with any letters."

"But—Klaggett, do be just! Whose fault was that? You washed your hands of her—and in a very forcible manner ——"

"What about that dead runner?"

He had opened both eyes now, and lay watching her braid her hair. It was a thin little pigtail, and it made her look oddly like a girl. Lucinda laughed. She had a pretty laugh, fresh and musical, with a warm tenderness at its core.

"Well, he died; but Celia nursed him and went to his funeral and took a picture of his grave. And afterward she wrote to his people, who keep this dude ranch. They invited her out to visit them. You see, they don't know she's the daughter of Klaggett King. Nobody does." There was a thread of laughter in her voice. "For when you renounced Celia she followed suit and renounced you. During the war she was just plain Celia King, trained nurse. She lived on her nurse's pay—when she got it—and was as proud as Punch."

"I notice she's always overdrawn on her allowance. I'm forever squaring her up at the bank. She doesn't seem to be incognito there. I've observed the fine independence of this present generation doesn't seem to extend to the bank account. Celia throws me over, but she lets me foot the bills."

"But you couldn't exactly call those demands bills, dear. They're not for herself. They're for soldiers' clubs and vocational training for a few disabled men—cases the Government won't touch."

"Charities, then. All right. They're her charities—not mine. Now I'm going to have a talk with Celia when she comes back. That's the reason, in my judgment, why she dodged off without seeing me before she left."

"Celia would scorn to dodge you," laughed Lucinda, "if you were the devil himself. She tried three times to get you at the office, but your secretary said you were in a conference and had left orders not to be disturbed. The very last thing she said to me when she kissed me good-by at the station was: 'Momkins, father and I are due to have a row, a first-class pyrotechnic exhibition, when I get back. Please give him my love and tell him not to worry. I shan't!'"

Lucinda vanished into the bathroom to chill her wrists and fingers under a running spray of ice-cold water. She could hear King's growled comments over his daughter's shortcomings, but she could not distinguish the words. She smiled sagely to herself, for the more he roared and raged now the more likely he was to sleep later on. She reappeared presently bearing a bowl of ice-cold water and a towel, seated herself beside him and proceeded to chill her fingers more thoroughly.

"Turn out the light!" commanded King.

"Not yet. I've not told you all of Celia's message." She was trailing her fingers lightly through the water, and spoke without looking up. "It's about Mr. Pym."

"He proposed, eh?" King spoke up sharply. "He told me about three weeks ago that he thought he'd try his luck again. Celia's kept him dangling for about two years now. Well?"

"Oh, yes, he proposed—after a manner. Celia said he didn't appear extremely enthusiastic. She said he said: 'You know, Miss Celia, your father has set his heart on this match. And I think myself we'd—we'd—ah—hit it off all right—if—ah—you'd—ah—consent to calm down.'"

"He was scared," growled King, grinning despite himself. "Celia's enough to scare any man, and Pym's timid with women. He's been a widower so long he forgets how it goes."

"A widower—and fifty!"

"Hold on! Not yet forty-five."

"With no life or warmth or charm. A shivery old maid—finicky, fussy. Why, darling, what would he do with Celia if he had her—a beautiful, live, gay girl of twenty-two?"

"You underestimate Pym," said King dryly. "Women are no judges of men. They think if a man has a shy or timid manner there's nothing to him. Pym is the sole owner and operator of one of the keenest brains I've ever known. He's got better judgment than I have along certain lines. He's cooler. That's the reason I chose him for a partner. That's the reason he'll make a good husband for Celia. He's dead right. She needs calming down, and Pym is the man to calm her. You don't know him."

"It doesn't look as if I were going to have the opportunity," murmured Lucinda. "If you'd seen Celia's face as she told me about it! It seems Mr. Pym retreated without advancing, so to speak."

"Wise man!"

"Not in the judgment of a young lady of twenty-two. You see, dear, your Mr. Pym may have brains and be a fine partner and all that, but that's not what my Celia will marry him for. He's slow when he ought to be fast, still when he ought to speak, gentle when he ought to be firm, and serious when he ought to be gay. In short, he's too old—he won't do. And Celia told me to tell you to break the news to him that she doesn't want him any more than she wants a toothache."

"I'll be damned if I do!" said King gruffly. "You're on Celia's side. Well, I'm on Pym's side—and we'll see who wins. Did she go out to that place all by herself—without a chaperon?"

Lucinda laughed.

"Oh, no, I sent Miss Tauser along! But Celia made little Tauser promise faithfully not to divulge her kinship with us before she'd permit her even to get on the train. She had an idea that the people who invited her might be fussed if they knew who she was. You see, they think she's just a regular professional nurse."

"Masquerading nonsense!" muttered King. "How long is she going to stay?"

"Well, she didn't say," murmured Lucinda. "Two or three months."

She had switched off the light, settled King's head comfortably among the cushions, and standing behind him began to smooth his temples. Her fingers, cool, yet tingling with vitality, assuaged his tormented nerves like music.

"Celia's tired," she continued. "She deserves a rest. Think of it, Klaggett! One year with the mobile unit right up behind our lines! Think of all the horrible sights she saw! Then, when she returned, nothing would do but she must continue her nursing down at the Polyclinic, with the wounded soldiers there. I tried to argue her out of it. But Mrs. Danbury, who has charge, told her that all the other girls after the armistice had slacked on their jobs, and after that wild horses couldn't have torn her away. She says it's an affair of honor to the nation that somebody shall see those boys through."

"Theatric," grunted King drowsily.

"Yes, of course," soothed Lucinda. "And yet the child has stuck to her guns."

Her voice, low, casual, with its little thread of suppressed mirth, ran on close to his ear.

"Lucinda!"

His voice, heavy, blurred with slumber, seemed to come from far away. In the dark her brows drew together in a sharp line. Scarcely she breathed.

"Lucinda!"

When King began to murmur in that faint, detached, yet lucid fashion, as if his soul were floating far away, it meant nothing more or less than that he had started

(Continued on Page 40)

Is the security of your home worth 98 cents?

The section marked off in the picture is 100 square feet. In the language of the roofing trade it is a square. To cover such an area with Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles costs but 98 cents over the cost of the ordinary composition shingles. Not much to pay for fire-safety and weather insurance—is it?

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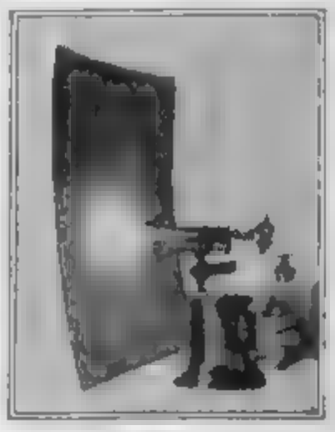

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Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorlastic five-inch hexagons with or without [illegible] red or gray [illegible]
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply roll roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
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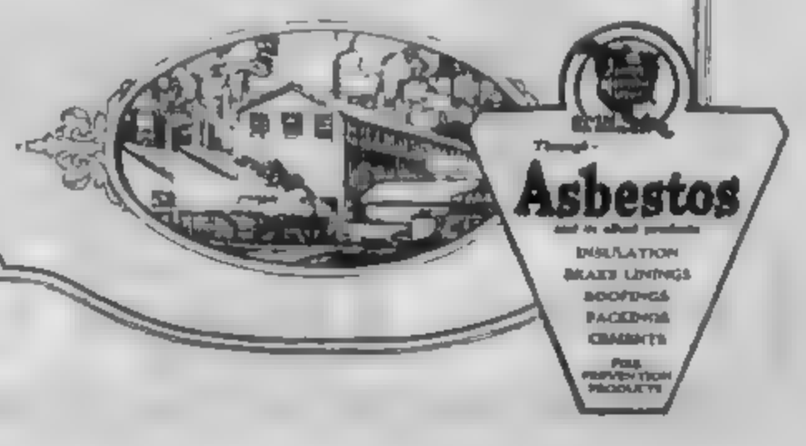

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(Continued from Page 38)

out on the road to sleep, but had lost his way, and might wander, half aware, in that dim, uncharted borderland for hours. Lucinda hung over him, intent, speechless. Her fingers, light and cool as first snowflakes, just touched his temples and melted away.

"Lucinda!"

She bit her lip, but breathed softly, "Don't talk, love. Just float away."

"Did you buy that book on dreams?"

"Yes. It was trash."

"They usually are."

"Why do you bother about that silly old dream?"

"I don't take much stock in it."

"It makes you fight everybody and everything."

"Well, I like to fight. And I'll tell you this"—his voice sounded stronger in the dark—"I don't believe in that dream half as much as you think I do. But I'll say one thing. Without that dream to drive me on I'd have been a nobody, a nameless stick-in-the-mud all my life. It's been a good partner to me."

He appeared to drowse. In a moment he began again, in that still, remote little voice which sounded as if it came over a long-distance telephone:

"There's a young man—name of Sloane—Pinkney Sloane—been in the Army—reminds me somehow of Celia ——"

He broke off and was silent so long that Lucinda thought he had gone. His head had sunk down in the cushions; his limbs seemed a dead weight.

"Smart"—the dreamy voice flowed on—"but pig-headed. Thinks he knows it all. He's got a good thing, and it's even better than he knows. Got to be handled right, though. But he's pig-headed ——"

"Don't fight him!" broke in Lucinda suddenly, and her voice held a quiver in the dark.

"Not going to fight him—think he's going to fight me!"

She waited, hanging above him, watchful, immobile, every faculty and fiber of her being concentrated, strung to a single issue.

"Lu "

"Sh-h-h!"

"——cinda!"

"Yes, love?"

"I think—I'm going to sleep."

"Of course you are. You're asleep already."

And that, presently, was the truth.

VIII

CELIA had stopped all of two weeks at Hunter's Ranch before there pierced through to the intense inner preoccupation of her brooding young consciousness, which was sitting in high judgment upon the world, the flesh and the devil, the fact that there was in her lonely Eden an Adam in the shape of a lean, long-legged young man with a shock of tow-colored hair above a fine forehead, humorous gray eyes and a flashing smile.

After she saw him things began to happen with considerable promptitude. In fact, they happened so swiftly that the business, like creation, was well on its way to completion inside of seven days. But for the first fortnight she was so engrossed in her own problems that she did not mark Pinkney Sloane as an individual, but only as part of the general masculine setting of the stage. And this in spite of the fact that he had been duly introduced to her on the very first night of her arrival by Hunter, owner of the dude ranch, with something of a flourish.

"Miss King, meet Mr. Sloane—lately Major Sloane, in the artillery. Say, Pink, didn't you say you were up in that mess in the Argonne, where you lost your guns in mud so deep you had to take soundings to locate them? Well, Miss King was somewhere around there with a mobile hospital unit. You two ought to get together."

It was a promising beginning. But Miss King apparently did not think much of erstwhile young majors in the artillery. She presented him with what Pink—as all the world called him—termed a sculptural smile, but above it her dark blue eyes were about as warm as a glacier in the sun.

For a week Pink endeavored to make Celia see him, not merely as part of the general scenery, but as Pinkney Sloane. He unlimbered his best line of anecdotes at table; he talked to Hunter, to Mrs. Hunter, to Mrs. Hunter's baby, a trenchant male of three summers; he even tried to charm little Miss Tauser into a smile. But out of Celia, for whom all the demonstrations were intended, he could not win so much as the flutter of a white eyelid.

At the end of a week he gave it up and decided she must be shell-shocked, and it was that which caused her to go about so pensive and cloudy-eyed, as if wrapped in a dream. Waxing heavily sentimental within himself, he called her his shell-shocked goddess. But shell-shocked or not, he discovered that her face opposite his at table was not an affliction to the eyes, and he surrendered himself to the frank study of that pure oval, deliciously tinted, with the long, fringed lashes and the delicate, arched eyebrow, finely penciled as that of a baby, under the aura of dull gold hair which she wore twisted round and round her small shapely head like a crown. Her profile, he decided, resembled the medallion head of the Maid of Verdun, a reproduction of which he had bought one day at the citadel of Verdun after the armistice. There was the same firmly modeled chin—that obstinate little chin was the feminine replica of Klaggett King's, but Pink could not know that; the same fluted lips—those were Lucinda's gift—archaic, adorable; the same straight nose, and the clear, fearless eyes which said "Thou shalt not pass." Thus he gazed and mused sentimentally, and gazed again, during the age-long fortnight when Celia did not look at him save as one looks at a stick of wood before putting it on the fire to burn.

In defense of Celia's unawareness three things should be stated: First of all, though she was neither outrageously beautiful nor brilliant nor witty nor good, she possessed that unnamable quality which made men like to stick around and leap up and open doors. They had been doing it ever since she was in pinafores, and the performance of Pinkney Sloane was thus neither unexpected nor original. In the second place she had her father's gift of complete self-absorption in the matter in hand, and she was as natural as rain. And finally, in the third place, she could not for the moment see Pinkney Sloane because her mind's eye was filled up, to the exclusion of all else, with the world and the flesh and the devil.

The world was John Philip Pym, who wanted her to marry him, but wanted it only with a wise, cool, middle-aged moderation, as he would want to play golf on a sunny afternoon. The flesh was her darling mother, who wanted her to stop choosing hard, live, ugly things; who wanted her to stop working in the hospital, to stop fighting her father and to stop saying rude things to Mr. Pym. The devil was her father, Klaggett King. And Celia was fighting all three.

She had come out to this quiet spot to be quite by herself, and to indulge in that favorite indoor pastime of youth of thinking things through to the bitter end. There is no bitter-ender on earth quite so bitter as an earnest young woman of twenty-two. It is the old ones who are the artful dodgers in life. But even at twenty-two, and even with the world and the flesh and the devil all rolled into one redoubtable, horrific, scaly dragon, tail-lashing, fire-splashing, the time arrives when bitter-ending ceases to allure as a pastime and the mind turns lightly to other things. So it was with Celia. At the end of a fortnight she had just about settled everything. She had settled her own future—an apartment downtown, with a fire and a latchkey, and mother, if she behaved nicely, coming in for tea. She had settled her father—cut him off with a shilling. And she had settled her lukewarm elderly lover. Br-r-r-r!

And having thus settled everything, and brought her affairs strictly up to date, she awoke one morning tremendously refreshed—and that was the day on which she first really saw Pinkney Sloane.

It was about time. Pink had decided to go back to work, and he had nailed that gloomy determination to the mast by riding in to the nearest station and telegraphing his foreman that important business detained him in the West for another ten days. Having thus dispatched his Magna Charta of independence of women, he galloped somberly back to the ranch, reflecting with bitterness that a man who could cave like that deserved the worst that could arrive. After which he returned to the important business of sticking around until Celia should come alive.

And then, suddenly, as if to reward his patience, Celia came very much alive all in a minute and without any premonitory

(Continued on Page 42)

PACKARD

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Many other cars can give you that; none but the Twin-Six can give you genuine Twin-Six performance in the traditional Twin-Six way.

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Lacing Belts by hand cost one firm $1200 a year too much

This is a story for manufacturers who must reduce their operating costs. It is based on statements by the plant superintendent of one of America's leading silverware manufacturers:

Two $25 Clipper Lacers, used to repair the breaks in 150 belts, cut $1153 a year from the former cost of lacing them by hand. This saving was the result of a 50% reduction of idle man and machine time whenever a broken belt was being laced, together with a 66% reduction in the number of broken belts.

Any workman using the Clipper can, in three minutes, make a tight, smooth, flexible joint that will outlast two, three, and sometimes ten hand-laced joints. The foregoing statement can be substantiated by authentic data obtained from numerous users of the Clipper method—users ranging in size from the Packard Motor Car Company to machine shops and factories operating just a few belts. If you want this conclusive evidence which *proves* that the Clipper method will save you money, a letter will bring it free.

Sold by Mill Supply Dealers in Principal Cities

CLIPPER BELT LACER COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.

Anyone can lace a belt with the

"Clipper"

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signs. She stepped forth from her log cabin one blazing hot midafternoon dressed for riding, in a tan-colored linen habit and a pair of beautifully varnished brown boots.

Those smart lacquered little brown boots were a masterpiece of French decorative art. They were the kind of boots that Connie Dugan danced in with a skipping rope before the footlights when her feet were the toast of London town. They were the kind of boots that Louise de la Vallière wore when she rode in the Forest of Fontainebleau with the king. Of exquisite workmanship, they were just a little more gay, just a little more audaciously devilish, just a little more burnished and flauntingly feminine than anyone but a famous French bootmaker could dream of or achieve.

And Pink, who knew something of handmade boots in Paris, surmised that these must have come from that celebrated *maison* in the Place Vendôme which had no sign on its door, but where one entered with respect, by introduction only, commanded a pair of boots, the members of which cost at least fifty dollars apiece and were delivered at the end of six months, signed like a masterpiece on a square of hand-embroidered silk in the lining by the name of the artist.

And Pink's surmise was correct. But in addition, in Celia's case, her boots bore a particular title. For her feet had pleased the great bootmaker, and upon the brocaded square which bore his name he had caused to be embroidered in fine red silk the words "Petit Amour," which meant that in the estimation of the Frenchman Celia's feet were little loves. But this official corroboration of his own private taste Pink did not stumble across until considerably later.

At the moment he contented himself with remarking to himself that those boots must have cost Miss Celia not a sou less than one hundred dollars—which was going rather strong for one of Uncle Sam's nurses, even in gay Paree. He was lounging on a bench in front of his sleeping cabin, which faced, at a distance of perhaps fifty feet, the cabins of Miss Tauser and Miss King. Celia, who had turned her face to speak to Miss Tauser within the latter's cabin, was bareheaded, but a quirt dangled from her wrist, and she carried a book in her hand.

She had the Anglo-Saxon gallant slenderness of body, like the slim, gracious curve of an infolded bud, so different from the opulent charms of the Latin race. She finished her conversation, turned; and Pink, who had awaited this moment two weeks, stood up and looked at her—but without a smile. And then Celia saw him. Their eyes, intent, serious with the tremendous seriousness of youth, encountered, held for a long beating moment, and then Celia lifted her gaze to the encircling mountains, stark granite shafts and peaks and pinnacles, painted with the first snow of the season.

"How gorgeous!" she breathed.

"Not any more gorgeous than they have been for the last two weeks," said Pink with extreme dryness. "You haven't looked—that's all."

She laughed and blushed at the accusation.

"That's true. But I've had a lot of things to occupy my mind."

"I thought you were shell-shocked," said he bluntly.

"Perhaps I was—a little."

She threw back her head to take in once more the lonely brooding splendor of that mighty rampart of stone.

"I concluded you didn't care for mountains," said Pink, still harping on his grievance.

"I love them!" declared Celia.

"I love them too," said he.

Why was it that with the introduction of that innocent little winged word of four letters a sudden silence fell—a silence which Pink, a certain intentness in his gray eyes, employed to stare industriously at Celia, who, with lifted chin and the faintest shadow of a smile curving her lips, studied the distant snow-capped peaks?

She stirred finally under his straight gaze, and said pensively: "I wish I didn't have to leave so soon."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

She brought down her eyes from the mountains at this, encountered Pink's with a luminous flash in them, glanced away, and said with careful lightness: "Oh, well, there's my nursing for one thing. And there are others. My father wants me to do something"—she broke off and then continued with a sudden soft, vehement rush—"my father wants me to do something I won't do, and he—he's trying to bully me. He's trying to break my will. He wants me—he wants everybody to get down on their knees. And I—I won't!" She finished breathlessly, and stood frowning at him with her Maid-of-Verdun face, as if she visualized her father standing before her. "I won't!" she declared again.

"Rather not!" replied Pink, deeply interested. "Don't give up the ship!"

She was so confoundedly pretty when she flared up like that, glowing and paling like a flame blown on by the wind, that he groped for the right word which should continue the delightful performance.

"What does your father want you to do?"

It was the wrong question. Celia came to herself abruptly, frowned, then laughed, and said. "Nothing much. Something that's impossible. It doesn't matter, except that well, it explains why I've been so blind to--to all this." She waved a hand at the glowing landscape. "And now I've decided, and I'm going away."

She turned away, but looked back, laughing over her shoulder, to say "Good-by!"

He watched her walk over to the pony which, saddled, its reins flung loosely over its head, was nosing among a heap of freshly felled pine logs. It raised its head at Celia's approach, nickered softly and sniffed at her pocket for the customary sugar lump.

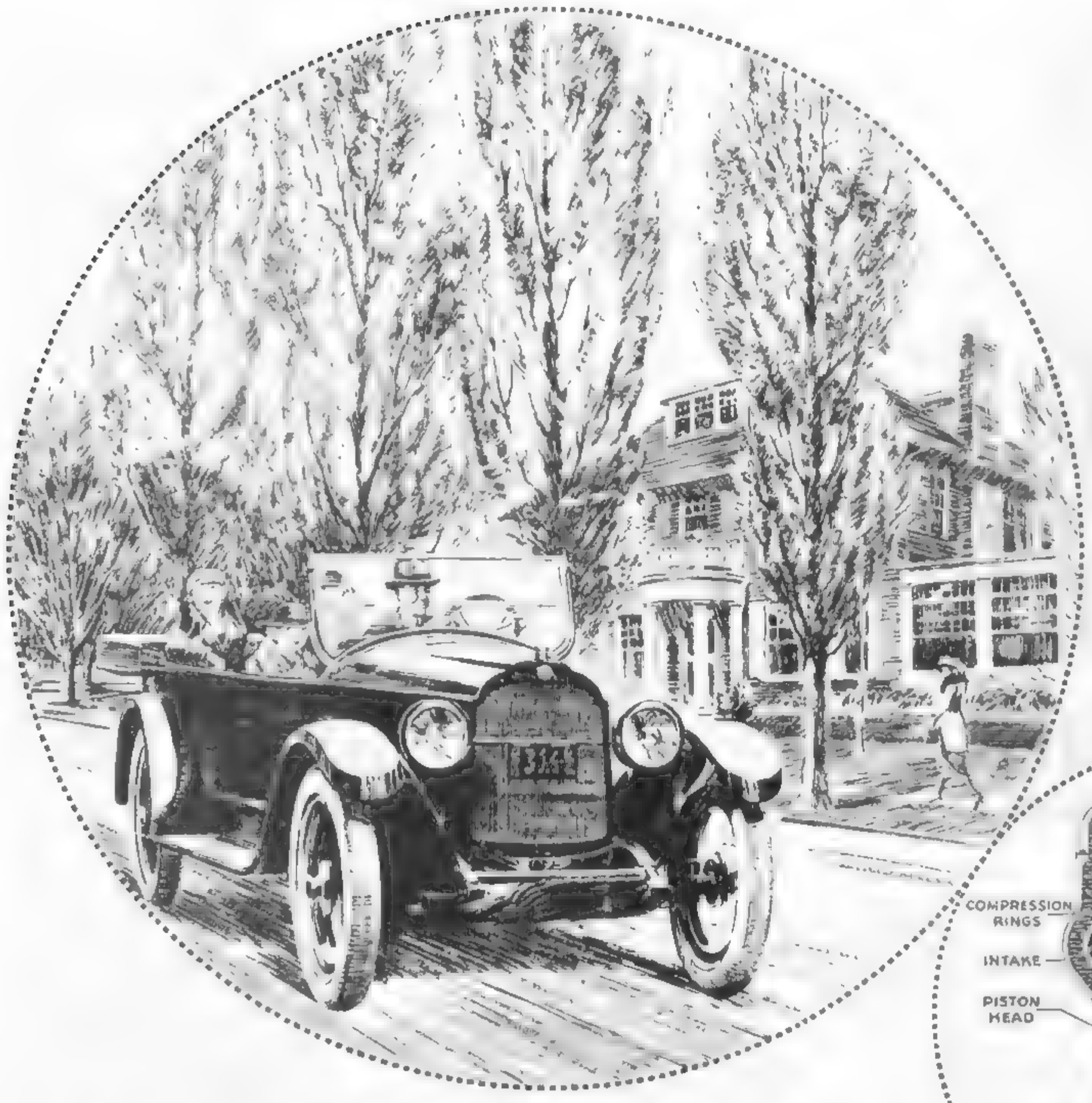
Pink took two steps forward and then stood stock-still in his tracks. But he did not take his eyes from Celia, who was bending over the pony's head and uttering soft little love sounds to the effect that if a silly Honeyboy would look in her right coat pocket he would find a sugar lump with his initials duly inscribed thereon. It was a language which the animal seemed to comprehend, for he cocked a sage ear, immediately withdrew his nose from her left coat pocket, thrust it into her right and emerged with the sweet morsel between his lips. Beholding this performance, Pink took another involuntary pace forward, and then—very firmly—three steps to the rear, and reseated himself upon his bench. As he saw it, it was a struggle between himself and Honeyboy—man pitted against the brute world.

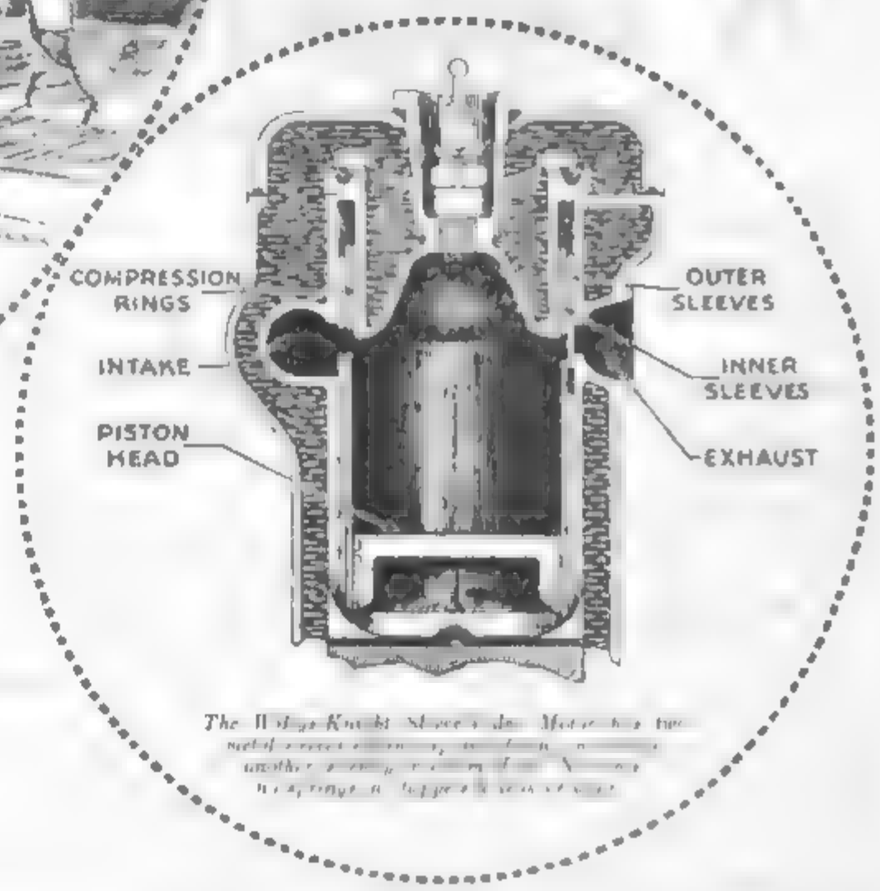
Celia transferred her book to the saddlebag. She fussed at the cinches, let out her stirrups and took them up again. She caressed Honeyboy, rubbed her soft cheek against his nose, tickled his ear by breathing into it—all under Pink's stern, unyielding gaze—and with meticulous attention removed a bur, a nasty prickly cocklebur, from his frowzy, matted bang. She then bethought herself that one of these wicked prickly burs might be under her saddle blanket and press into her Honeyboy's tender flesh when she mounted, so she lifted one flap after another and ran her hand along the underside of the blanket. No nasty cocklebur materialized. Honeyboy nickered his contentment at all this sweet solicitude on his behalf, and Pink continued to stare.

Having disposed of the imaginary bur, Celia decided that her stirrups were too short. She let them out a notch. And now all was ready. She grasped Honeyboy's mane, placed one of the gleaming *petits amours* in the stirrup and was about to swing herself lightly up when she heard a slight exhalation. It sounded like a sigh. Was it Honeyboy who in his lazy heart of hearts, despite sugar lumps, did not love strenuous girls? Arrested, Celia brought down her boot from the stirrup; looked inquiringly at Honeyboy, who lazily winked one eye; looked up at the clear, pale sky overhead, where hung a day hawk, motionless, immobile as if suspended by an invisible wire; looked around at the silent encircling hills; and so, completing the circuit, let her glance come to rest on Pink, who was sitting bent forward in the attitude made famous by a certain pugilist, jutting jaw thrust out and a fist resting on either knee.

"Do you know," confessed Celia, "it's almost too hot to ride to-day."

This was practically unconditional surrender, and Pink bit his lip to hide a triumphant smile. He stood up, and said: "What is that book I saw you tucking away?" (Continued on Page 44)





TREMENDOUS MILEAGE

Uniting Luxury with Economy

Records of 100,000 and 200,000 miles almost wholly free from repair, give vivid emphasis to this owner verdict: That the Willys-Knight provides luxurious riding comfort with economy of service year after year.

It is the Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Motor which provides this tremendous mileage. Study the design. No tappets; no valve-heads to check the in-rush and exhaust of gas; no clicking springs to weaken; no cams to hammer and wear out.

But instead: Wide free ports for the gas in metal sleeves which slide noiselessly on a film of oil. A big, round combustion chamber with center-fire spark where every drop of gas is turned into power for your use. The little carbon that forms helps to seal compression more tightly.

The stalwart chassis matches the age-resisting motor. The coachwork completes the car's perfections. Thus luxurious travel becomes a continuous economy with the Willys-Knight.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO: CANADIAN FACTORY, WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED, WEST TORONTO, ONT.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Sleeve Valve Motor Improves With Use

A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Now you should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And it forms the basis of dingy coats.

The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. These coats, more or less discolored, spoil the luster of the teeth.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Modern authorities endorse them. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise remain to form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

An ideal diet, rich in acid-bearing fruit, would bring like effects. But Pepsodent brings them regularly.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

10-Day Tube Free 822

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 759, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

(Continued from Page 42)

Celia extracted it from the saddle bag.

"It's Homer," she said.

"Homer! Isn't that pretty steep stuff—for a girl?"

"I expect you don't know much about girls," observed Celia with a coolness that brought the blood to his cheek.

"That's right—I don't know a single thing," he replied, while to Honeyboy he made a secret gesture in the direction of his pocket which indicated to that intelligent quadruped that girls were not the sole repositories of delectable sugar lumps. Honeyboy cocked an inquiring ear, and Pink nodded his head and repeated the sign. Celia, her nose deep in her book, appeared to search for a certain passage. The pony, dragging his reins, ambled over to the man's side, and the girl absent-mindedly strolled beside. Honeyboy nosed in first one pocket and then another, found no faintest sign of sweetness, but only an acrid tobacco smell, fixed his deceiver with a mild, reproachful eye, received a jovial whack on the flank and amiably roamed away. Thus Pink brought the mountain to Mohammed without ever budging from where he stood. After this all was plain sailing. Celia still searched in her book.

"An old friend gave this to me," she explained. "He told me that Homer had said everything about this war three thousand years ago."

"That listens well," observed Pink briefly. "But it's silly rot. Nobody ever said it all about anything, or ever will. Do you like poetry?"

"Some. Don't you?"

"Rather. I've taught it, you see."

That brought Celia's eyes out of her book, consternation in their blue depths.

"You—you're a teacher?" she faltered.

"Doesn't think much of teachers," commented Pink grimly to himself. "Thinks I'm one of those earnest asses that hand out recipes on life." Aloud he said: "Yes, teacher in English lit. Taught last winter in a boys' school. I had some work I wanted to do nights—an invention. But I had to have some money to cover my expenses until I got this other thing going, and so I took that. Temporary job. Not my real line. Yes, I like poetry—in its place." He paused and continued rather eagerly: "Do you know that thing of Masefield, called The Dauber?"

"No."

"I'd like to read it to you this afternoon."

"That," murmured Celia with a faint smile, "would be rather nice."

He dived into his cabin and reappeared with the book and a steamer rug.

"I thought of that pine tree—over by the river. There we have a straight sweep right up to the mountain peaks—if you don't mind the sun."

Celia did not mind the sun. Silently they walked over to the tree, both slim, supple and sublimely self-poised; both in their twenties, yet veterans of a World War—a radiant, high-flying pair.

In his exalted mood of expectation Pink consumed ten precious minutes before he could discover a suitable spot to spread his rug. He even got down on his hands and knees to clear the ground of sticks and stones, while Celia leaned against the tree, a tall glowing girl, head thrown back, her dreaming gaze fixed on the mighty rampart of hills. Presently all was arranged. She sat. Pink stretched himself at her feet, his blond head reasonably close to the *petits amours*, the mountains at his back, opened his book and dived abruptly into the business of the day:

"You know, I'm crazy about this piece. Maybe it's because it's about the sea. I love the sea. My father was a sea captain, and when he was twenty-two he owned his own sailing vessel and cruised in the South Seas. He lost his ship when he was my age—twenty-six. It foundered in a gale and stove to pieces on a coral reef. My father and most of the crew were washed ashore. They said he lay on the beach three days and three nights, watching that ship break up and crying like a child. They couldn't budge him from the spot. And when finally she went down my father swore an oath he'd never own another vessel to break his heart. He never did. He left the sea. You see, he loved that ship the way a man loves a woman. Can you understand a man caring like that?"

"Yes."

"So can I," said Pink with fine relish. "That's the only way to love. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly. Are you going to read?"

"*Oui, mademoiselle.*" He laughed and reddened. "That was the preface—an introduction by Pinkney Sloane—to get you into the mood. Shall I let her rip?"

She nodded, and Pink began to read. He read without a break for half an hour. The hot afternoon sun streamed over them, bathing them and all the world in a languid glory. Above and around them was the tiny droning hum of insects, and from afar came the soft, liquid complaint of a wood dove. Not a breath of air stirred. All Nature seemed at the pitch of still, burning perfection. And Pink, feeling the warm sun on his back through his flannel shirt, intensely aware of Celia's nearness, of the painted mountain peaks and all the great, live, magically thrilling world about him, read those bleak, beautiful lines of raging somber seas and cruel men with keenest delight, reveling in the contrast, narrowing his eyes as he visualized those wild, boiling, writhing white seas, and the Dauber, jeered by his mates, clutching with frozen fingers to the rigging. And presently, overwhelmed by the stern, dark beauty of it all, he looked up to share his fine emotion with Celia.

"It's magnificent, isn't ——"

He stopped, transfixed, his eyes dilating in horrid astonishment.

Celia was fast asleep!

Thus ended the first day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tioga Pass, Mono Lake, California

Essex Coach $1345

Five Passenger

Closed Car Luxury for All Purposes

This new type proved that everyone wants a closed car.

But low price is not the only reason the Essex Coach continues to sell so wonderfully.

Its first appeal is in fine closed car quality with performance and reliability that have made and kept the Essex name famous.

So no wonder the Essex Coach at $1345 swept the country so completely. It has won buyers everywhere who were planning to pay as much for a less wanted open car. It gave many others the closed car they wanted at from $500 to $1000 under their expected outlay.

You too will be convinced. Just see how it meets your desires. Its many utilities, including the big luggage locker that opens from the rear, make it just the car for business or professional men. It continues the economy of its first cost, in unusual fuel, tire and oil mileage. It stays in condition and calls for little attention. And it keeps that beauty of finish and freedom from body squeaks and rattles, which contribute so much to the pride and enjoyment of ownership.

For year round use it is ideal in family service. It seats five amply. Doors are wide. Seats are deep and finely upholstered.

In town its distinction, easy control, nimbleness and advantage in turning and parking in narrow spaces are important.

In the country it rides nimbly over rough roads with power for every need.

It is light and compact. It is sturdy and enduring. Easy to handle, which makes it an especial favorite with women drivers. Just try it. You are sure to be pleased.

Cord tires—Fine plate glass windows—Luggage and tool locker in rear—Fine, durable upholstery and rugs—Radiator shutters and motometer.

Women Praise Its Easy Driving

"The Essex which I bought a year ago has been a source of delight to the whole family. It has more than verified your promises as to its efficiency, durability and economy

"It is essentially a lady's car, being so simple in mechanism, and so easy to operate, that a child could drive it."

MRS. L. L. McMORRIS,
Houston, Texas

"I am the owner of the first Essex purchased from you in this city On July 2nd it was twenty months old

"During this time I have had no engine trouble whatever. The Essex motor certainly has life in it I would not have any other car."

MRS HARRY C. HALEY,
420 N. Rena St.,
Pensacola, Fla

Touring, $1095 **Coach, $1345** **Sedan, $1895**

Freight and tax extra

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

"Oo-oo Daddy! You'll catch it for cutting that coconut pie!"

Every one in the family will enjoy a real home-made coconut pie—if it's made with Baker's fresh coconut.

Just as Nature seals the goodness of the coconut in the shell, so Baker seals the ripe, white meat of selected nuts in a can. All the rich, natural, wholesome flavor and moisture are retained—only the labor of opening and grating is eliminated. Baker's Coconut comes from the can exactly as fresh and as delicious as when it was taken from the shell.

Use only Baker's in pies, cookies, cakes and candies. It has the real ripe coconut flavor.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

Coconut Cream Pie (*Meringue*)

Add beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt and two level tablespoons cornstarch to one large cup of coconut milk or milk. Add one-half cup sugar. Place over slow fire and add about two-thirds cup of the coconut. Pour into a baked crust and cover with stiffly beaten whites of two eggs to which two or three tablespoons of powdered or granulated sugar have been added. Sprinkle one-third cup of coconut on top and brown quickly in oven. (If Baker's Coconut in the blue can is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk.)

Three kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

FUR CHASER

(Continued from Page 9

generations of forefathers has hunted timid little two-pound birds?"

Madge Holden looked a scorn that would have withered any gentleman less self-centered than Mr. Welles. Madge Holden's soft lips parted for speech. Madge Holden's lips are no thing to be passed by without comment; much in effect like this stuff novocaine that the dentists shoot you with; block off, as the medicos put it, whole sets of nerves, leaving a man temporarily without the necessary stimuli for speech or motion, while his nerves of sight function with abnormal intensity

"Most men, Friend Shirleigh," stated those lips, "have got to work. Mighty few of our fellow citizens have the wherewithal for a string of ponies or a college education and its numerous advantages, including football. Pointers and setters also have a job of work. They hunt birds for a living. Don't think for a minute, Shirleigh, that because a man's daily job doesn't demand a halfback's spectacular courage he can't produce the goods when called on. Same with bird dogs. Answer me this thing, Shirleigh: Who changed Heinie's goose step to a quickstep as he scuttled for his hole ten miles behind the Rhine—the champion pug who stayed at home or the necktie salesman who went across?"

The hazel eyes shot fire with the question and the soft lips shut in a tight, straight line. Shirleigh Welles' million-dollar map grew blanker, marvelous to say, than usual. Doc Holden's outdoor tan went red with a suppressed desire to bellow "Attaboy, Madge!" And then as though that old dog-loving vet's cup of gloats were not already full to spilling, a scrawny, gray-uniformed boy climbed his front-porch steps and pushed a button.

Williamson came waddling out to the kennels with a yellow envelope on a tray.

"How much?" asked Doc, reaching for the communication with one hand and into a trousers pocket with the other.

Williamson broke the news.

"How much?"

Williamson repeated the shock. Doc drew back his hand and blew against the finger tips.

"Burnie-burnie!" he exclaimed, and stuck the scorched digits into the other pocket. "Tell the boy to take this wire up to John D.'s place. He can afford to read it."

"Begging your pardon, sir," Williamson ventured, "but I paid the lad out of my own pocket. I was quite anxious, sir. You see the wire is from Alabama. Young Don, sir—the pup, sir—I thought perhaps ——"

But the envelope was open. Doc read. Doc gave a leap. Doc's hand came up out of his pocket, clutching a fat, moth-eaten, brass-mouthed wallet, which he shot at Williamson.

"Don't stand there like some big, tame, red-necked baboon, Willy," Holden roared, "but catch that angel boy and give him the biggest bill you can find in that old nickel gripper. Advise him to spend it all on chewing tobacco and cigarettes and Diamond Dicks. Tell him I love him, and embrace him for me. Come to, Delicate! Step out! Pop into it!"

Delicate made for the house as fast as a sixty-inch waist and a butler's dignity would permit. But at the door he turned.

"Don, sir?" he called back in a tone of positive anguish.

"Don, sir," his employer answered in slow and lugubrious accents whose every drawl and pause must have tortured the pointer-loyal soul of 'Enery Williamson. "Don, sir, according to this little telegram from some party unknown who signs himself 'Ed,' of Jackson County, state of Alabama, seems to be sitting on top of the world giving battle to a ten-yard string of wienerwursts. Now you get the hell out of here and catch that boy or I'll hop over there and give you a big fat kiss."

Williamson disappeared; but as he romped like some festive hippopotamus through the long wide hall toward the front of the house, the light of his smile gilded the walnut ceiling beams.

"Listen to this."

Doc Holden set his specs on his nose and took a deep breath.

Got Don. Hot damn, you old Doc Holden, and repeat. Eph Joppey's twenty-one black children and grandchildren have been living on bunny pie for six months. Eph has the seven best rabbit runners in the South. Four hound dogs, two half-breed beagles and El Paso Don; named in reverse order of excellence. Some cotton chaser, Don; but, nursie dear, the shape he's in! Wide? The judges will have to follow that baby in an aëroplane. Six weeks till the Southwest trials. No time to lose. Sending him down to Dan at once. Leave it to Dan to knock that fur idea out of his head. Long telegram, but who gives any damns? We live but once, and besides, I'm sending this collect and proud to do it. Whoops, my beloved! ED.

Doc turned to Shirleigh Welles

"Shirleigh," said he, "you don't know courage when you see it. Courage is staying on the job after the gaff has been socked into your immortal soul up to the barb and churned about. You think it is a matter of blood and a heap of steaming bowels and the ground torn up. You ought to see a field trial. We're going to one within the next two months in which a certain bird dog's going to run that can't learn courage from anybody on earth but the French Blue Devils. Go along?"

Dan Thorplay cursed the entire bunny family from ears to tail and back, a hundred and five round trips, and never used the same word twice. Dan is the champion intercollegiate sulphur slinger of the state of Texas, and he needed every word in his vocabulary.

Dan sat on the topside of his horse, on a long neck of land that ran out into the blue water of Sam Houston Inlet, and watched El Paso Don depart. Ten inches in front of Don's fine nose a cotton button bounced; and Don, who hunted birds as silently as a specter, was telling the world that he was North America's premier beagle hound, and that this was his day to yell. Gosh, what a voice! From a mile down the long neck of land it came singing back to Dan the old, old story that bird work was over for the day.

Dan heaved a sigh. Dan had fired every shot in the locker. All the standard methods for breaking a bird dog of chasing fur had failed against the iron-hearted obstinacy and the invincible spirit of El Paso Don. Dan loved him for that very stubbornness. And Dan, seeing that the big pointer had the bottom to stand punishment without losing fire, let the strapping fellow have the works, all of the old and much of the new. The pity of it was that Don was a bird dog, backwards and frontwards, up and down, inside and out and cater-cornered. Less than two years old, he used the wind like a veteran. Months of rabbit running with Ephraim Joppey's hounds had given him the wind and endurance of a fox hunter. His range was limitless.

But he didn't run all to heels—brains to match. Don knew his birds. Fields in the morning, cover at noon, streams in the hot dry hours, sunny and sheltered hillsides on cold, windy days. Don knew where to look for them, and when.

Dan had tried him out on a couple of smaller local trials. He covered his courses with a speed in his loose limbs and a gayety in his high head and merry tail to make bird men weep for joy. The whistle would turn him about full tilt and have him dashing away on the other tack in a quarter second. He was one of those rare pups that never get so wrapped up in their hunting that they forget they are working for the boss. He looked back every once in a while, and the wave of a hat or hand would tell him what to do, and he'd do it—unless he happened to be on birds, and then two five-ton trucks and Brown's mule couldn't swerve him. Then there showed up the stubborn will of him. Whistle or word or gesture? What about 'em if a fellow's nose said birds? And what a nose! Full-surging galloper one second, image the next, with the game maybe two hundred yards upwind. The utter confidence! A thing to warm the last drop of blood in your frozen finger tips. One hundred and ninety of that two hundred yards at a trot. The last ten at a walk. Drawing, they name it—short for drawing up. When Don, with a fine disregard for orders, drew on game old dog men swore at one another happily. A sight to fill the eye; the superb galloping sinews sliding, visible, under their smooth, thin jacket; the sudden easing of the mountain-torrent leap of them to the steady flow of trot and cautious walk; their sudden turning solid.

"Point judges!"

(Continued on Page 49)

AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST just completed by one of America's great scientists

Ideal health maintained on diet with Fleischmann's Yeast

White rats chosen because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man

ACTUAL feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women—1 out of every 5 you meet—who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

Immediately recovered on fresh yeast

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to the white rats' diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet and capsule form, as well as with other yeast products now on the market.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and in size.

Findings on white rats hold good for people—our health and strength depend on what we eat

In scientific research white rats are chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

Many of the meals that we eat every day lack this necessary vitamin. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance to disease. Digestive troubles, the constant need for laxatives, and lack of energy are the first symptoms. Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of old age diseases.

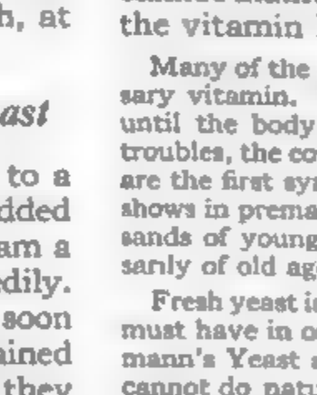
Fresh yeast is a food which supplies the vitamin which we must have in order to preserve vigor and health. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is doing for people what medicine cannot do naturally or permanently—keeping them vigorously healthy, protecting them from unnecessary disease and premature old age.

Men and women subjects fed especially selected meals—yet no need for laxatives

A nourishing but very concentrated diet was given to men and women subjects who underwent a feeding experiment to observe the value of yeast in replacing laxatives. They ate eggs, milk and cheese, all foods the opposite of laxative in effect. The only corrective food they had was Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily. In the period of one month during which this diet was maintained, none of the subjects showed any need for laxatives. When they ate this diet without Fleischmann's Yeast all the subjects immediately felt the need of laxatives.

Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet. Eat 2 or 3 cakes daily before or between meals. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.*

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 605, 701 Washington St., New York.



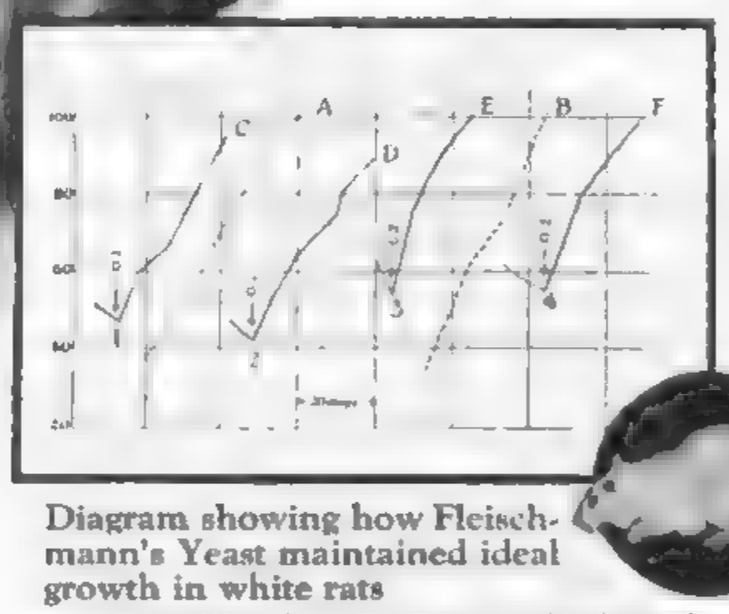


Diagram showing how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats

Dotted lines A and B—Represent ideal growth.

1, 2, 3 and 4—The low points which white rats reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of Fleischmann's Yeast began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-C, 2-D, 3-E and 4-F—Show the growth of white rats after being fed .2 gram Fleischmann's Yeast. Note that they follow closely the dotted lines A and B which represent the ideal growth of white rats.

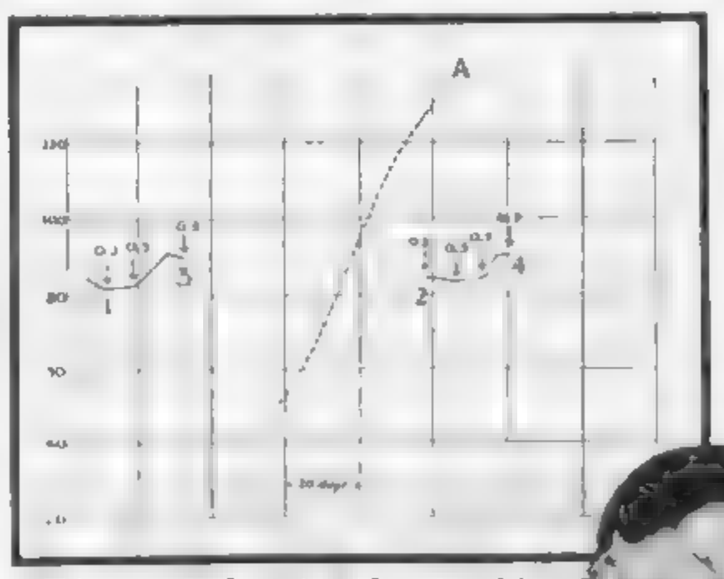


Diagram showing how tablet preparations failed to bring health

Dotted line A—Represents ideal growth.

1 and 2—Low points reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of tablet preparations began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-3 and 2-4—Show subnormal condition of white rats though being fed 2½ and 3½ times the normal dose. Note how they fail to follow the dotted line A which represents the ideal growth of white rats.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine

Real Fuel Economy

Real fuel economy, with comfort, comes only with a well designed heater, exactly suited to requirements as to type and size and then it must be properly installed. The best designed heater in the world will be wasteful if unsuited to conditions or if improperly installed. No poor or cheap heater can provide the same economy no matter how well installed.

That is one reason why we make only high grade heaters, scientifically designed for fuel economy, durability and efficiency. We make *all* standard types in a wide range of sizes to be able to suit practically every known set of conditions. We have a reputation of over 75 years to protect and will not risk it for *a sale*, or by making claims without knowing all the facts.

To be certain of real fuel economy, first send for our catalog. With the catalog we send a simple chart and a question blank. These when returned enable us to give free, reliable and unprejudiced advice concerning the most economical heater suiting your needs. Write Dept. A.

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INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY

UTICA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 46)

There he is! Eagerness, poise, confidence, beauty, perfection. Danny walks up. The tall weeds rattle at the handler's step. The gallery is open-mouthed, awaiting the low premonitory cluck, cluck, cluck and burst of whirring wings. Dan kicks the clump of chaparral that Don is holding, and sweet Saint Peter be our aid in time of trouble—Rabbits!

Judges and fellow men, the stuff is off. El Paso Don has called it a day on birds, and giving tongue like a muley cow he has taken Mister Bunny out of sight over the far horizon on his last long race. Some time El Paso Don will come back to get his tanning; some time about nightfall, with fur in his eyeteeth. But as far as this particular heat is concerned, the stuff, as has been stated, is all off.

There are times when a dog has got to be punished so that he's hurt—not injured, hurt—the amount of chastising to be gauged very carefully to the dog's ability to absorb it. El Paso Don's capacity in that particular was unlimited, and Dan let him have it. Dan paddled him till the dog whip frayed. Dan hunted him on a long check cord, and when a jack jumped out let the pup go wildly to the end of the rope, and then with a warning "Hi!" brought him up time and again in a somersault that would have broken a less sturdy dog in half. Dan had knocked over dozens of rabbits in front of the pup and had hammered him with the dead animals until the dog was red from ears to tail and there wasn't left a whole bone in the carcass. Dan had tied pair after pair of dead cottontails about the pointer's neck and left them there till the dog worried himself to bones trying to get them off, and until Don's presence would have made you swear that the Bolshevik army was close at hand.

Dan had even tried shooting the dog instead of the bunny when Don hopped to a fur chase. But all Dan got out of that was the job of picking bird shot out of the pointer's rump.

To use Dan's own words, he abused that puppy something heinous, which was Dan's way of saying that the next step in his effort to break that dog would really be abuse; some punishment—and Dan knew all the dog butcher's methods—that would do the trick all right but might break his body or his spirit; which was equivalent to saying that Dan was ready to quit. Dan Thorplay would a thousand times over rather see a dog with a fault or two and a high courage and gay hunting spirit than a faultless dog, cringing and lacking all initiative, looking always to his handler for instructions. And besides, Dan Thorplay still has his first dog to abuse.

Dan sat his horse and sprayed strong language all over that long neck of land down which the pointer dog had disappeared. Dan's heart was sick. The Southwest trials a week away; a winner in his very hands, and that winner a rabbit runner beyond all human hope of breaking. A pointer puppy out of old Doctor's Girl. Doc Holden's pointer dog. Doc Holden's daughter's pointer dog. Dan took a breath. By the great nine-finned buck shad, he wouldn't quit until the very day of the trial. There surely must be some way; and Dan headed his pony down the long peninsula in the direction Don had taken his rabbit.

There was a way. There generally is. Stick with 'im, Dan.

Back in the mainland, just where the long peninsula starts, there stood a prairie farmer's rambling group of buildings. The farmer had a boy—a more or less regular boy, who, early on this particular morning, had set out into the long dry grass with a double rabbit trap. Down the peninsula half a mile, at a likely spot, the boy sprung apart the two little pairs of jaws, which were fastened to the opposite ends of a three-foot length of light chain, put a tempting carrot in each trap, drove a thin stake in the ground, looped a half hitch in the middle of the chain and, dropping the circle over the top of the stake, departed on other business, visions of rabbit pie cheering his daily chores.

A few hours later, Long Ears, smelling the carrot, took a chance, with the result that one pair of light steel jaws snapped together on his outstretched neck, bringing a promising young career to an untimely but merciful end. Then the wind changed, and with the shifting of the breeze the farmer boy's daddy steps into this narrative for a second and sets fire to the dry grass on the gulf side of his place, so that the conflagration may carry down that long, uninhabited peninsula to the inlet, and there die out, freeing his house and barn from a menace that had worried him through a long spell of steady sea winds.

Dan Thorplay saw the fire coming. There were two things to do: Ride his horse out into the bay or make back fire. Dan thought of the many little living things that would be caught between those two fires and his face grew very thoughtful. But there was the chance of miring his pony in the treacherous shore mud. Dan scratched his head; then had another thought, swung down, scratched a match and touched off the grass; and then walked slowly along, carefully tramping out the little flames which tried to travel down the peninsula with the wind. Don was down there on the point some place.

Only Don wasn't. Don had long since nabbed his game; but bird work being over for the day he had long since, ranging silently, passed within a stone's throw of Dan, and, hidden by the long buffalo grass, gone his way up toward the mainland in search of new bunny worlds to conquer. As he approached the mainland end of the peninsula a peculiar and alarming odor met him. He put up his head and tested the wind. Something was not quite right. Uneasiness stirred the pointer's heart. He stood in indecision and looked back toward the place where he had seen Dan Thorplay last. The bitter taint in the air grew stronger. Better to go right back to that stern but kindly man and get that tanning over. That man would know what to do about this menacing smell at any rate. A splendid fellow to go to when a dog was in trouble; Don had found that out. So he turned about and started. But as he took his first step another scent, delicious, irresistible, blotting out the message of danger carried by that other odor, turned him solid. Not quite the thing that started in his heart that lust for the chase that no punishment had as yet been able to quell. Here was only the joy of eating warm meat from which the life had only lately gone, for Don's nose told him that this particular rabbit was dead—a matter for investigation anyhow. So without further caution Don broke his point and stepped boldly into the clump of wild grass from which that scent came pouring, as visible to his nose as smoke from a smudge fire would be to human eyes. Snap!

A grass fire burning into the wind and one carried before it are two different things. The former travels slowly along, going from blade to blade in a quiet and orderly progression. Depending upon the violence of the wind, a man or horse might walk through it unharmed. But the devil that capers his *danse macabre* at the head of the wind is a devourer. Man and beast throw off incumbrances and flee. Gopher and snake, bunny and coyote, grouse and hawk, forgetting which is food and which is feeder, join in a wild and desperate torrent of flight, and when fire and back fire meet, it often happens that only those creatures that have wings escape.

Don had 'em. No condor ever had anything on Don when it came to wings. Pegasus was a selling plater compared with that pointer dog as he came down the old home stretch with that wind-blown fire scorching his tail. Snapped fast to his right forepaw was a rabbit trap, and fast to that, by a light three-foot chain, was another trap, and in that a stone-dead bunny that leaped at Don's side in unbeatable bounds; that jumped on Don's back with a clatter of jingling chain and the bruise of tempered steel; that flung itself under Don's flying feet, tripping him up and throwing him sprawling time and again so that the snarling fire fiend in his rear gained on the frantic dog until he felt the devil's breath on his very rump. Pain as of hell racked and tore at the trapped forefoot at every leap; but Don stuck to his knitting and laid himself out with a will that soon wore off the last tuft of fur from the dead bunny's hide; and he hesitated not in thought or deed when the back fire crept up to head him off. Mouth tilted high to the smoky and merciless sky above him, yelling his terror at the menace of fiery dissolution, Don set all his canvas before the gale and tore straight into the lesser fire to escape the goblin who held that pan of red coals under his tail. Hot cinders ate through the thick pads of his paws and burned them raw. That leaping, clanking fiend at his side jumped under his feet again and threw him, delicate nose first, into the embers of the still-glowing grass. The hair

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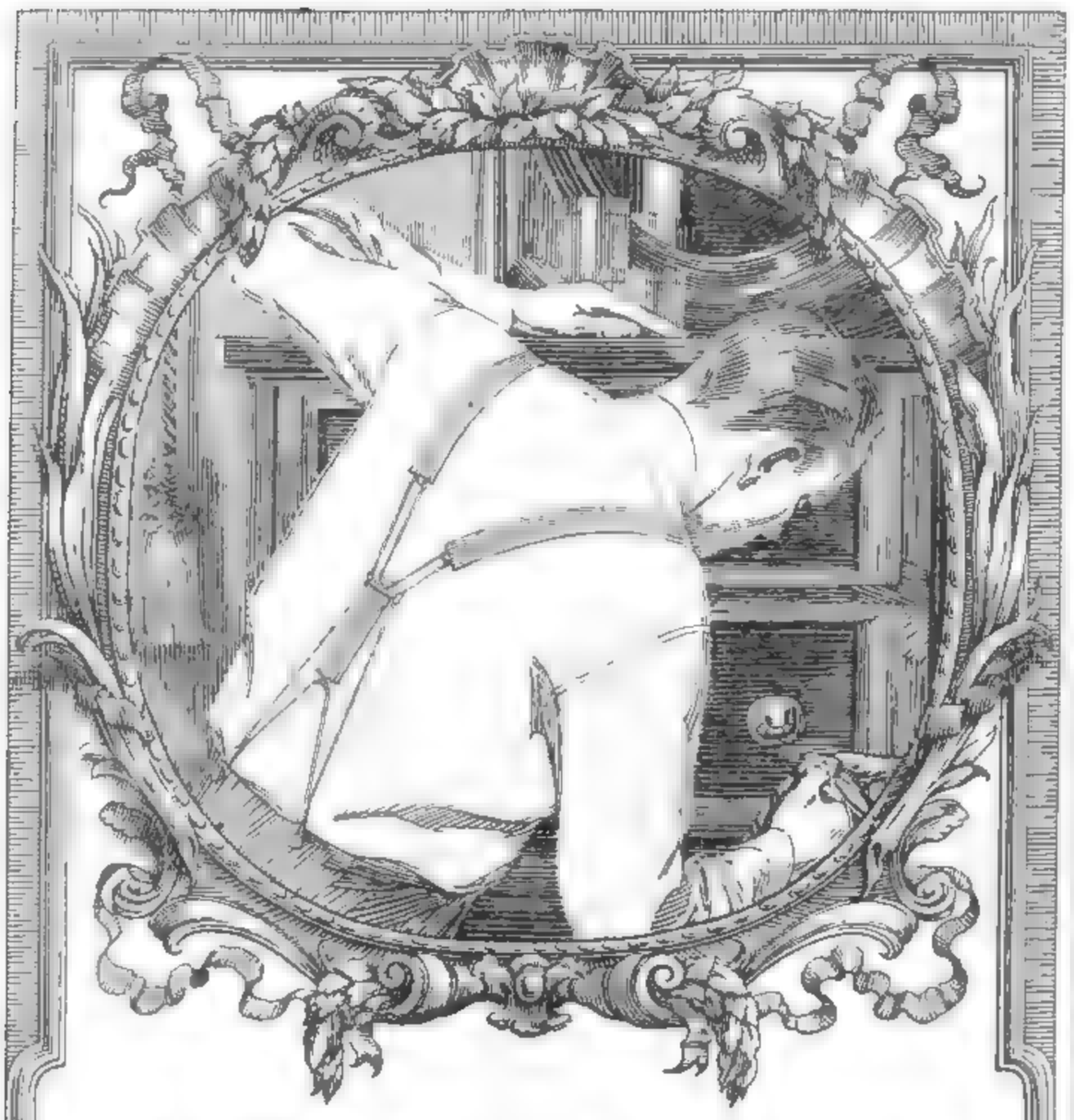

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on his thin silk jacket smoldered and smoked; but that only made him open his throttle wider, and leaping up he passed Dan Thorplay, going a hundred miles an hour and hallooing bloody murder at every jump, no more coat on his sides than a Mexican hairless dog, the very old sizzling devil from hell himself behind him and ahead of him and on top of him and under him; a devil that tore at one chewed forefoot with the pitchfork of the damned; that leaped on him and pounded him wild with hammers of steel; that tangled his tottering legs with chains of purgatory and flung him down time and again and time and again, jarred and suffocated and frenziedly struggling on to the grilling earth. A hobgoblin from the very bottom of bottomless Sheol, in the shape of one of that fiendish race of ravening quadrupeds that are known to the world as rabbits!

Riding breeches are—or is, as the case may be—the one rigid and inflexible stipulation that the Southwest trials impose upon mere femininity if it attempts to intrude upon these masculine ceremonies, although on second thought it might be difficult to name a gathering of men that would class Madge Holden as an intrusion. Looking at Madge, you thought at once of the 1922 models, which are said to embody features superior to anything that has previously been turned out. Very attractive color scheme, sleekest upholstery you ever saw, sport model, racing chassis, stream lines. Gosh! What to do? Curse out those trim tan riding boots for hiding such a pair of ankles or bless them for revealing that glimpse of dizzying knee curves between their tops and the point where those humdingerous breeches started to swing to a half-hiding, half-revealing fullness? A long-skirted riding coat fitted her slender body to the point where men can be no longer held responsible. And she didn't wear a dinny—not by a jugful of what you would most desire to have the jug full of, she didn't wear no whamdasted fried egg of a stiff riding hat, not in this little literary misfit. She wore a jockey cap, if you want to know it. And if you ever saw hazel eyes with lovely unplucked brows, and a nose too thoroughbred to be stub and too curly—if you know what I mean—to be snobbish, and a scarlet mouth, and so forth and so on, peeping out from under the jaunty peak of a jockey cap; and a swirl of cropped hair with the sheen and color of chestnuts in a newly opened bur spraying thickly out from under its edges, you'll excuse the present detour. Sometimes the scenery off to the left looks so blamed good that you just can't keep the old peanut roaster on the main road.

Dog men looked at Madge Holden and forgot to talk dog, and to set forth a higher encomium than that a man would have to be considerable encomer.

Shirleigh Welles, whom, like the poor, we have always with us, looked at Madge and swore by every dollar in the family coffers that that delicious morsel should be his.

Dan Thorplay looked at her and took a reverent breath, and for the first time in his life realized what his dad had been getting at when he hammered into Dan from boyhood up the fact that the wild oat is a nauseating and unnecessary weed without a drop of fighting sap in it from its slime-covered roots to its rancid and sickly flower.

El Paso Don looked at his mistress and said to himself that no gauze-bandaged, canvas-booted, strangely lifeless right forefoot would keep him from finding every blasted feather in southwestern U. S. A. if that thing had to be done to win for her. And as he looked up at her, trembling with eagerness to be sent out, the head judge spoke:

"Next brace El Paso Don and Morning Star. Gentlemen, put down your animals. Ready? Let's see 'em!"

And undaunted by the endless prairie land before them, the two young derbies swung up into the wind like all-age veterans and tore out to cover it.

For an hour those two pups fought it out, back and forth in long zigzags across the course of the judges and handlers and the mounted gallery. An hour of dashing casts, half mile to right and back, half mile to left and back. An hour of top-speed galloping, of sudden stands, of instantaneous backs, of brainy obedience to whistle and gesture; an hour of bird work so uncanny that old circuit trailers gasped and pinched themselves to make sure that it wasn't an all-age running they were looking at instead of a derby race—a match for less-than-two-year-olds.

The bandage on Don's maimed foot grew red. Men wondered why, doglike, he didn't sit down and tear that hindering boot to pieces. Men didn't know that Dan Thorplay had sat up with the dog the whole of the previous night to prevent that very thing, soaking that unhealed foot, from which so short a time ago he had amputated two smashed toes, with a weak cocaine solution until at last Don had no feeling in the paw at all.

So, with his bandage dripping red, Don kept at it, trying his mightiest to run past that red wraith ahead, but failing because of a cursed wooden stump of a leg that somehow would not take perfectly the calls for speed that his will sent down to it. But for his marvelous nose he would have lost the heat. But many a time, ten yards behind the Irish setter, he would flash to a stand a tenth of a second before she did as the scent of game told his wizard nostrils the story that she also caught a fractional second late. And once or twice, in her twin-six going across the wind, her speed carried her clean past a spot where Don, a jump or two behind, pulled up short, let the Irish lady run, whirled, drew trotting up the breeze, walked, froze and nailed the game she had missed.

"Take up your livestock, gentlemen!"

An hour? Sure, an hour!

"The next brace ——"

But Dan Thorplay never heard their names. He flung an arm about his bloody-footed pup and loped for the dog wagon. With hasty knife he slit off the foul bandage. Madge Holden gave a little cry and turned glistening eyes to her father.

"Thank heaven, dad, it's over!"

"I only wish it were!" the handler muttered, and, soaking his cotton wad in the cocaine, again applied it to the pitiful foot. Don whimpered.

"I saw my dog, Brass Knuckles, have his leg crunched clear off by Mike Mullany's bitch, Death Grip, in the pit one night, but I've yet to hear my first whimper come off of the tan-bark!"

Madge Holden's breast leaped with a sharp intake of breath as she shuddered back against her father's side.

Dan Thorplay whirled about, handing a mangled paw and a dripping cotton wad to Doc.

"Listen, Apollo Belvedere!" snapped the handler, shooting a quick glance of appraisal over the broad, immaculate young giant who had just finished speaking. "Unless you want the fun of licking a man who's giving you seventy-five pounds, ring side, don't make another crack like that. That kind of stuff is fit for bar talk, not for ladies. And besides, that pointer dog isn't squealing. He just heard the judge say 'Let go!' and he weeps because he can't go along and hunt that leg off up to the elbow."

Mr. Welles, assuming his most contumelious air, stared past Dan Thorplay as though that gentleman did not exist. Dan's face grew hot. He walked up to Mr. Welles until his chest was brushing against the middle buttons of Shirleigh's waistcoat.

"Hey, Tarzan of the Apes," Dan called up, "look down here before I kick you in the shins!"

At this threat to his dignity Shirleigh glanced downward in great surprise at finding himself addressed by one to whom he had not yet been properly introduced.

"Maybe you can get away with this supercilious-nabob stuff back home in little old New York," Dan told him, "but out here there are ways to insult a man without knocking him down or saying that his dog lacks guts; so if you don't quit looking past me like you were wearing a piece of Limburger cheese for a scarfpin you're likely to turn this dog race into a man race, with me in the lead. But I'm telling you now, you'll never catch me, for I'll be running on the bare ground, and you'll be running through spit-out teeth up to your knees!"

Shirleigh glared over his barrel chest at Dan, and turning contemptuously on his heel walked over to the little car where Morning Star, wrapped in a light blanket, lay snuggled on the lap of her lanky red-cheek-boned handler.

When Shirleigh Welles desired to humiliate someone his first care was to rally a good old gang of the family dollars about him. With these to back him he had wrought the discomfiture of many a better

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

man than himself, and along these lines of attack he proceeded now. Shirleigh had a scheme. The old hatrack was functioning. Money and brains; great combination.

"I shoot over Irish setters," said Shirleigh to the lanky man, "and I know that their wonderful work to the gun has kept them with the hunters; but I was always sure that the Irishmen could put it across at the races if a good trial man took hold of them. I want to congratulate you."

Undreamed-of diplomacy. Shirleigh's cylinder block was hitting on six all right. Such a start properly followed, and the lanky man was his friend for life.

"What's her breeding?" asked Shirleigh next.

Mr. Welles was inspired, absolutely. There followed a flow of pedigree talk for half an hour that meant as much to Welles as that much Choctaw; but he let the man rave back generation after generation, as dog men will, until he had crossed the sea and was prowling about in pagan Ireland for this Star dog's first forbears. But at last he made the mental round trip, landing in southwestern U. S. A., and when he came up for air Mr. Welles played the next card in the game.

"What's the chance that the judges will want to see your bitch and the pointer again?"

"Hundred-to-one shot," the setter man came back decisively. "That heat was easy the class race of the morning, and a dead heat if ever I saw one."

Things were working out—a chance to beat this fellow Thorplay at his own game. He would tell Shirleigh Welles what was proper and what improper talk before a lady? Shirleigh took the plunge.

"I could put unlimited cash into a venture to put Irish setters into the field trials, and I'd like to do it. They tell me this little bitch is yours. How much would she set me back if I wanted to start such a venture with her to head my kennels?"

Did that lanky boy fall? With a life's ambition within his grasp? You inform 'em!

"By the way," said Shirleigh, putting the cap back on his fountain pen, "I've heard a lot of whispered talk in the gallery about rabbits to-day. Is it true that the pointer isn't fur proof?"

A chuckle.

"Fur proof? Say, listen, Mr. Welles! I've been praying for rabbits all morning. The devil knows where the jacks are keeping themselves. Another day and they'd be bouncing about all over the place. I've been down on my knees for one—just one. Gimme that, O Lord, and I see the end of a perfect day, with that pointer's tail a-waving us all good-by as he and his friend head for the border. Fur proof?" And he fairly glowed with hope.

His new employer nodded wisely once or twice, and leaving him glowing went over to a long, low, scarlet roadster, and smiling like a cat on a robin's trail kicked her off, swapped ends and stormed away in the direction of the headquarters town a few miles back.

Billy Rees was talking: than whom, when it comes to sportsmanship, squareness, loving dogs and judging field trials, there is no than-whomer gentleman in America. When Billy Rees addressed a field-trial crowd he always started off with the word "gentlemen." Billy had explained one time that there was no risk of a mistake in using the word at such gatherings. To make use of his own very expressive adverb, a person who unsloppily loved a dog couldn't possibly fail in gentleness, no matter how much man he happened to be.

"Gentlemen," said Billy Rees, "and I think that title may, without offense to anyone, be made to include Miss Holden, there will be one second-series race to-day. The judges agree that the first running of El Paso Don and Morning Star was tie, and would like to see those pups again."

The two dogs were brought forward, both straining eagerly; Morning Star's glorious red coat gleaming like a meteor; Don limping ever so little from the tightness of his new bandages.

"Gentlemen," said Billy Rees, "I look for history. Put down your bird dogs. Are you ready?"

"Not quite." There was menace in the words; menace in the smooth, suave, domineering voice that spoke them. Something warned that Billy Rees was right. Dog history was in the making. "Is there not a rule," the arrogant voice went on, "against the use of stimulants or sedatives of any kind to dope a dog at trials?"

Rees nodded, a frowning comprehension dawning back of his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"I'll ask you to examine the pointer's bandages then."

Dan Thorplay doubled up a fist and looked about for someone that would hold his pointer's leash. But the judge glanced his way and held up a quieting hand. Light of suppressed anger shone through the steel rings as Billy turned his headlights on the speaker.

"All the judges knew that the dog's foot was doped when he finished the first heat with his boot still on," said Rees to Shirleigh quietly.

"Is there some good reason, then, for discriminating in favor of the pointer?" asked Welles insolently.

"It happens," answered Billy Rees, his whole countenance now dark with the effort to control his temper, "that we have asked the setter's owner if he objects to the cocaine on the pointer's bandage."

"Perhaps you have asked the setter's handler," spoke up Welles, playing his trump card with unbearable loftiness, "but you haven't asked her owner."

"Oh, yes, you have, judge!" came a voice with such a puncturing emphasis that Shirleigh's inflated chest fell like the crop of a pouter pigeon; and Andy MacAndrews pulled Morning Star over toward the judge, extracting a narrow slip of paper from his shirt pocket as he came.

"Sometimes," quoth Andy, "a check makes a mighty bum receipt, especially when one party to a transaction takes special precautions that there are no witnesses about." The sandy-haired man had been tearing up the slip of paper as he spoke. With a flip of his hand he tossed a little snowstorm into the air. "This setter is my dog," he added, "and I'd like to see anything from six feet one on up try to get her away from me. The pointer runs as is."

"Judge," said Dan Thorplay, "I'd like to bandage dry. Can you hold this heat up for five minutes?"

Billy Rees stared at Dan a moment. Then he smiled his famous smile and put a hand on Dan's shoulder.

"There's only one kind of animal I like better than a fighting fool of a dog, and that's a fighting fool of a man. I'd hold this heat up five minutes or five hours for either one. But when that foot hurts, Dan, he's going to tear that bandage off, and you know what that means."

"We'll take a chance," Dan made answer. "Got to. There's a pit-dog murderer here to-day who thinks that this Don pup won't run if his foot starts to hurt, when I know that the only way to keep that animal from hunting birds is to lock his nose up in a safe-deposit vault. If pointer dogs are yellow, then pointer men are yellow—and pointer women. For the sake of bird dogs and bird-dog folks I'd like to bandage dry."

Dan looked at Dr. Amos Holden, who moved his head ever so slightly. Dan knelt beside El Paso Don and took the dog's right paw on his thigh. Then as he reached for his pocketknife he turned his eyes inquiringly to the girl at Holden's side. Impulsively she stepped toward the two, and sinking to a crouch flung a swift arm about the pointer's neck.

"We bandage dry," she said.

The day had passed its height only a little while before. The air was still and hot. The sun beat. Birds were still. Scent poor. Fortune had set in hard against the pointer, for the prairie that had teemed with chicken but a few hours before, now seemed tenantless. Search as they might, the two dogs did not make a find during the first half hour. Dan Thorplay cursed. Speed, speed, speed! That was the thing that was going to win this race. Cover the ground! Eat up the country! Go! Not a feather to stop that endless galloping; and the red dog always a bit ahead, and during the last few minutes steadily gaining. At last, with the setter leading by a dozen leaps, the pointer seemed to lose heart. He slowed up, trotted for a little with a decided limp, sat down. The judges looked at each other. The reluctant shaking of their heads as they talked quietly together said plainer than any words that a longer running seemed both unnecessary and cruel. Dan Thorplay drew a tired breath. Shirleigh Welles, deep in his scarlet roadster, roared his idling motor insolently. The superior

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© Nothing Else is Like it

disdain on his classic features was not half so maddening as that preliminary, mocking, cut-out laughter. For him the race was over. Bird-dog courage? Even the burly power-proud engine up ahead of him shouted unmuffled and contemptuous glee; and Shirleigh started to twist his steering wheel, about to shake from his tires the dust of such a pitiful exhibition of pluck.

And then on a sudden the unsportsmanlike ho-ho-ing of that big bully of an engine was drowned out and cut short by the yell that tore up out of Dan Thorplay's exultant throat, for with one single mighty yank of his long fangs El Paso Don had ripped that crippling canvas boot apart. Another slash or two and the air was filled with bloody lint. That foot had started to hurt. The effects of that long doping had started to wear away. Off she came! Of course it hurt. What of it? At least a dog now knew that he had a foot at the end of that long-time numb right foreleg. At least that foot was free. Don rose. Don shook himself as though just landing from a far, hard swim. The muscles rippled under his thin coat, each hard-trained thew in view. Speed, eh?

Dogs for uncounted years have carried the name of Don. Mutts have borne it. Mongrels innumerable have sported it. Bulldog and mastiff; Scotty and sealyham; collie and black and tan have claimed it. But it's a pointer name. Don! Master, nobleman, aristocrat in the richest value of the word; no title but for the strongest and the finest; a name honored by many a modern pointer dog's ancestors, the staid and staunch and dignified old *punteros* that stood their birds long centuries ago for their masters of that day, the proud young Dons of ancient Spain.

At last that cursed ribbon of rags that kept a fellow's pastern sinews stiff and inflexible was off. Don looked about. Far out to the left he saw Star ranging at her endless gallop, endlessly searching for those devilish birds. The red lady was right. There were birds somewhere. Carry your nose on wide enough range, cover the country. Sooner or later that nose will spot 'em. Well, let's go! And Don, free of that crippling bandage, gathered together his long clean thews, gave one deep bark of delight, made a great leap and was off.

Far off to the south the setter swung about to her handler's whistle, but to the wonder of the gallery Don did not turn when she came sailing past. Don finished his cast. Don did not trust that setter's nose, and with the mighty desire within his heart to turn and race her Don answered the mightier desire to do a good and honest piece of work, and he went on, searching the ground that the setter had just hunted, until Dan Thorplay's whistle turned him also. And then El Paso Don, the son of Doctor's Girl, laid his chest to the ground, called for the mighty heart that hammered inside his ribs to stick and shook loose the last links of his going. Old dog men, watching, tried to talk to each other about this thing that they saw before them, but finding they couldn't, pounded each other on the back.

Stiff-necked Shirleigh, austere Shirleigh, self-engrossed Shirleigh, deep in his scarlet roadster, missed it all, of course. The only thing he saw, to his chagrin, was a bloody-footed dog pulling up jump by jump on a red streak just ahead, running that red streak nose and nose, and at last, to the yell of a crazy gallery, leaping into the lead. Shirleigh missed, as the self-centered always miss, the thing that counts, the beautiful thing, the very thing in fact that Shirleigh claimed to be looking for; that undefeatable something that beats in the hearts of champions, two legged and four; the nerve to play, come suffering or whatever, the final card; to do, come hell or high water, that very last heartbreaking level damnedest than which no golden-haloed angel in heaven can do more.

Heels, eh? All right then, heels it is! Range—killing range! Wide birdless cast after wide birdless cast! The two dogs' tongues hung out. No pause for water. By theory the pointer should have reaped an advantage there long before this. By theory the long-haired setter should have felt that scorching sun and stopped for a drink long since. But dogs like Morning Star follow no theories. Dogs like Morning Star hunt birds, and hunt and hunt, and the devil fly away with theories. So it was that El Paso found no help in theories that day. The only help for El Paso Don lay in El Paso Don, and the fates were against him. His marvelous nose gave him no aid in this bird-barren land. Even his bird-wise brain stood him in no stead whatever. Your help, El Paso Don, lies in your mighty muscles and in the stout pointer heart that hammers within you. And dog men, watching him—watching the thing that Welles was missing, quit thumping each other on the back and stood in silence; a silence broken only by their own loud breathing.

Dog men know that the endurance runners take their propulsion from the shoulder; that for the long galloping of a bird-finding race no dog is built to stand the shock of body weight that back-leg springing hurls down upon shoulders and pasterns. The greyhound, with his form pared down to gauntness, mere lungs and a heart on mightily muscled legs, the last ounce of excess weight bred off his body by centuries of selection, is made to stand the terrific speed shocks of back-leg springing that is necessary for the pursuer of game by eye; for the long-sustained sprint with which the sight hunter must get his quarry. But the scent hunter, with his staying gallop, leaps from the shoulder, with his back legs picked up beneath him except when put down to carry his hind parts along. The hind leg spring is only for leaping obstacles, or for maximum speed in the sprint. And yet for a full and punishing half hour old bird men watched with deep-breathing lungs and fast-beating hearts as El Paso Don hurled the weight of his big body mercilessly down onto that mangled forefoot with the cruel sprinting gallop that he found must be used to put him on the outside of Morning Star and keep him there.

No birds? Birds, curse their wily little hearts, were somewhere! And birds he would dig up out of that prairie, and dig them up ahead of that setter girl if it took him to Mexico. That bandage was gone. Now a fellow could run. Now a fellow knew that he had a foot, even though every time he put it down he had the bad luck to land it on a long, sharp, white-hot pitchfork tine.

At least that right foreleg ended no longer in lifeless nothingness in which a dog could place no confidence whatever. No longer need a fellow hesitate to fling his weight forward, white-hot pitchfork tines or not, for at least a flesh-and-blood paw was there to take the shock. And so for a little while, a tortured but glorious little while, that pointer pup kept on the outside of that merciless, birdless running.

But larger and larger blood daubs were marking his every leap, and the liver-spotted white of his right side changed color as though some thick, dripping brush had splashed him over with bright vermilion.

"See that dog race?" asked Doc Holden. His voice was the least bit tense as he leaned across the door of the scarlet roadster and asked the question. "There's a pointer dog on a job of work out there. He's only a pup, and he's not having any fun. See that low tail? The sport has long since gone out of that pointer's hunting. He's a sick pointer dog. Torture has hold of him. Hell pains shoot from that foot all over his body at every jump. But watch when that setter pulls out ahead of him. There! See his big thighs smashing his body down onto that messed-up foot. There's a dog in travail, Welles. But there's birds out there somewhere, and that pointer dog's going to find them; mind what I tell you, Welles. That's his job. That's his work. I don't believe you know what you're watching, Welles; but take a good look. It's courage!"

But now a presence other than torture took hold of El Paso Don; a thing with sagging rags for sinews and ropes for bones and leaden weights for feet; a grim and ghastly specter that came up with him and looked with pouched and sallow-ringed eyes into his own and laid thin, listless hands upon him. Don leaped with fright. Don feared this slack-kneed, tottering, vermin-crusted thing. It wasn't death. Don hated death; would fight it savagely to the last breath and heartbeat when it came. But he wasn't afraid of it. Don was a pointer dog. This thing was fatigue. Don had never known it before. Weariness to the point of agony he had known; but weariness a dog could fling off by a great trying; and fling off again and again and again. But leap as he might, spring as he would, Don could not tear free of the clutch of those listless, sticky, down-bearing, persistent hands.

(Continued on Page 56)

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If unable to obtain Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send his name and we will supply you by mail, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz. $1.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.00. GOOD DEALERS WANTED. Write us for information regarding our special agency proposition.

WILFRID L. BOOTH, Elmira, New York

(Continued from Page 54)

Deep in Don's wounded foot a little artery had come open and a tiny fountain spurted in that haggled paw at every pulse. The flood that jumped through Don's elastic veins was ebbing. The canals that carried away the poisons of wear and tear were running low, and instead of being burned up in the keen fire of his lungs venomous toxins now were lying about thick in his sickening body, awaiting removal. Blood was the thing he needed—even a good big squirt of warm salt solution. Something, anything, to pick up and carry to his lungs those clogging motes with which that languid fiend with the sticky hands was choking him. Struggle and gallop, he could not shake off those terrible fingers. Heart thumping bravely with effort to pump that diminishing flow of red life out to the dying tissues, he tried, tried, tried, till the hearts of the judges melted, to catch that red lady who now was hopelessly far in the lead.

"Gentlemen, call in your dogs!"

Two whistles sounded. Two dogs whirled. Two tired puppies, one a-stagger from blood loss, started their race back to their handlers. The lash of losing somehow put a moment of strength into the pointer's legs as the Irish lady passed him on the way in. For a leap or two he kept pace with her. Then with his tongue lolling far, eyes dull, tail limp, but with the good old will to win and the rarer will in this day and generation to do the best day's work within him, driving the blood-spattered, pain-racked body of him to its last game effort, he saw the red girl leave him. One of the scrawny hands that pulled down on his hips reached forward and shut the light out of his eyes. Just as the dimness came he saw the Irish girl a hundred feet ahead rise in the air, and with a grand free leap clear a little drainage hollow close before the judges. There was now no chance to win back to the handlers first. That setter girl was already stretched on soft straw under the soothing hands of those she loved. No chance to win. But by the great god of dogs there was the chance to finish this race like a pointer. So, judging the distance he had to go, with eyes entirely blind with ache and agony, El Paso Don staggered up to the edge of the drainage ditch and flung himself out in the direction of the far bank. Those slimy fingers were still across his eyes. But try as that feeble, clinging fiend might try, those cold dead fingers could reach no farther forward. For of all the processes that spelled life in that once brilliantly living and sparkling body, one would continue to function till the last heart throb died away.

Halfway across the little swale, legs limp and pendulous, head down, tail down, tongue lolling; fainting in very midair, crashing to senselessness into the wet, rank grass, that blind dog saw again; saw twenty times as clearly as ever the eyes of you or me will see a thing this side the grave. From the still air an invisible hand reached out and took El Paso Don by the long, square muzzle; a hand that brushed aside the dreadful fingers of fatigue and snapped the dog about end for end and dropped him onto the swampy bottom of that little swale, quivering, tense, life charged. The long clean neck stretched forward. The great bow of his stifles bent in deep-curved arc, ready for pouncing into that clump of furze over which the fast-going Morning Star had leaped to defeat a second or so before. Needle tail stiffly level, hunting lust bright in those eyes again, actually feeling the air with soft little nostril caresses, Don looked straight through that cover with a vision unknown and mysterious to man, and nailed 'em tight to the mast.

The blood ran off that butchered, upheld foot, not in drops but steadily, in a little stream that spurted at regular intervals like a tiny fountain. A red stain spread in a puddle of water beneath him, and spread and spread. What of it? Don, good old Don, blessed old fire-eating Castilian Don—he had 'em!

The field-trial party rode up to gaze, and a long scarlet roadster rolled to the edge of the swale along with the cavalcade. Dan Thorplay was the only one who saw the shameful thing. Until his dog is taken up a handler is supposed to be a sort of combination Argus and Sherlock Holmes; nothing is supposed to get away from him. Dan Thorplay is a dog handler with a hundred and nine more eyes than the specifications call for. So it happened that while the gallery watched Dan's dog, Dan, out of the corner of one of his extra eyes, saw a door open in the side of that scarlet roadster and caught the flip of a bag.

"Careful!" said Dan.

Under El Paso Don's very nose the cotton ball whisked. The gallery groaned in horror at such an unspeakable piece of misfortune. The gallery knew all about El Paso Don and rabbits. So did Dan Thorplay. But Dan didn't groan. Dan grinned, a merry, gleeful, gloating grin. And Don, the blessed pup, who knew full well that a fiery, clanking, hammering, foot-crunching, scorching devil lived under the deceitful hide of every harmless-looking bunny that infested the earth, stood like a statue and let that tuft of cotton brush his nose. Feathers—feathers, my boy, were Don's vocation; fur his most fascinating aversion.

Old steel-rimmed Billy watched the rabbit out of sight. Then he turned to Dan.

"Mr. Thorplay," he stated, "most of us folks are going to hug this day to our chests when they tuck in our cedar kimonos under our chins for the last long snooze; so we want it finished right. I've got my suspicions that you've got a bird dog down there in that swale. If so, does it so happen, by the grace of God, that you have taught him to flush on order?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan. "He's got it all."

Billy reached out a hand and took a single-barreled shotgun from one of the other judges.

"Show me!" directed Billy.

"Let's see 'em, Don!" said Dan.

El Paso Don, with a single mighty effort, leaped forward and crashed down head-first, limp and helpless into the clump of furze. A mighty old cock got up with a roar of wings and tore off in strong, hard flight, and as he stuck his outstretched head into a handful of spinning bird shot, just as old Steel Specs had planned he should, El Paso Don proved that among his other virtues was staunchness to wing and shot, for without another move, just where he lay, he very quietly slipped out of a world of fatigue and torture and into another delicious one of cool and yielding straw and unbelievably sweet water for his throat and bland ointments for his hell-racked paw, and soft hands and a softer voice, and the gentle splash of feminine tears on that long wonder nose.

"Doc," said Dan Thorplay, "order me lilies of the valley, signifying innocence and purity, and plant me deep where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle whineth for its first-born. As my last act on earth I'm going over there and kiss Ethelbert on the alabaster brow with an overhand right."

Doc Holden put a hand against Dan's chest.

"What's the brilliant thought?" asked Doc. "He's ripe for a butchering all right, but this is a field trial, not an abattoir. You can't go about swinging and jabbing and piling up stiffs like cordwood just because folks don't happen to strike your fancy. Cool off!"

"Cool off my grandmother's black cat's tail!" snapped Dan. "I saw the big he charlotte-russe eater drop that rabbit out of the door of his roadster."

Doc opened his mouth. Then he shut it again till he got control of himself. Then he grinned as one who for many days has quietly bided his time.

"Hurt Shirleigh's pride in his physical strength, and you flay him and sprinkle him well with salt. Leave this to doctor," the elder man advised, and he started over to where that young giant was trying to get Madge Holden to look up from her dog.

"Come now," said Doc, "you'll give me your hand on bird-dog courage after that exhibition, won't you?"

And Shirleigh, hoping that the pretense of being a good loser might help his desperate case with the doctor's daughter, forced a stiff smile and bit—bit hard and hearty, reached out a mighty paw and, all unsuspecting, placed it in the bear trap that Doc was holding out to him.

A minute passed.

"There's a pointer puppy in the wagon there that deserves an apology from you, Shirleigh. Are you man enough to make it?"

Silence.

"Oh, well!" said Doc. And remembering that flash of cotton beneath his half-dead pointer's nose, gave another twist to the wheel of the letter press. Dan Thorplay watched in silence until he saw the blood ooze out from under the polished finger nails.

Then, "Has someone a thirty-eight?" asked Dan.

Somebody, puzzled as to what was in Dan's mind but confident that whatever course Dan pursued with his gun would be an eminently wise one, came forward and proffered his hardware. Dan waved a hand.

"You use it," Dan directed, watching for the tears that presently rolled out upon the aristocratic cheeks. "When Marmaduke the Malted-Milk Hound goes down on a knee you shoot me. I always hankered to die happy!"

The charming lady that Dan Thorplay and Doc Holden watched as she sat tailor fashion on the floor of the dog wagon was a slender lady as well. She was made none the less charming by the fact that a pointer dog was sleeping with his head in her lap—and none the less slender. If she had weighed two ounces less, this lady, she would have been thin. But she wasn't. Five thousand reward to the man who can point out an angle. She was slender, slim—tenuous, maybe—low-curved, slight. Now we've got it.

And the form of her is slight
As the crescent moon at night.

Who painted to order that midsummer night's word picture for Madge Holden anyway?

"What's my chances?"

Dan Thorplay's eyes were wide with the wonder of a world that gives a man the privilege to fight for a thing like that.

"Fine here!"

"But with her—and a million bucks against me?"

"What chance has a golden dollar when it stacks up against that other rare bit of mintage, a solid-gold, scrapping-man's heart? We pause," added Doc, with the normal man's distaste for being caught at oratory, "for a reply."

He didn't get one. His audience in fact seemed much preoccupied.

"Some dogs," stated the audience absently, "have all the luck. And yet he deserves it. That pointer pup certainly did find every last one."

Piqued at this lack of response to his eloquence, our orator frowned in high dudgeon, whatever that is.

"Every last what?" he demanded.

"Prairie chicken," said Dan.

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Thousands of motorists who say "Give me a quart of oil" get mere by-products of gasoline which sometimes cost the dealer as little as 20c a gallon and even less. For this "oil" the motorist pays from 20c to 30c *a quart* (at the rate of 80c to $1.20 a gallon). *Why not?* What else can you expect if you buy so carelessly?

But motorists are waking up to the dangers of "Give me a quart of oil."

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You get oil which practically every experienced dealer and motorist agrees is of the very highest quality. You get oil whose character and body scientifically fit the needs of *your* car. You will rarely find either a dealer or an experienced motorist who does not thoroughly *respect* the Oil, the Chart and the Company which stands back of both.

Gargoyle Mobiloil costs more to produce, and hence may cost you a little more *per gallon* than other oils. But the resulting operating economy far outweighs this slightly higher price.

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Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubricating specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils chosen for their *lubricating* qualities—not for their gasoline content. It is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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Make the Chart your guide. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here send for our booklet "Correct Lubrication." It contains the complete Chart which specifies the correct oil for every make and model.

Warning

DON'T BE MISLED by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Chart of Recommendations

Abbreviated Edition

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
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Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

	1921	1920	1919	1918	1917
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
All Other Models	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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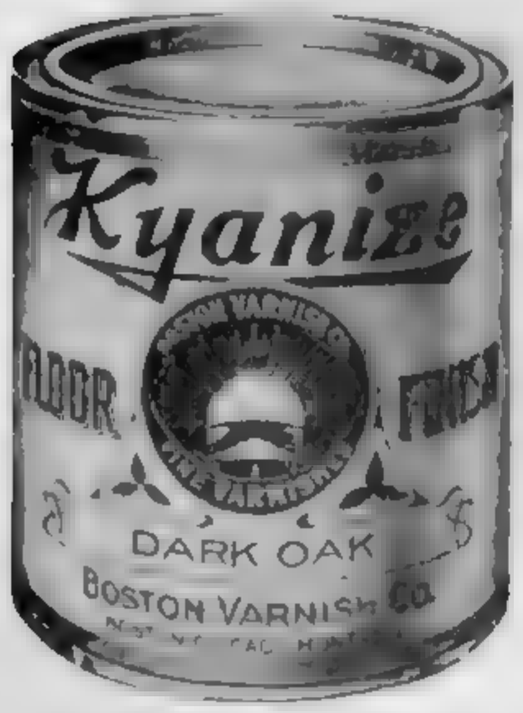

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Kyanize your floors, furniture and woodwork

TO HIM THAT HATH

(Continued from Page 28)

"My commissions? What do you want to know for?"

"I'm just—merely interested. Simply because."

Logan seemed to think that he had cause for anger. "Who started your interest? I bet it was Ackens, of the shipping room; or Frawlway, in the velvets!"

"Nothing of the sort!" The other tried to explain. "Merely I ——"

"Ackens or Frawlway! I know! Getting uneasy about the measly twenty dollars each lent me, and they've sent you to snoop out the chances of getting it back!" Logan took on added anger as he flung out each sentence. "Say, you go back and tell 'em I'll pay my debts, commissions or no commissions! And they don't need to snoop."

"Why, Logan"—feverishly—"I give you my word I haven't spoken to either of those fellows for a full week."

"Keep your word," said Logan angrily. "I know darn well a slow poke like you isn't getting nosey unless you've got some motive. It's none of your or anyone's business what my month's commissions are." He stalked wrathfully away.

Anvell Gregg pondered uncomfortably. Logan had not been a happy choice, it was evident. Perhaps Cannery would be a happier one. Purely as a bit of the self-discipline advised by more than one of the leaflet lessons, he had included his manager in his list of persons.

Again he assumed an alert, interested look—not knowing that across a series of counters Logan was curiously watching him. He did not exactly buttonhole Cannery, but he stood deftly between him and the table of apple blossoms to which the manager was walking, so that the latter either had to pause or leap over his under house salesman.

Afterward Anvell gloomily could not say whether or not Cannery had been a happier choice than Logan. In answer to an interested query on his general health, he grunted, "'S all right. But why in thunder don't some of you fellows push apple blossoms? Instead of velvet dahlias when dahlias are scarce and apple blossoms are shoving the ceiling out of the stockrooms? Tell me!"

Anvell began hurriedly to explain that nearly everyone wanted dahlias and did not care for the other flowers.

"Pah!" said Cannery. "It's a salesman's job to give people what he wants to, not what they want."

Half an hour later a query concerning another's health brought a second repulse. An elderly, plainly dressed retailer said coldly, as she sneezed the second time over a tray of jet ornaments: "Young man, I can't accept your sympathy for my cold, because I have none. Colds are simply a state of mind. They rest upon delusion only." And at her third sneeze, his involuntary stare of surprise annoyed her. She said stiffly that she would wait until her regular salesman, Mr. Himmings, was at leisure to take her order.

Several leaflets of instruction must have had a certain stiffening effect on diffident character. "Third boner," muttered Anvell Gregg. "Never mind. I'll go my limit."

Still, he was somewhat discouraged soon afterward. Kippy, an errand boy, said: "What's it to you?" when kindly asked if he attended night school. While small errand-running Minnie was openly astounded when Anvell inquired what movies she preferred. "What do yuh wanta know for? Free tickets bein' give away?"

It must be admitted that the sixth time that day Anvell Gregg put on an alert, interested-in-other-people expression, he put it on with some difficulty. So that it looked somewhat set or strained—had you good vision. Logan, who happened to see him at the time, stood still to watch him; stared at him again putting a white envelope in his pocket.

But Anvell put the expression on, and gamely made the sixth essay. And if he quailed secretly as mop-haired Mellion himself, like a ship at full sail, bore down an empty aisle toward him, he kept such quailing well under cover.

This time he was saved the necessity of opening conversation. James Mellion went through life on the principle that if a man wasn't a self-starter he was a worn-out cylinder. He himself was a conversation opener—usually to other people's dismay. He accosted Anvell briskly.

"Young man, how are your sales standing this month? Wasn't your name on the list of the ten under grade?"

"I don't know, sir," Anvell answered uncomfortably. "I hope not."

"You 'hope not.' Young man, knowledge moves the world, not hopes. What is the matter with you, if your sales aren't the highest in your department?"

Anvell said somewhat helplessly that business in general was not good. Retailers were overcautious, fearing a post-war slump. At this point Anvell snatched desperately at the double feat of diverting Mellion's displeasure and trying the personality stuff.

"Business in general is terribly poor, is it not, Mr. Mellion? Customers in relays bemoan their uncertainty concerning the future. Money is too tight, isn't it? It would be too bad if a mere temporary stringency of the money market should cause good firms to go to the wall."

But Anvell Gregg paused abruptly in his hurried and uncertain recital of sentences garnered second-hand from other salesmen and from financial columns perused in the L. He had meant nothing offensive. But into old Mellion's baggy eyes had come an angry expression strangely like the one shot by Logan's angry orbs a few hours previous. Anvell knew that somehow he had blundered, somehow angered.

"What's that?" cried his employer with unnecessary heat. "What's this? Is this meant impudently, Gregg? Are you trying to insinuate anything?"

"Not a thing! Indeed not! I assure you."

Mellion brushed aside his denial, and presumably read a hidden meaning in his garrulity—a meaning which must be flung back at once. "If any reports are going round that owing to the money stringency the Mellion millinery establishment is going to the wall, it's a damnable lie!" this hoarsely, with emotion—"a despicable lie! An utterly baseless report! There is no foundation for such a story! And that one of my own employes has the temerity to taunt me ——"

For the second time that day Anvell Gregg backed precipitately into red-faced apology and contrition so evident that he partly effected placation. Mellion calmed a little, and tempered his emotion suddenly as though regretting it lest it might have betrayed facts better masked by cool demeanor. But over his departing shoulder he threw back a disagreeable glance at the young man, and Anvell saw that straightway he sought Cannery for low-toned and frowning colloquy. A sight that boded little good to an under house salesman whose sales were below grade.

Some people at this state might have abandoned the quest for personality and personality's rewards. Anvell Gregg, it must be confessed, had a sickening desire to chuck it. But a latent streak of doggedness had come to the surface of a diffident character. Six boners! Very well, let there be—adhering to original number—eight boners, and then call it a day, and then to the dickens with the Personality People. Some long-buried ancestor of Anvell Gregg's may have been a persistent man, one who issued stubbornly from his cave in a poor hunting land and ventured forth time after time for scarce game. When presently Amanda Sloan, unattended by other salesman, made her way to the cotton-gladioli table, he strode toward her, and framed alert, interested query as he strode:

"Where did you get that remarkable jade chain you wear so often, Miss Sloan? I've often wondered at its beauty ——"

He broke off. There was no reactive interest.

"Why, I got it on State Street for two dollars and forty-nine cents," came the dry and astonished reply. "You must have poor eyes, young man, not to recognize modern junk when you see it." Then she held her capable fifty-year-old head to one side resentfully and flipped a gladiolus back to the box from which she had plucked it. "When I look at this year's cotton flowers and their price, I regret that the boll weevil isn't a more active animal. My order? Why, I've just finished giving it to a salesman."

(Continued on Page 82)

A NEW MULTIGRAPH

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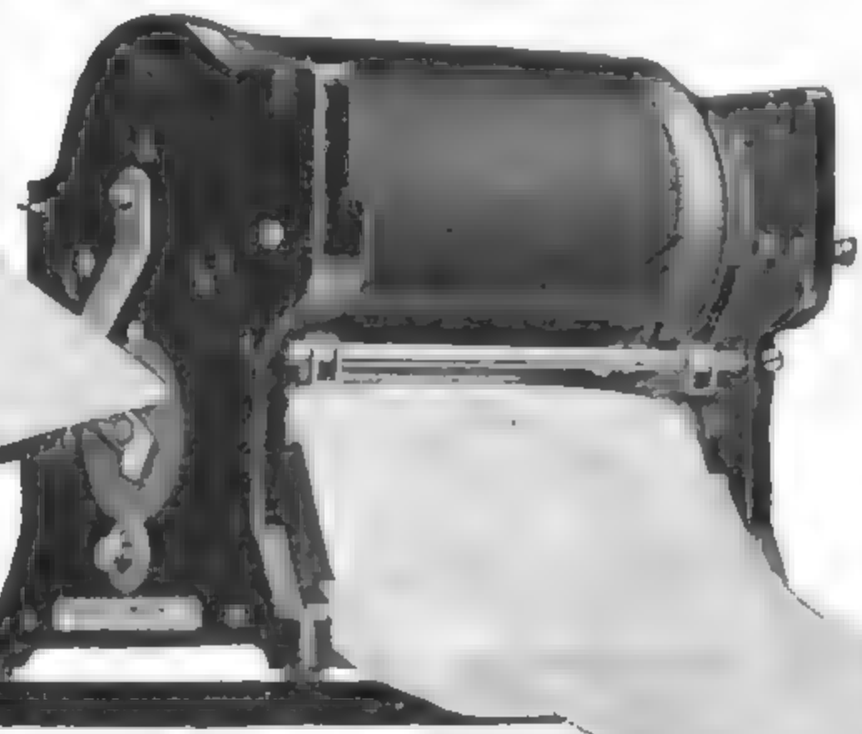

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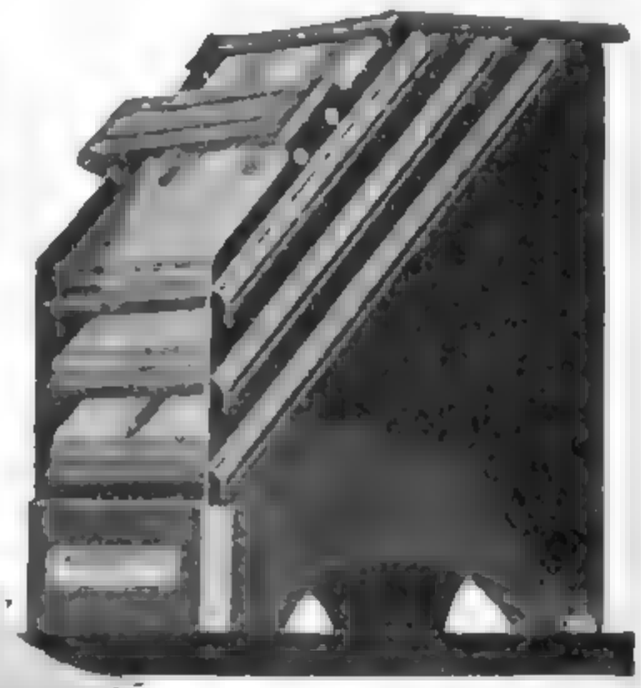

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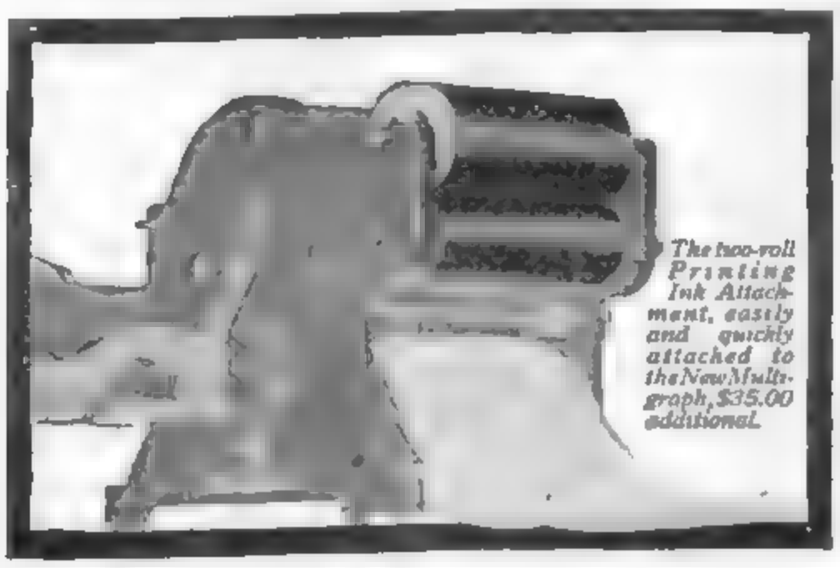

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We should like an opportunity to show you how, in your own business, the New Multigraph will pay for itself *much* "faster than you pay for it."

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Bakers	Druggists	Libraries
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Butchers	General Stores	Packers
Churches	Grocers	Painters
Cigar Dealers	Hotels	Plumbers
Clothiers	Jewelers	Publishers
Clubs	Ice Companies	Schools, etc.

Multigraph Uses

Bulletins	System Forms	Sales Letters
Circulars	Form Letters	Labels
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DO MEN OBSERVE WOMEN'S STOCKINGS?

BY Natalie Norris

EVER SINCE the apple eating episode in the Garden of Eden, dressmakers have been busily designing gowns calculated to find favor in the masculine eye. The male may deny his responsibility, but he is to blame nevertheless. If it were not for his consuming interest in women's clothes we should all adopt the Mother Hubbard, for comfort's sake, and let it go at that.

What has all this to do with the subject of women's stockings? Men have no interest in such intimate articles of Milady's wardrobe. Haven't they, though? Do men really notice women's hosiery? Do they! They simply can't help themselves now that skirts are high. Verily the graceful ankle has come into its own, and most people approve its début heartily.

So, if you want to put your best foot forward, choose your stockings carefully. Fashion, you know, has revised her ideas on the subject. She has come to the conclusion, now that stockings are out in the open, one can do without seams.

I have asked a number of men for their opinions on the subject of seams, and most of them tell me that seams look uncomfortable and that they run crooked.

No matter how careful one may be in her dressing she can never be certain her stocking seam is straight. The wind will whip the skirt and the skirt will pull the seam awry in spite of all we may do to avoid this calamity. And to my way of thinking, a crooked seam is almost as bad as a run.

There was a time, of course, when a seam was necessary to make stockings fit better. But that is no longer true. Burson stockings are knit to fit perfectly without a seam.

Burson Hose are fashioned properly on the loom. They conform perfectly to the graceful lines of the leg and they are ever so much more comfortable to wear because they have no seams to annoy the feet. Women who walk a great deal, or who spend much time standing find Burson stockings so comfortable they never think of buying any other.

Nowadays, to be sure of getting real fashioned stockings, you should buy Burson, because they are fashioned on the loom to fit properly without seams. Ordinary seamless stockings, with as many needles in the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. This looks like real fashioning, making it difficult to detect the difference until after the stockings are worn and laundered. Buying Burson avoids the risk of getting stockings that are not permanently shaped.

And, just between you and me, I have found I can wear a half size smaller shoe comfortably when I wear Burson stockings.

COTTON LISLE SILK MERCERIZED

BURSON Fashioned Hose

SPORTS SILKS AND HEATHERS

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 60)

The aftermath was that Cannery advised Anvell to leave the bigger buyers alone unless he felt sure of not alienating them from intention to buy.

Anvell listened silently, and grimly prepared for an eighth boner. He even muttered to himself, "Shake the ivories; come, eight, come," and deliberately made his way past an owner of a Des Moines department store who wanted twenty gross of assorted muslin roses and didn't care who sold them to him, and walked from Mellion floor to Mellion floor, down corridors and up passageways, until at a sketching table up near the Mellion roof he found Genevieve Lightly deep in argument with the head of the trimmed-hat department over the merits of various toques for catalogue pages.

In some justification of Genevieve, it must not be forgotten that she had charming black eyes that many men liked to look into and a cool red mouth that more men had assured Genevieve they would like to kiss often. Such combination does not tend to produce humbleness of soul, especially with a clever young woman earning her own sixty dollars a week. And, moreover, Mme. Selise, of the trimmed-hat department, had just presumed to criticize certain of her sketches. Mme. Selise, who got sixty-five dollars a week, did not think that the whole yearly success of the Mellion establishment would be owing to artistic Miss Lightly. Then Anvell, dogged of spirit but weak of flesh at the last minute, stammered a little as he made a show of casualness in opening a chat with Genevieve.

"What k-kind of sketches of hats are you getting out this week, Miss Lightly?"

She swept them off her table with a hauteur of gesture which included the hapless sheets, Mme. Selise and Anvell Gregg, whom in addition she favored with a cold stare.

"One-half of one per cent k-kind," she said unkindly.

At the end of the day Letty Mills flitted up and spoke the only words indicative of an interest in himself that Anvell Gregg had heard in ten dogged but unfruitful hours.

"Oh, boy, I've had a hard day! I've worn tams and leghorns and mushrooms and sailors and sports till my poor bobbed head feels like all shape has been worn off it. Take me some place to-night, won't you, where I can dance and dance till I forget I'm a misses' hat-horse?"

But Anvell Gregg by that time was in no mood to respond to interest in himself from Letty. He said stiffly he had an engagement—oil and personality stuff, anyway, left him small cash for gay dancing places. But even so, in his mood he had a mind to tell Letty that where he came from, back in Indiana, young women didn't invite young men to take them out for an evening's entertainment. They waited to be invited.

He did not tell her that. At his first stiff hint of a previous engagement Letty's small bobbed head went up a little, and he fancied there was a fleck of hurt in her baby-blue eyes. He was almost repentant, and half wished he had been honest and explained his situation as regarded money. After all, she was too childish a little thing for a man to hurt deliberately. But she had turned on her small high heel and flitted off coolly enough with "Never mind. If you don't want to there are others."

And he saw Logan's quick snatch at her short-sleeved arm as she passed him and laughed something. Anvell was annoyed. He reflected that girls like Letty needed a guardian. If she went round making advances to other men as she made them to him she'd be misunderstood some black day.

Taking into careful consideration the incurable credulity of the human race—a credulity which, by the way, neither philosophers nor economists can decide to be the race's worst handicap or its saving grace—it is probable that after the last inning, when there is no more sea, but a new heaven and a new earth, the majority will run true to form.

From the numerous dead standing about graves which have just given them up, undoubtedly there will leap many individuals or companies—just formed, with megaphones and great alluring handfuls of advertisement pages, who will at once cry thrillingly: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will give me your attention for a brief time I will share with you"—for a consideration—"my wonderful and secret method of creating other worlds and heavens, also of bringing back seas that are no more, together with fishes, billows and coral reefs as may be needed or desired. This offer is absolutely altruistic, designed solely for your good. Do not, it is begged of you, turn aside from this marvelous opportunity of a deathtime." And so on. Equipped or not with the necessary consideration, a great many of those present will stop and, in their coffin habiliments, look and listen, wide-eared, fatuous, and hopefully neglecting Gabriel and his importunate horn.

So Anvell Gregg mused as that evening he tore up a mess of personality lesson leaflets and bitterly cast them into a wastebasket for his hard-working landlady to lug out. He wished he had his forty dollars. The money could have gone to better advantage even for little Letty Mills' entertainment. Letty had her deficiencies, but there was an undeniable attraction about holding her soft small person to yours while an orchestra sweetened the air with trills.

He could not help the sober reflection that, allowing for all mistakes of time and tact in his eight essays, something was surely wrong with him, as well as with the Personality People's system, that all eight should have been such blunders.

In the morning he went to work in a grim insensibility of mood that purposely included his work and his future. Very well! Since it was foreordained—familiar phraseology came to tongue—he would be what he was to be. An unassuming, unobtrusive cipher among human figures. He would also begin saving toward an Old Man's Home.

And in his flowers-and-ornaments section he worked stolidly for some seven hours toward small end but this. He toiled patiently with customers, he put stock back neatly into boxes, he stood at glum but subservient attention to his world, admitting to himself that even while he had hoped for a change by some miracle, he had not really believed that a miracle would happen.

Seven hours, was it? To be quite exact, it was seven hours and a quarter when Anvell Gregg got a surprise. A surprise connected with no other than cheeky, red-haired Logan.

In the beginning, when the universe was in the pangs of creation, doubtless a great many queer things, queer even for pangs, happened. Even as in the end, when rocks and hills and light waves are emitting their death rattle, many queer things, even for dissolution times, doubtless will be seen.

And between creation and Judgment Day, many oddities of matter and of action have dotted and will continue to dot various chronicles. Anvell Gregg need not have nearly dropped a box of black-velvet asters to the floor when, at the end of the afternoon, with most customers departing, Logan came awkwardly to him and, as overspread with apology as a bun with butter, made amends for his words of the preceding day.

"Want to apologize, Gregg. Guess I was pretty snippy. Didn't mean any offense. I realized right away that you had put your question in a kind-hearted way."

"Why—that——" The younger man, though astonished, hastened to return civility for civility. "Why, that's all right, Logan."

"Fact is," went on Logan appeasingly, "I was grouchy. You know how it is, Gregg, this living beyond your income. Darn it all"—Anvell could hardly believe his ears at the moody confidential tone—"I'm in a money mess most of the time. My own fault. I take girls to shows and suppers. I buy a crowd some"—a grin—"some near-beer. I get touched by some fellow who's hard up. And I never get caught up. But"—a lugubrious sigh—"I'm easy; I can't refuse my friends."

Anvell forgot his own problems. He was interested and even touched by the unexpected confidence.

"I can see how it is," he said with ready sympathy. "And these days everything costs more than you've got money to pay."

"Ain't it the truth!" Logan handled the last word as though it were an explosive. "The rotten truth! How are your sales coming lately?" This last most friendlily.

"Not at full tide," Anvell had to acknowledge. He made a fair assumption of unconcern. "But I guess I won't starve to death. Not this year."

"I guess not," said Logan. "I guess you won't." There was a faint emphasis on the second pronoun; and Logan looked at

(Continued on Page 64)

When you replace the rusted-out gutters

BE sure the new gutters and leaders are galvanized "Armco" Ingot Iron—the rust-resisting iron.

You may pay a little more for it, but it will pay you in many additional years of service. If you divide the cost of ordinary gutters by the number of years they last, you will probably find that they are more costly than expensive metals used for this purpose.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is practically pure. The impurities in ordinary metal that tend to create the condition we call rust have been removed by a special process.

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Use "Armco" Ingot Iron on the home for gutters, leaders, cornices. If you buy a furnace, be sure the sheet metal parts are "Armco" Ingot Iron.

For further information write to

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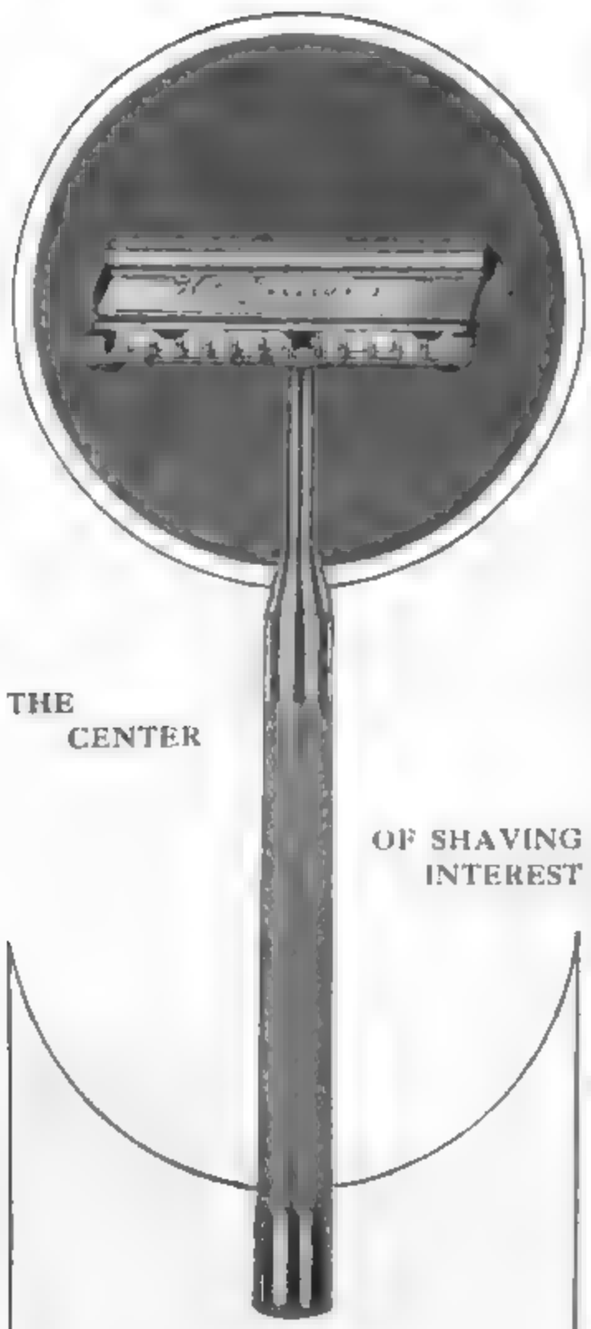
YOUR sheet metal contractor can inform you of the advantages of rust-resisting "Armco" Ingot Iron.

He will gladly tell you the correct thickness of metal to use for the various purposes. Consult him about new or repair sheet metal work. It will pay you.

ARMCO

TRADE MARK

INGOT IRON



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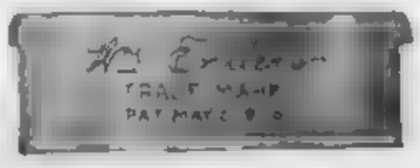


(Continued from Page 62)

Anvell as though he would like to say something more but did not know just how to pick his words.

He walked away, but came back to add in further apology: "You know, Gregg, I didn't mean to pry about your mail either. But I'm one of those folks always shooting off their trap when mumness is the better act. Guess you know that, Gregg!"

"Oh, that was all right," assured Anvell, courteous if not quite truthful.

But he saw no need for the absolute truth. Logan's unexpected attitude had touched him. He could not help returning friendly feeling for friendly feeling. He reflected that Logan did not seem like the same person.

Oddly enough, it was not half an hour later that Cannery displayed toward him a certain—not precisely gush of friendliness, but attitude of better feeling than Cannery had ever before shown him. That middle-aged, heavy-pompadoured person was indeed almost affable.

"I see dahlias still lead the way on order sheets, Gregg."

"I've tried talking up other stuff that we're stuck on ——"

"Oh, I understand. I don't expect the impossible of a salesman, Gregg. By the way, you're not thinking of leaving here?"

For an ugly moment Anvell believed that his blunder with Mellion the afternoon preceding had borne its bitter fruit, and sooner than anyone could have expected. "Not—not by my own wish," he said as humbly and effectively as possible.

Then, the second time within an hour, he hardly believed his own ears. "Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," declared Cannery. "You've been here several years, Gregg. I want to tell you it would be a mistake on your part to pull out and leave us. Don't do it, my boy! Even if you're tempted, talk it over first with us. You've got a future here as well as elsewhere. Don't get impatient at the routine—even if you feel that you can afford to."

"I I won't," promised Anvell, pleased but puzzled.

He was so puzzled that at first, watching Cannery's receding form, he did not pay attention to errand-running Minnie, who had stopped at his side and was saying in low but earnest voice that as a matter of fact she had no preferences in the movie line outside twelve or fourteen favorite male and female stars; any old screen filmed Home Sweet Home for her if she had the price. "But how often does a girl like me have the price now?" ended her forlorn wail. "With war tax 'n' all! Honest, Mr. Gregg, there's places where that war tax is put on twice if you don't watch out!"

Something in the candor of her deep woe went to Anvell Gregg's surprised attention and to his heart. He could not help giving her a quarter, which she took with fervid gratitude.

And at the time he laid to that quarter the attention which he immediately got from errand-running Kippy, who happened to be passing. Kippy halted forthwith and began a sheepish recital of his own. "Aw, Mr. Gregg, I was wantin' to tell you! I wasn't flashin' no sass yesterday—but you know how it is with a feller like me! Allus gettin' called down by everybody, and yelled at and guyed, till you're sore all the time and ready with an answer when you shouldn't be" And Kippy paused so forlornly, so abjectly, that a harder-hearted person would have relented and said absolution for his sins. Anvell Gregg said it readily.

"Would you like to see my reports from night school?" asked Kippy respectfully.

"Why, certainly," said Anvell. And it was at that point that a sense of uncanniness took hold of him.

Logan's friendliness had been pleasant. So had Cannery's. Life had immediately seemed far from the gloomy affair of the previous evening. And until Minnie and then Kippy accosted him he had sensed no connection between this afternoon and yesterday. Then, however, a certainty of such connection could not fail to dawn upon him. Was it possible that personality was developing in him as had been promised? Had latent will power become conscious power, all in a flash, as a butterfly whisks out of its cocoon?

It seemed incredible. It seemed uncanny But his ears could not have mocked him! That reactive interest foretold in those lesson leaflets—what else could this be? And from not one, but four different persons! Four astonishing persons! Anvell Gregg stood still in a Mellion aisle and gaped at himself and the aisle.

Later he departed from his place of employment in a sort of daze. He had to do an evening of hard thinking before he could fix this matter. He fancied that in the rush of Mellion exit more than one salesman, and several of the salesgirls, looked at him, not only curiously but with a glimmer of cordial interest never before manifested toward him. But he earnestly told himself this must be pure fancy. Why should they?

Doing his hard thinking that evening in his hall room he regretted that he had torn up those lesson leaflets. His landlady had emptied the wastebasket—against his hope on the homing L. But he had no difficulty in recalling the exact wording of various optimistic phrases, and these he repeated over wonderingly: Result of emanations of subtle power—like a bud bursting into bloom your latent magnetism will burst into result—mighty degree of charm that you can acquire—penetrating attraction and potentiality that personality may evolve.

There was no doubt; it was uncanny. He bitterly regretted having torn up those leaflets. He realized now that deep in his heart there had lain a great skepticism over any accomplishment of miracle. Even yesterday's essay, indeed, had been made in a dogged, unexpectant mood. If he could reread those lessons he might find more meaning in their phrases, illuminated by late events; perhaps some clew that would take away this sense of uncanniness—a sense of uncanniness which threatened to develop into shiveriness as the evening wore on and he went over and over the bits of conversation with Logan and Cannery, leaving Minnie and Kippy out. And being indeed a diffident and not very brilliant young man, Anvell Gregg finally went to bed in a mood that verged upon half fright. Were there indeed secret springs that some favored mortals could tap at will? Good Lord, what would a fellow do if, having tapped, he couldn't regulate the flow!

He wished morning was at hand, with further developments, if there were to be any.

With morning and daylight, indeed, there came a certain disbelief. He was inclined to decide that he had overemphasized what he had heard or given undue meaning to incidents perhaps meaningless. This, while he swayed to an L strap. But of course it is dominant personality which can rise above such swaying.

And it takes the same to step out masterfully after punching a time clock. Anvell Gregg did not step out masterfully—he stepped out unobtrusively, as every morning of several years past, and he wended his unobtrusive way toward an elevator.

Halfway he stopped—like a shot. And his pulse began to pound. It was not uncanny—it was incredible. Old James Mellion called good morning to him!

More. Across the floor Mellion came accostingly, a forefinger outpointed at Anvell.

In displeasure?

With Mellion's first word that fear left Anvell Gregg.

The forefinger of authority wagged in good-natured admonition:

"Young man, I heard about you! Cannery told me! But take this word of caution from one who has preceded you by years, many years, in a weird and solemn path: Watch your step! Watch it with prayer and fear of the Lord! And, remember, lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place!"

"I—I ——"

There was a stricture in Anvell Gregg's throat. What did this man mean? Could it be true that throughout the world there were the two kinds of people, as those leaflets had tried to make clear: the—what were they called?—the *cognoscenti* and the *incognoscenti*? And had he somehow all unwittingly allied himself with the former, so that those of his kind and aims recognized him, knew him for what he hoped to be? It seemed unbelievable. And yet

"Be careful what you do a second time, my boy," Mellion was saying kindly. "Don't rush in where angels fear to tread. Step in carefully; as long as you've done it once, don't fancy the feat can be done often or by anyone. By the way, I'm afraid I was a little crusty the other day. But I didn't understand what you were driving at. Now, I'll say that while it isn't the policy of the Mellion firm to let undeserving employees get hold of stock, deserving employees get different treatment. And if you'd like a small block ——"

"Why, thank you, sir," Anvell managed to get out.

"Don't mention it," said the president of the firm.

Anvell Gregg pinched himself as he finally got into an ascending elevator. Events were too queer! Whatever he had done, he couldn't understand how he had done it, and he was startled so that unreality seemed to surround him.

An unreality not lessened by Jane Crohan's dreary confidence which she made between the fourth and fifth floors—that she was nearly fifty years old and had worked thirty-two years, week in, week out, except the days she marched in parades during the war, and what had she to show except a few miserable thousands of savings! She wished—this with an eloquent sigh—she could double those savings in some quick, miraculous way. Had she snapped at Anvell not many days before, like a spinster aunt? She spoke this morning like a tired old woman hinting for a favor from a young well-to-do relative.

Courteous by nature, Anvell was sympathetic to her confidence. And not all the tonics of the world come in bottles. That morning he handled several customers with unusual ease. The law of demand and supply may, in the last analysis, underlie all systems of worlds and of heavens. Certain it is that a demand for friendliness and sympathy from you can strangely stimulate your supply of that spiritual coin and also increase your aplomb. A certain amount of diffidence left Anvell Gregg that morning, never to return. A certain amount of unobtrusiveness went with it.

It happened to be a busy morning, or events might have come to a head sooner than they did. Logan and two or three others nodded at Anvell with a genial fellowship which they had not always evinced. Logan also called an invitation to lunch.

But this invitation was lost in Cannery's cordial, "Gregg, take care of Miss Sloan, will you? Treat her right, you know."

Miss Sloan's capable graying eyebrows had drawn together in distaste. Evidence to Anvell Gregg that he was not entirely dreaming, nor utterly engulfed by a wave of strange and uncanny good will.

"Well, while I've got to buy some stuff, although I've tried to hold off, the price has got to be right," she said impatiently. "Don't think I'm going to be caught with velvet I've paid twelve dollars a yard for and watch the price slump to two or three."

"Certainly not, certainly not, Miss Sloan," hastily said Cannery. "We wholesalers are not leading customers into ambush—Mr. Gregg will fix the proper cut. Mr. Gregg"—Cannery's voice took on a faint, peculiar change—"is the young man I was telling you about."

"Oh—he is?" said Miss Sloan in a peculiar voice. And thereupon she regarded Anvell with strange interest. "Oh, he is! So pleased"—she put out a large gloved hand—"to meet you, Mr. Gregg."

Anvell Gregg was not telepathic, but at once there flashed to him the consciousness that she put it out with a certain respect. Again uncanniness took hold of him! He was half frightened. The ease of all that had happened! He wanted to stick a large fancy-headed hatpin into, say, his right thigh. He needed some proof that he was awake.

Uncanny or not, a Sloan order, when the Sloan sisters brought their canny selves to give it, was a large blotch of brightness on a dull month. His commission would be a joy to receive. And success, like a mythological monster, can feed and fatten upon itself. Anvell Gregg felt taller at the end of an hour. He had somehow expanded, taken on assurance.

And then, while he was studying the order with content, Genevieve Lightly passed. At the time it seemed perfectly natural that she should pause, lift pretty black eyebrows in light query as to the nature of his preoccupation, seem inclined to let grow the bud of a friendship which many times before she had frostily nipped.

"Good order from old Sloan?" The interest in Genevieve's voice was almost as plaintive as that little Letty Mills was wont to show to Anvell Gregg, and for the moment, curiously enough, Anvell delayed reply while he wondered where Letty had kept herself all day.

"Peach," he finally replied, forgetting Letty in private surprise at the nonchalance of his own tone to Genevieve.

(Continued on Page 67)

200,000 Heat Stabs!

Each one aimed at the thin film of oil on the cylinder walls of your engine. How Veedol protects against this deadly heat.

Spark! Explosion! Heat!—Spark! Explosion! Heat!

That's the tune your six cylinder motor hums 200,000 times every hour you cover 25 miles on the road. You think only of the power explosions that drive your car steadily forward.

But what about the heat of those explosions—heat that hits the piston heads at 1000 degrees and averages 300–400 degrees on the cylinder walls? What protection have you against this deadly heat that makes most oils quickly evaporate, break down, lose their body and leave the costly metal of your car a prey to destructive friction?

1. You have a cooling system that circulates *outside* the moving parts of your engine. That helps but you have little control over its operation.

2. Your only other protection is your lubricating oil which circulates *inside* your engine, and which must bear the brunt of the battle with heat. You have every control over that.

Veedol maintains that thin film of oil between the piston and the cylinder walls under extreme operating temperatures —and holds apart those flying metal surfaces whose contact means broken piston rings, scored cylinders and pistons.

Veedol is a Pennsylvania base oil and is refined under the Faulkner process. This exclusive Veedol process gives that *extra* heat resisting quality so necessary to the perfect lubrication of your car.

There are five Veedol Oils, each different in body but all of one quality. Go to your dealer. Consult the Veedol Chart on his wall. Select the Veedol Oil designated for your car. Use this oil and no other.

There are Veedol Greases and Trans-Gear Oil for your differential, transmission, cups and springs.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION, 11 Broadway, New York
Branches, warehouses, distributors and dealers throughout the world

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Motor Oils and Greases

1 Remove drain plug. Allow old contaminated oil to run out. Replace plug.

2 Pour in 1 qt. of the Veedol Oil designated for your car on the Veedol Chart.

3 Run motor slowly on its own power for 30 seconds to cleanse interior Drain.

4 Refill to proper oil level. Test your car. Note the snappy pick-up and new power.

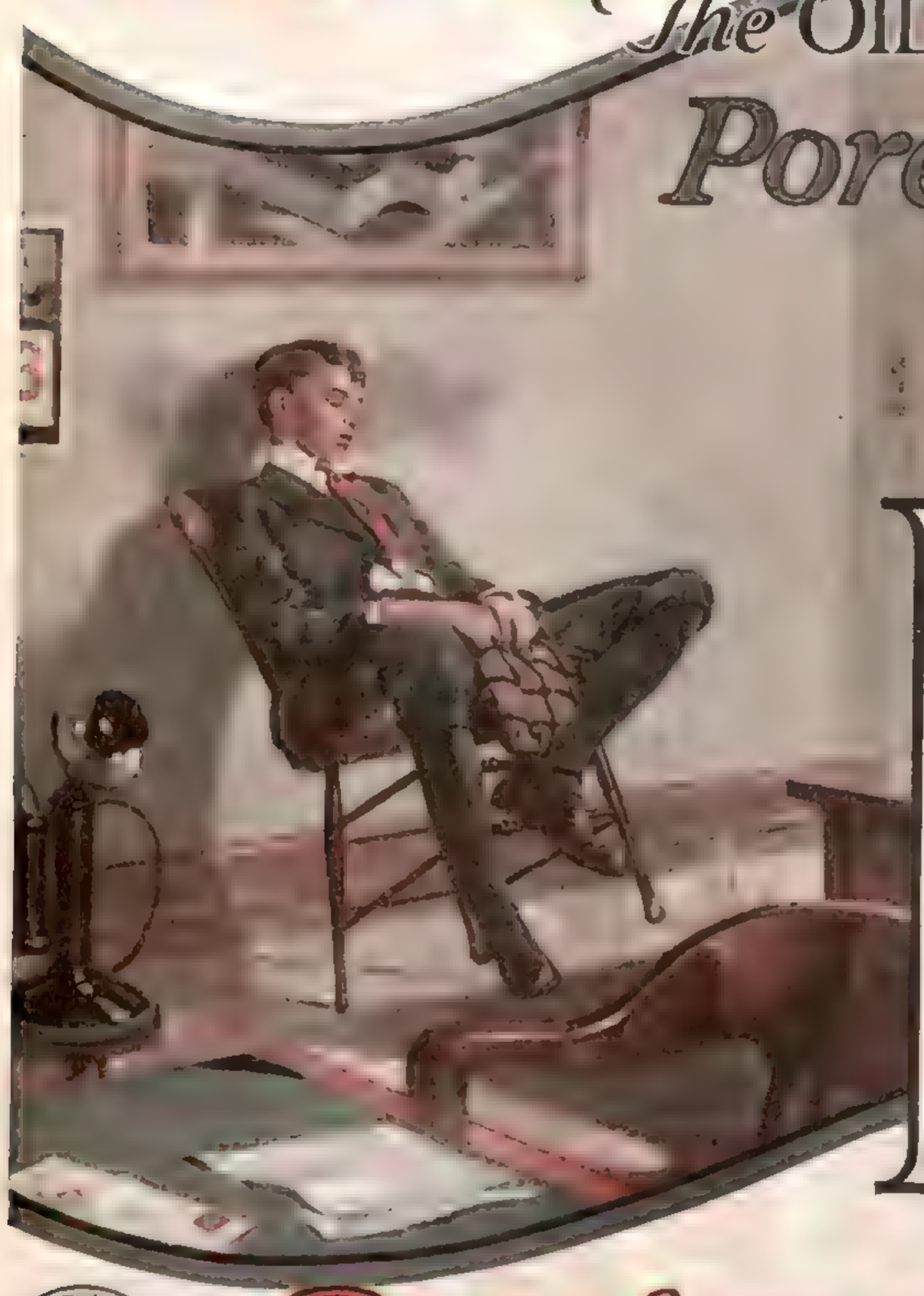
This Spring—Give your car Veedol Crankcase Service.

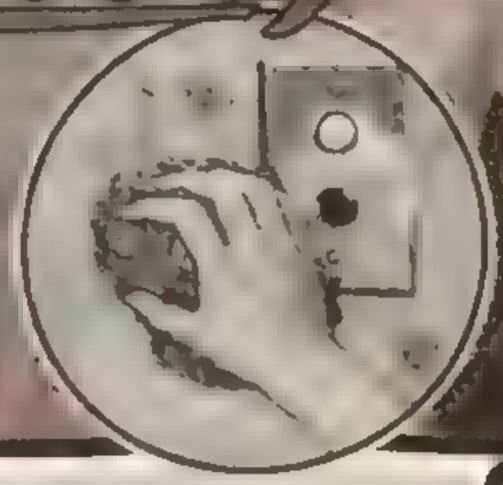
PATTON'S

Velumina

The OIL Flat Wall Paint

Pore-Proof





Thoughtless

LOOK at the blemishes on any wall, and wonder how they happened.

They always *will* be there, calling for re-decorating unless you have your walls finished with Patton's Velumina—the oil flat wall paint.

Patton's Velumina gives walls a beautiful toned finish without pores to absorb dirt and grime. These stay on the surface and are easily washed away. Walls may be maintained sanitary and spotless. Washing replaces re-decorating.

Ready to use in white and sixteen colors.

Patton's Velumina is the artistic, long-service decoration for homes, apartments and public buildings.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers and used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Patton-Pitcairn Division

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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"Save the surface and you save all" - Robt. P. Kinch

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

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PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS · MIRRORS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

(Continued from Page 64)

"She's a grizzly bear, they say," smiled Genevieve.

"She ate out of my hand to-day," bragged Anvell.

"She would—to-day," said Genevieve cryptically.

"Why?" abruptly.

"Oh — because. Wish" — Genevieve deftly switched the subject—"I was in your shoes. I've had a poor day." Dolefully she held up a page of pencilings. "Isn't that tricorn a frost? My pencil went askew, believe me. Hope to-morrow'll be better."

Anvell judicially examined the jaunty sketch. To his uncritical eye it appeared much like those of Genevieve's drawings which escaped the censor and got into proof sheets. Still, he could see that one quill was a bit stiff for the grace which the season's styles favored.

Was his tone a little patronizing as he said so? If so, Genevieve Lightly by her doleful and humble attitude had only herself to thank. But a woman doesn't always resent masculine patronage.

"I didn't feel like working to-day," she sighed unresentfully. With a flutter of silky lashes: "Guess I'm dull. I've been"—lashes lifted hesitantly—"I've been staying in nights. Maybe I need a little gayety."

Anvell Gregg breathed fast, and he hastily counted his assets. Not this night—purse was too flat. But—say, pay night; his pulse whipped at the thought of pay night and Genevieve—dancing, supper, listening to her gay talk.

Still, he proceeded warily. He had been repulsed by Genevieve in the past, more than once. Anyone knows, of course, that girls, especially the prettier ones, are whimsical and spoiled things, given to inconsistency of conduct; one should not hold past waywardness against present docility. But Genevieve had had a peculiarly caustic trick at repulse. So he was cautious.

"I'm dull myself lately."

"You!" She mocked him prettily. "I wouldn't be surprised that you've been out all hours every night for a month."

"Give you my word! But"—boldly—"I could stand a little gayety."

Anvell mentally preened a little when it was out. He had delivered the light words better than he had known he could deliver such. And the conviction was growing that he was not to be repulsed. When a handsome-eyed young woman of unusual aplomb flutters her silky black lashes with a certain demureness ——

"Really!"

"Not to-night"—quickly. "I—I have an engagement. But, say, Saturday."

"I really haven't a thing to wear," she sighed. "You'll be ashamed of me."

"No, I won't," he promised earnestly.

"Won't you?"

But at that point Hi Logan made diversion by taking hold of Anvell's elbow. With a half pout Genevieve took her page of sketches to the desk where it was destined. Anvell was annoyed at Logan's interruption, and watched her regretfully. But the mind of man is strange. Or had the day's strangeness been too much for an unbrilliant mind? He recalled again that he hadn't seen little Letty Mills all day, and he felt a certain compunction at so readily obliging Genevieve when he had denied Letty. Too—under everything lay the sense of uncanny puzzlement over events—he would like to see if Letty beheld him in a new light.

But Logan was talking—breezily, inquisitively.

"Say, you turned me down for lunch and I wanted to ask you—don't be so mum with your old friends, Anvell!—how much you stand to get?"

"'Stand to get?'"

With a word Hi Logan explained much: "A share?"

"Share of what?"

"Why, that oil!"

"Oil!"

Anvell Gregg's stare drew a laugh from Logan, a poke in Anvell's ribs from Logan.

"Oh, you josher! I suppose you think you can fool us, after all!"

"Fool you?"

"Say"—proudly—"I tumbled yesterday morning when you read that letter and then put on the brightest, beamingest look your face ever exhibited around this millinery house!"

"You tumbled—you ——"

"I tumbled on the spot, Greggy! I didn't even need to watch you sail up and chin with Cannery and even old Mellion. Good Lord, it was a sight! Like you could match 'em, dollar for dollar, and have plenty to spare. I knew right away you'd made a killing in your oil ——"

"You—you knew?"

"Say, Greggy"—tone became wheedling—"be a sport; let a chap in on it. I could raise a few hundreds to plant, if I was sure the planting was worth while."

Oh, personality! Oh, leaflet lessons! Oh, latent self-magnetism!

Anvell Gregg drew a short strange breath and his countenance took on a dark flush suggestive of a throat constricted to the choking point. Then he managed to get out a husky cough.

"Have you got a cold?" asked Letty Mills, her blond hair untidy from many misses' hats, her small face pettish with a day's fatigue. "Have you, Anvell?"

This time it was Logan's turn to register annoyance at interruption.

"We're talking a little business, Gregg and I, Letty."

Letty's small bobbed head lifted a little, as in hurt. "Oh!"

But Anvell Gregg caught her small arm—afterward he liked to remember that even at the moment he proprietorially resented Hi Logan's careless tone to her—and detained her

"Guess I'd like to talk to Letty, Hi. I'll see you later."

"Oh—all right"—sulkily. "Lunch with me to-morrow, Gregg?"

"Sure."

When Logan had gone Anvell asked the girl: "Letty, have you heard that I made a lot of money in oil?"

"Something about it," she answered.

"How much?" He was curious.

"Oh, in the misses' untrimmed room I heard it was ten thousand dollars. And in the ready-to-wear room they said it was one hundred thousand. And down in the general office someone mentioned two hundred thousand. Although someone in an elevator put it at fifty thousand."

"H'm," said Anvell Gregg, and lapsed into long and thoughtful silence.

"I didn't believe it myself," said Letty, absently smoothing her bobbed blond hair at the sides.

"Oh—you didn't?"

"I thought," said she wistfully, "you would have told me. And it seemed to me that you'd looked troubled the last day or two, instead of beaming, as everyone said."

Across the showroom opposite, Genevieve Lightly appeared. Her clever and lovely black eyes turned Anvell Gregg's way. She waved a hand.

Anvell Gregg—he waved a hand in return. But his diffident lips went together in a curious straight line. And as he was silent for another full minute he must have gone over carefully and thoughtfully all the incidents of the day; and the persons concerned in such incidents—Logan, Cannery, Kippy, Minnie, Mellion, Genevieve.

A diffident and unbrilliant young man was Anvell Gregg. Then and, to a degree, always afterward. But he had one natural gift. And presently he laughed; low but uncontrollably. Until his whole body shook and his naturally pale countenance was suffused with color and he had to get his handkerchief to wipe his dripping eyes. Some joke! Oh, you personality stuff! Oh, uncanniness!

Perhaps, with the same handkerchief, a young man wiped off various mental lenses through which he had tried to see the world better; rose-colored lenses, but brown and gray or black as well, leaving only a sensible white pair which ever afterward enabled him to handle acquaintances and customers more successfully.

"What is the joke?" asked Letty Mills soberly. "Not—on me?"

"Letty, would you like me better if I had a lot of money?"

He put the question rather lightly. Laughter, under which lay some natural mortification, still possessed him. He was taken back a little when her blond lashes swept up with a passion far removed from childishness.

"I—I couldn't like you any better." Tremulous feeling underlay the forced lightness of her answer.

Across the room Genevieve Lightly lingered, making a pretense of examining imported silk cannas. Anvell Gregg, letting mirth wane, began to take on the ironical expression of a young man who decides he has received treatment which he ought to resent, but wonders if it be worth while to resent it.

But, looking down at Letty, he flushed a little and forgot other people. In her upraised blue eyes—had he tapped a secret spring of intuition?—he caught, just for a second, a vista of countless summertimes, and as many wintertimes, till her bobbed blond head was a small silvered head, but always the same soft look of love for himself.

"Letty ——" He stammered.

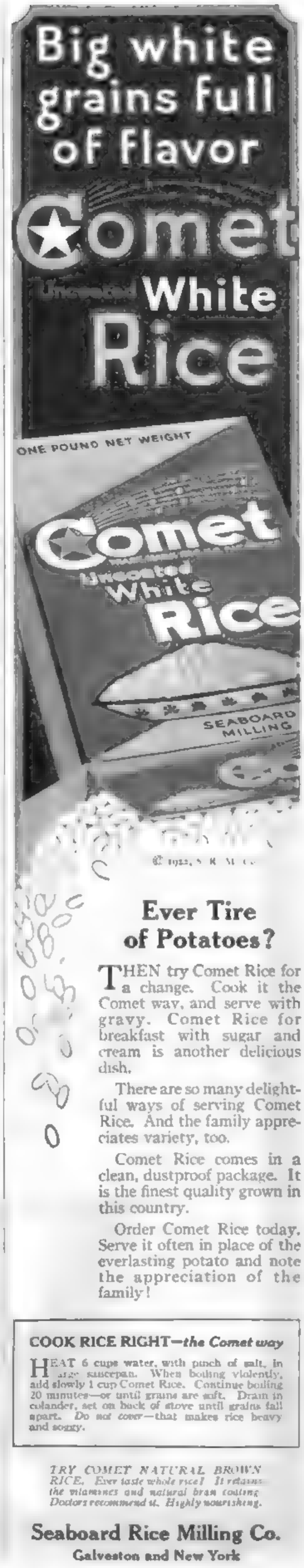
Well, a man might get a worse gift from life.

Across the way Genevieve still lingered; as Letty, with a soft red lip caught between her teeth, soberly saw. But presently the teeth parted. Letty forgot Genevieve.

"Letty, why do you like me?" he asked rather humbly.

"Because," she answered readily, as one sure of her knowledge, "you have such a nice personality, Anvell!"

It is the business of no one but himself and the girl he is going to marry what may be the actual state of a man's finances. So Anvell Gregg decided. He gave Hi Logan—and Cannery and some others—the names of certain oil firms—whose stock, being trustworthy, proved too high-priced for them to buy with any hope of extravagant return. But he firmly refused to tell the exact amount of his own earnings. He was respected for his reticence; even though some resented it.



Ever Tire of Potatoes?

THEN try Comet Rice for a change. Cook it the Comet way, and serve with gravy. Comet Rice for breakfast with sugar and cream is another delicious dish.

There are so many delightful ways of serving Comet Rice. And the family appreciates variety, too.

Comet Rice comes in a clean, dustproof package. It is the finest quality grown in this country.

Order Comet Rice today. Serve it often in place of the everlasting potato and note the appreciation of the family!

COOK RICE RIGHT—*the Comet way*

HEAT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 20 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. *Do not cover*—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

TRY COMET NATURAL BROWN RICE. Ever taste whole rice? It retains the vitamines and natural bran coating. Doctors recommend it. Highly nourishing.

Seaboard Rice Milling Co.
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The Willard

These 191 car builders use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

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It's not only the tires, springs and axles that take punishment when your car hammers over the rough going. *Think of the battery hidden away underneath.*

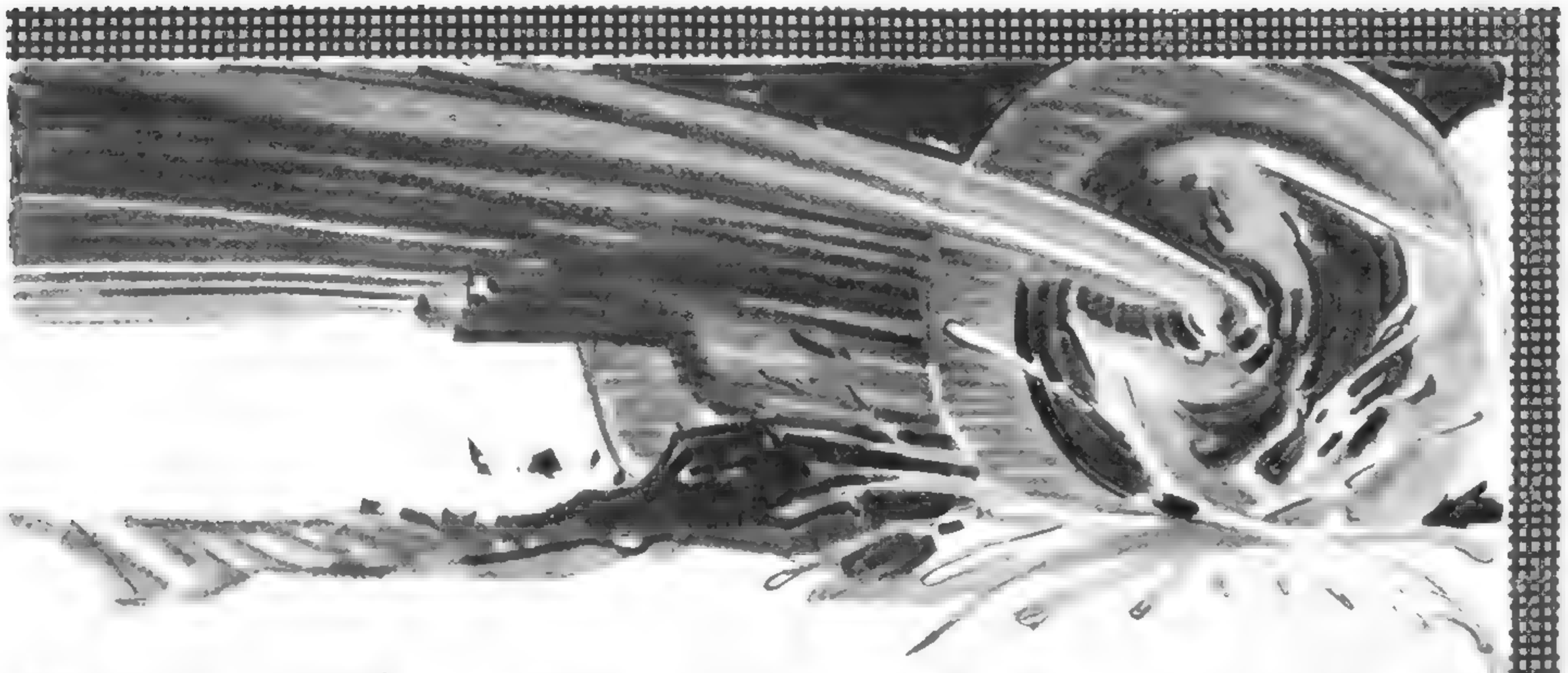
Willard Batteries are able to stand up and serve faithfully under severe driving conditions because they are conscientiously built, under the guidance of a pioneer in the industry.

The name Willard has always been coupled with high standards and with unceasing progress and improvement.

The automobile storage battery was largely a Willard development. After it had been perfected to a degree that more than satisfied the automotive industry, Willard revolutionized battery-making by introducing Threaded Rubber Insulation, which lasts the life of the

Willard

THREADED RUBBER BATTERY



Stands Punishment!

battery plates, and puts an end to expense for re-insulation. Because of this Willard invention every Willard Threaded Rubber Insulator is uniform in its ability to stand long immersion in battery solution, the continued passage of electric current, and the endless jar and vibration of the parts that support it.

Such uniformity is the natural result of Willard's combination of threads with rubber, the universal insulator. Every square inch of *every insulator* is uniformly porous, so that no part may be overworked and worn out before its time.

Not only does the name Willard mean a high standard of battery *construction* but it means also a high standard of battery *service*. The Battery Station representing Willard takes efficient care of all makes of batteries and treats all car owners alike.

If you would buy certainty of satisfaction, do these three things: (1) Insist on having your battery serviced only at the Battery Station representing Willard; (2) Have all recharging, repairing and other work done according to Willard Standards of Service; and (3) When the time comes for a new battery, buy a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery —the kind that is standard equipment on 191 makes of cars and trucks, whose builders pay an additional price to give you, the car owner, uninterrupted service at lowest cost, measured either in months or miles!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Willard THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

THE COUNTERSIGN THIS SPRING
IN UNDERWEAR IS

HATCHWAY

The NO-BUTTON
UNION SUIT
for Men and Boys

YOU'LL find it on every smart counter. You'll see it on that smartest judge of dress ideas, the college man. (It has already taken like wild fire with him.) A month or so from now you'll see it in the locker room at Sleepy Hollow, Apawamis, Exmoor and Onwentsia, on its way up from Palm Beach, Coronado, Asheville, Pinehurst, White Sulphur and Virginia Hot Springs.

The picture tells you in a word—how simple it is—and why it is the last word in underwear.

Step into the legs, slip your arms through the armholes, and you're in an under garment that instantly fits the lines of your body as no union suit ever did before.

Some of its more positive virtues are best expressed in the negative. Not a button front or back. (Seat so constructed that it requires no button to keep it closed.) No buttons to button or unbutton or come off. No button-holes to rip or tear. No more weekly repairing—no more raids on the work-basket in search of safety pins. Happy the man in a suit like this. Hatchway is a garment of order and progress because in its planning, all the buttons and button-holes were left out. Freedom and comfort forever!

The Hatchway No-Button Union Suit is the running mate of the Hatch One Button Union Suit, the other record holder in underwear progress with its one master button at the chest, with its million friends and dealer outlets everywhere.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you, if we have as yet been unable to supply him or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required, enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $5.
(The $5 garment is all silk)

Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.

Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.

Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY
ALBANY NEW YORK
York Knitting Mills, Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

If forced to choose, however, between the royalties for A Man of the World and the things I learned as a reporter I'd promptly take the training. To write of the events of interest in that training would fill a book. This article may not even identify them. An obligation exists, however, to tell clearly such experiences as put permanent dents into my articulating mentality. These experiences fall broadly into two departments: The technic of the game and the incidents it dealt with -the first central, the second environmental. I don't think the Post-Dispatch made that ostentatious claim to good English that the Sun under Charles Dana was supposed to make, but its editors were educated and exacting men. A reporter soon quit writing "those kind," and his objective cases gradually made fewer and less ambitious tries at the active; but I don't remember so much fuss over split infinitives as some nouveaux purists make. Maybe our editors had somewhat of that deeper culture which made the late Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale and the American Academy defend the divided infinitive not only as scholarly and time honored but as often the more expressive form.

We reporters also learned a concentration of attention which gradually calmed down from frenzied resistance to a self-respecting exclusion. The typewriters that make such a bedlam of modern offices were not then installed. But as the hour approached the make-up the rush in the office was the same as the modern rush: boys calling for copy; men from the current sensations arriving with their verbal condensations to the city editor; shouted consultations; and perhaps another element in that smaller city that may not be present now—the invasion of the room by men who might be affected by the news calling to secure its modification or suppression; these and the dozen other confusions all were there, surging around the reporter who was to have them accelerate rather than retard his part of some report that he was scratching on the cheap print paper. More than once since then at a dress rehearsal and its attendant hubbub I have been thankful for such of that control as was then acquired, which has helped me to sit at a music stand in the orchestra pit and patch up some limping scene.

A Dial That Always Registered

Let me tell of certain influencing contemporaries on the Post-Dispatch. Although it is preferable to deduce character from revealing incidents, just as it is amusing to infer the outline of the lady on the barn door from the scars made by the knife thrower, some facts concerning our regular city editor, John Magner, cannot possibly be inferred and should therefore be told, because a city editor more than any other man on a paper determines the relation of a new reporter to his business.

Some congenital or youthful calamity had seriously crippled one side of him, arm and leg. This affliction, as is not infrequently the case, had produced a compensating and therefore gratifying accompaniment of increased intellectual acuteness, a mental scalpel and bistoury attack of every problem, and carrying a touch of acid. But the dissecting and cauterizing qualities were salved by a never-failing emollitive humor.

I can see Magner now sitting at his desk in that second-story room, from which three windows looked on Market Street and across to the façade of the Grand Opera House, turning in his swivel chair for some pointed instruction or corrosive inquiry, his blue pencil in the left hand, by which he had to operate it, and his swift gesture as with the same hand he agitated a reddish pompadour that looked like a brush of rusty iron.

The desk that I used for a year or more was immediately behind this swivel chair, and faced the middle window—for neither reason a coveted location. To Magner's left on the right-angled wall was Mike Lane, our sporting reporter. Lane was an able person not insensible to approval and with a great respect for Magner's opinions. I recall a colloquy which gives a touch of both men. Lane had just put a bunch of copy on Magner's desk.

He said, "There's that stuff, John. I don't think much of it myself, and I don't believe that I am writing as well as I did two years ago."

Magner made an unnecessary display of the excisions that he immediately began as he loudly answered, "Oh, yes, Mike, you do! You write just as well as you ever did. But your taste is improving," and then the blue pencil slashed out another half page before he quickly swung to me.

I was bending over my own work, naturally amused, but I had not laughed aloud. His attention had been prompted solely by accurate suspicion, and here is his speech to me—I give it because it contains an expression which has multiplied more prolifically than the Biblical grain of mustard seed:

"Colonel Thomas" Magner always conferred a military title on a prospective target—"Colonel Thomas, you have a very sensitive dial. Sometimes you smile, sometimes you lift your eyebrows, sometimes you only shift your wrinkles. But you always register."

The chorus in that quadrangle of desks gave him the response he had played for. But his dial illustration impressed me, and the word "register" was indelible.

The Substitute Photograph

In 1891 at the rehearsals of Alabama at the Madison Square Theater, and with Magner vaguely in mind, I found myself using "register" to the members of Mr. Palmer's company, whom Mr. Eugene Presbrey, the stage manager, was rehearsing, with occasional conferences with me. Presbrey consciously or unconsciously adopted and worked the word until it became a matter of playful comment with the people he rehearsed then and afterwards. It was repeated by him and others more and more frequently through the years, until now that it has entirely saturated the nomenclature of the movies both seriously and in burlesque I am wondering if its inundating start was not back at that rivulet from the corner desk in the old Post-Dispatch rooms on Market Street.

Except for the anodyne of intervening years it would be depressing to go on recording one's repeated failures to measure up to editorial expectations. But at the expense of my vanity I must tell of my first political convention and therein of two ineptitudes, or, in modern parlance, of two bones that I pulled. This nominating convention was held in Jefferson City. I attended as one of the Post-Dispatch corps of reporters, some three or four altogether. The permanent chairman of the convention, a clean-shaven man named Hageman, was elected about noon of the opening day. His resemblance to an amateur theatrical friend of mine in St. Louis was so striking that a person knowing both might address either as the other one. I persuaded Jennings of this fact and got him to wire Magner at the St. Louis office to get a photograph of Dan Bordley, of a well-known wholesale tobacco company on Vine Street, and print it as a portrait of Hageman. This was enterprising, and should have been scored to my credit; but when the newspaper of that afternoon reached Jefferson City and circulated in the convention next morning with its alleged portrait of Hageman it was ridiculous, because Bordley, not understanding the requirement, had furnished the paper with a character portrait of himself wearing a huge mustache. It was hopeless to try to point out the resemblance in the uncovered features of the face.

This said convention was meeting in the Representatives' Hall, where I had been a page. In the big room nothing seemed to have been changed; the colossal portraits flanking the speaker's dais were there; the run at the back way to the document room; the large, resounding cuspidors under the individual desks. I felt disarmingly at home. The nominations had progressed to a vote upon the candidate for attorney-general. Our choice was a *bon vivant* by the name of Nat Dryden, whose free-handed fellowship had made him a favorite in nearly every newspaper office in the state. Representatives of these newspapers sat about the tables, where we were some thirty in number. Our private tally of the roll call in strokes of five like little garden gates told us the ballot before the clerk was ready officially to announce it. It was undecisive.

(Continued on Page 73)

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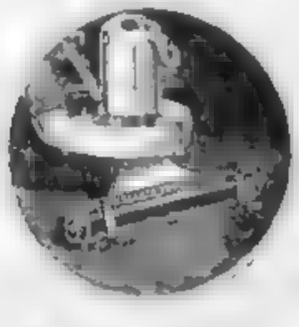

The cleaner tilted to illustrate the [illegible] *sweeper-action brush*

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Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 70)

The newspaper men were anxious for the outcome.

In the interim occasioned by the count I was conscious of no impropriety in getting up and saying to the convention that they would be called upon to vote again in a few minutes, and that the entire press of the state was in favor of Nat Dryden. As the entire press of the state had been somewhat critical of all of these small politicians now convened, my statement was not helpful, nor was it in order, as the pounding gavel of the smooth-faced Mr. Hageman informed me.

This oratorical ebullition, coupled with the substituted picture, decided the man in control of our staff. When the next bundle of longhand copy went east to St. Louis I carried it, and resumed my patrol among the real-estate offices, the school board, the empty studios and tired hopes of a call from the New York play market.

Championing General Sherman

In all these times and amidst these duties I never quite lost sight of the theatrical objective. Any mail might bring word of the sale of The Burglar in New York. Any week might bring Eddie Sothern and his company to St. Louis, where there would be a possible consultation about it; and always just across the street were the inviting doors of the Grand Opera House, with George McManus in its box office and John Norton on its stage. How cool its classic shade! How respectable and dignified its purpose!

One week Mary Anderson came there after her triumphant visit to England. She brought with her a company of Englishmen headed by the present Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. Mary's earliest triumphs had been in St. Louis, and her first supporting company had been that of Johnny Norton, though before my time as his leading juvenile. There were still thousands of people in the city who were her admirers, and hundreds who were her personal friends. The paper decided to make a spread on her opening performance. I was detailed to get behind the curtain and report the first night from that viewpoint.

As the order came late, the best way was to go to the super captain, pay the fee already agreed upon to a super who would let me take his place, and also pass a small tip to the captain himself. At the proper time I found myself in a hauberk, a pair of dirty woolen tights, and otherwise arrayed as one of the retainers in The Winter's Tale.

Miss Anderson's stage manager was an Englishman named Montgomery, whom I had often given his letters at Pope's box office, and who I feared would recognize me; but he did not. I was herded with his fifty-cent roughnecks, some of them making their first appearance; and once when told to stand "clowser" and I had not moved fast enough to suit Mr. Montgomery he had given me an admonitory touch with his toe on the fuller side of my trunks.

This was a good deal of an indignity for the representative of a great daily paper, parent of the New York World, said representative an American leading man and ex-star in disguise, and author of two unproduced dramas—a great indignity to take from a visiting Englishman, forty years of age and out of condition; but remembering what was expected of me in the newspaper office and the dying Nelson's statement of England's general expectation from every man, I stood "clowser," and got ready for the second act.

Just then Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who was an old friend of the tragedienne, came from the side door toward Mary's dressing room with both hands outstretched. The star met him on the stage and took his hands, and the general kissed her in good round fashion. This kind of greeting was not new to General Sherman, who was then arriving at that privileged epoch in which the French describe a man as *gaga*. Montgomery, in the center of the stage, with us super men lined up and waiting, whispered to little Napier Lothian of Boston, traveling with the company in some advisory capacity, "Who is the old gentleman in uniform who just kissed the star?"

Lothian answered in a whisper, "General Sherman."

"Schirmer?"

"No! Sherman—great general."

"Ow!" Montgomery looked critically at Sherman, turned back to Lothian and asked, "As great a general as Wolseley?"

"Wolseley!" said Lothian with disdain. "Why, Wolseley isn't a patch on this fellow's trousers!"

"Now down't you say that, my boy! Down't—you—say that!" And Montgomery extended his hand in a gesture of caution which meant, "Go no further."

This incident was the tenderloin of my written account next day, and was especially acceptable to Magner. Frequently after that, during my stay on the paper, when we had a new spectator or auditor in the room Magner would demand a verbal report of this colloquy and insist upon a dramatical imitation of both men. Magner was as anti-British as Judge Dan Cohalan.

During the dull spells in local news the paper increased the number of its illustrations. This was partly because it would occupy some of my time, as I was put to helping the artist, Steitz. I have described in earlier papers the method of making pictures on boxwood by cutting out the white parts of the wooden field, and have referred to photo-engravings which were made by washing out the white parts from a gelatin field affected by the chemical action of light. The pictures in the Post-Dispatch were made by a third process, in its kind a reversal of these two methods. This was called the chalk process. The artist drew his lines with a sharp point through a deposit of specially prepared chalk precipitated upon zinc plates, which were then used as molds upon which stereotype metal, poured hot, hardened into plates that printed exactly as the ordinary letter type. The method was hard on the draftsman, because the chalk, which turned to dust under his strokes, had to be blown away after each mark in order to let him see the shining metal of the exposed plate, which after all made a poor contrast to the white field.

Both Steitz and I used to look with envy and covetousness at the daily copy of the younger paper owned by the Pulitzer company, the New York World, which came to us fresh each morning and was spread on our carefully guarded files, generously supplied as each edition was with illustrations made by photographing the artist's unimpeded pen work, and having the further advantage of reduction from large originals, whereas our chalk plates had to be drawn to the exact size and limits of our column.

The Man With Buttered Eyes

It was the custom of the New York paper at that time to illustrate its current news with little run-in cuts made by its admirable autographic process; little outline illustrations sometimes taking less than half the width of the column, but so pat and referable to the text carrying them that they were a pleasure to the reader. Something in policy or process has now banished these little pictures.

In that winter of 1885-1886 there was going on in the city of New York the trial of Gen. Alexander Shaler, charged with accepting bribes while a member of the militia board of New York from the owner of certain parcels of ground selected as sites for armories. The New York papers were treating him and his defense with a levity that made amusing reading even in the Middle West, where there was no other interest in the trial. Experts in our St. Louis office were divided in their guesses at the writer of these excellent reports, the weight of opinion being for Joseph Howard, a writer then frequently signing exclusive and syndicated stuff, and held up by all editors as an example to the local men.

Referring to these reports years afterwards to Joe Howard himself, he disclaimed their credit and pointed to Henry Guy Carleton, who was sitting with us. Carleton was then receiving congratulations for his play Ambition, which Nat Goodwin was doing at the Fifth Avenue Theater a block above Valkenburg's Café, in which we were. Thus prompted, Carleton told of Shaler's indignation one morning at the descriptive phrase, "His eyes looked as though they had just been taken from the oven and buttered." With the paper in his hand, Shaler had left his place in the court room and, shaking his finger in the face of the World's routine man at the reporters' table, denounced the whole reportorial tribe, while Carleton, the guilty writer, was safely seated among the spectators.

But the New York World of that time held for me each day an interest transcending those comic reports. Robert Mantell was winning praise in The Marble Heart at the Fifth Avenue Theater, and a

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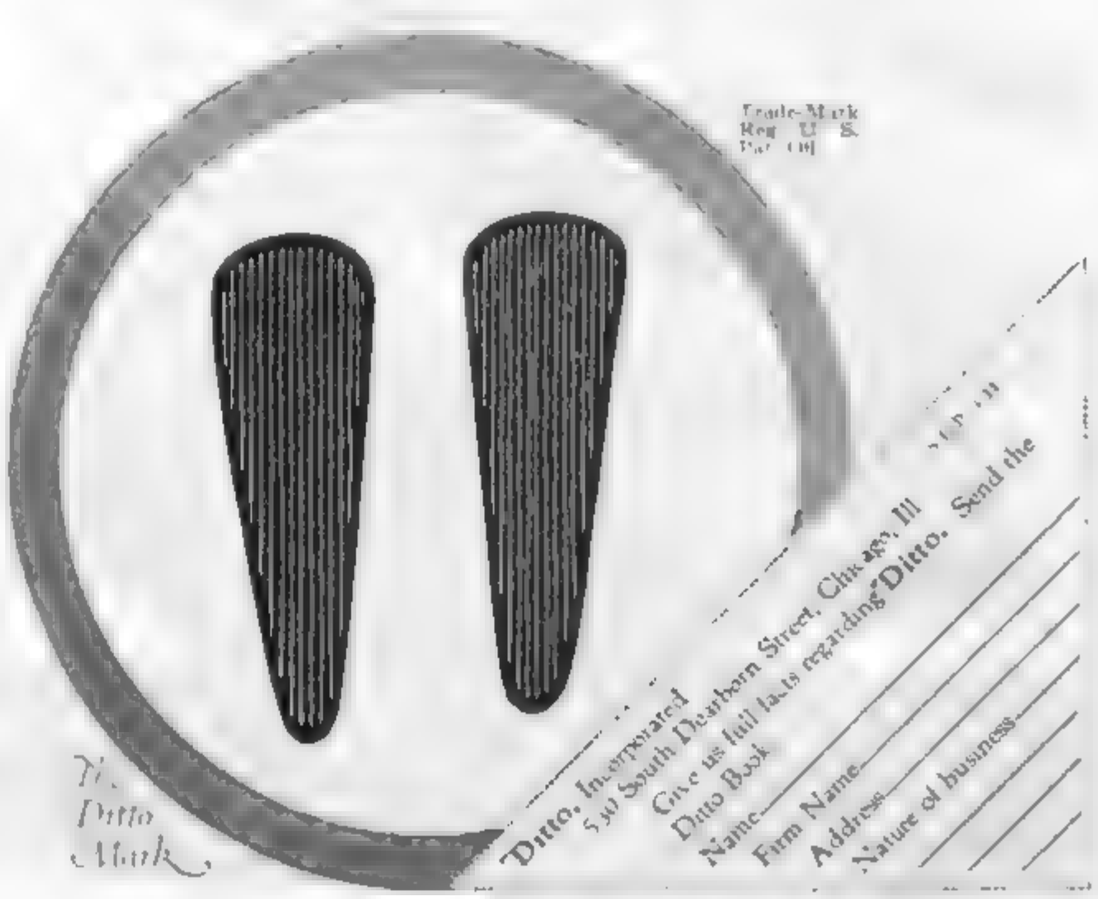

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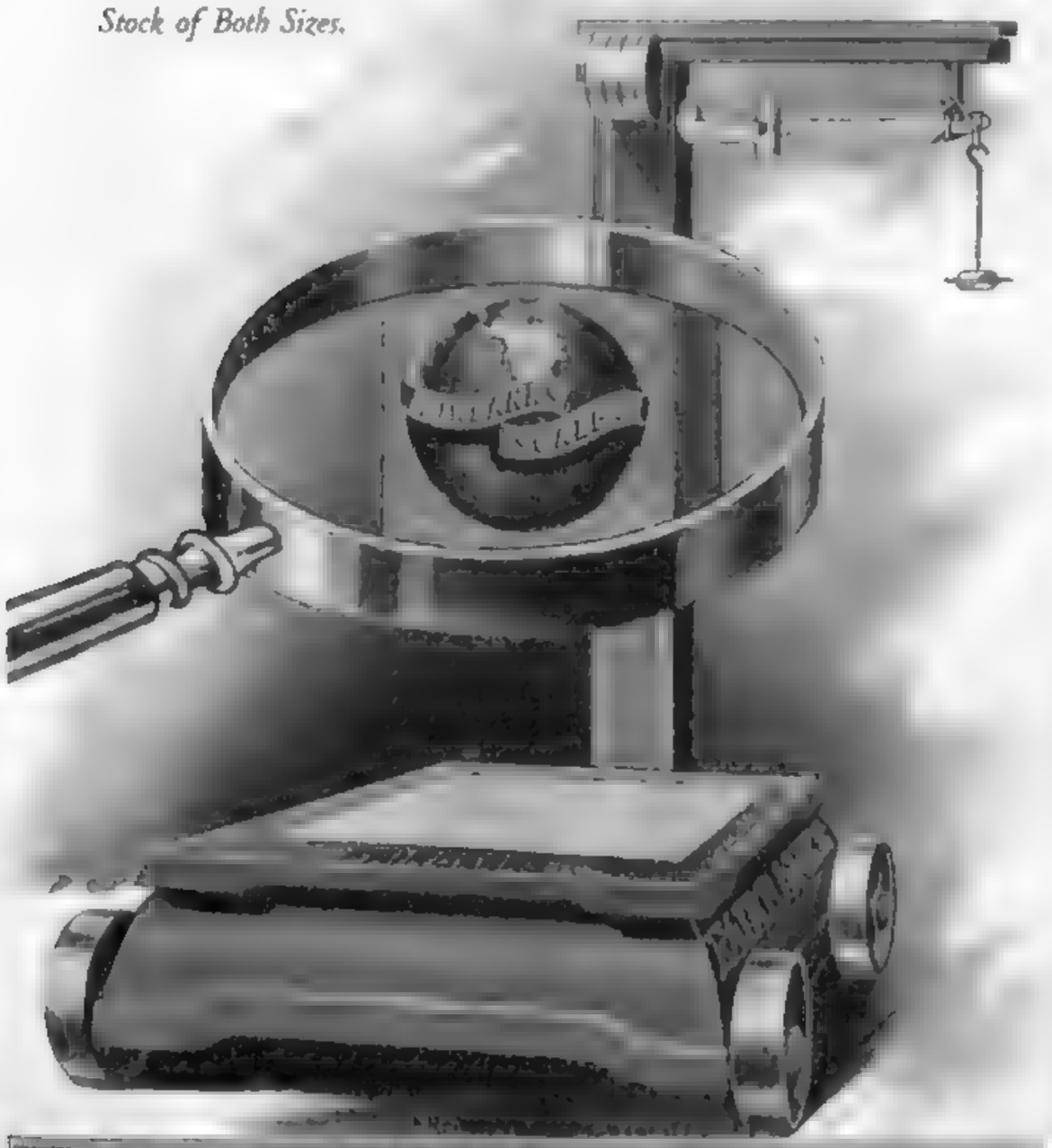

FAIRBANKS SCALES

letter to me from Will Smythe said that he was considering the advisability of following that drama with The Burglar. Pauline Hall, who had been in the Vokes company three summers before when we played In Camp, and had been refused the transient hotel rates along with Westford and myself at the Madison House in Chicago, was now starring jointly with Francis Wilson at the Casino in Erminie, which had reached its three-hundredth performance on Broadway.

Rosina Vokes, who had left Fred before his tryout of that same piece while she went to England, was back with her own excellent little company, playing The School Mistress at the Standard Theater. Muldoon's Picnic, the comedy our company had appropriated for performances in Canada and New Orleans, was crowding Tony Pastor's Theater, with Barry and Fay in their proper rôles. Salsbury's Troubadours, after which we had modeled our now disbanded company, was playing The Humming Bird at the Star Theater.

Real-Life Drama

James O'Neil, with whom Della Fox had made her first appearance in The Celebrated Case, was beginning at the Grand Opera House in New York his run of Monte Cristo, which was to serve him as a vehicle for some twenty years thereafter. Sarah Bernhardt, who had been our Sketch Club guest at the picture gallery in St. Louis, was giving for the first time a farewell tour which was to be repeated at intervals for the next thirty years. Minnie Maddern, in whom I felt more than a passing interest because she had been such a favorite at Pope's Theater, and because Tom Davy, who had been in partnership with my father in New Orleans when I was a lad, had subsequently become her father, was playing Caprice, by Howard Taylor, at the Bijou Opera House.

Robson and Crane, friendship with whom I had formed in the old art-gallery days, and who had done much to inspire me and my companions in our theatrical ventures, were playing Bronson Howard's record-breaking comedy, The Henrietta, at the Union Square Theater. Will Gillette had quit his amusing play, The Professor, and with Held by the Enemy, the first and best of the war plays, was rivaling the concurrent success of Bronson Howard.

But the most interesting item of all if I had had the gift of prophecy would have been the fact that Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were beginning their joint starring venture under the management of Arthur B. Chase in the tour that was to have as one of its incidents, as already hinted, my own elimination as a budding newspaper proprietor.

These theatrical events in New York, distracting as they were to a would-be dramatist in St. Louis, were helped in their irritating insistence by their summary that our then theatrical man, George Sibley Johns, now managing editor, made every week for the Saturday edition.

Many big newspaper stories broke that year, carrying valuable material for a would-be playwright. I got the backbone of In Mizzoura, in which Nat Goodwin starred in 1893, from the Jim Cummings express robbery. Cummings, whose right name was Whitlock, had forged an order upon a Missouri Pacific express messenger to carry him deadhead from St. Louis to Vinita, and had climbed with this authority into the express car as the train was leaving the Union Station. He had helped the messenger sort his packages until a good chance came to poke a gun into his cheek and tell him to be quiet while being tied. Then Cummings had stepped off in the dark at a water tank with a suitcase packed with one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in currency.

When Cummings was finally arrested, and in the same cell in the Fourcourts where I had gone to visit John Cockerill after the shooting of Slayback, he and I became well acquainted. Two features of his exploit that I admired were his motive for it and his rehearsal of the performance. The motive was to get four thousand dollars to lift a mortgage his mother had put on her home to start him in the coal business.

Knowing that he would reach this water tank and drop off in the night, his rehearsal was to go over the route of his escape, about twelve miles of rough country to the Missouri River, twice—once in the daylight to determine it, and once at night to master its difficulties under that condition. It was only when later he got to extemporizing that he fell into difficulty and was captured. For a successful run full rehearsals are necessary.

Another celebrated case was the murder of an Englishman named Preller by a fellow Englishman, Maxwell, who needed the money, and who left a trunk containing Preller's body with the hotel as security for his board bill. I made a substantial use of this in the Earl of Pawtucket for Lawrance D'Orsay in 1903.

Other incidents, character bits and situations in that newspaper work, too numerous and detached for present description, helped pack a mental record upon which I drew more or less for some sixty plays, big and little.

Along in this first Post-Dispatch winter came what was called the Great Southwestern Railroad strike, handled from the labor end by the consequently notorious Martin Irons. This started over the discharge of one union man. When manifestations at the Missouri Pacific yards between Grand and Summit Avenues in St. Louis required a second reporter to help cover them I was sent to the scene. Among the captains handling the labor forces I met two of the old K. C. & N. Railroad men who had served as junior officers in the Knights of Labor assembly over which I had presided as master workman some ten years before. By them I was enabled to sit in the back room of a little cake and ice cream shop on Chouteau Avenue and write up all the big events of a physical nature in that district some hours before their occurrence; to send these reports to the newspaper and have them on the galleys ready to put into the forms and print upon the telephonic release. Some sensations happening as late as four o'clock in the afternoon, with the paper held for their promised performance, and then able immediately to go upon the street with a detailed account of them, took place two or three miles away from the quiet crossing patrolled by the police and fellow reporters.

Hurting His Foot and His Technic

I was never at liberty to tell my sources of information, but the paper, after the first confirming result, gave me its confidence. The only concession I had to make for this exclusive information was not to give the strikers the worst of it. For two weeks the Post-Dispatch led in this privileged fashion; and then one morning, getting off the train, which usually slowed down at Summit Avenue, but on this particular occasion, avoiding an expected assault, pumped up a speed of some thirty miles, I stepped onto a crossing covered with oak planking worn to bristling splinters. One of these ran through a break in the defective half sole and lining of a shoe and pinned me long enough to retard my technic. It also sent me to the hospital. Another man took my job at the crossing and there was a turnover in the paper's treatment of that local situation. When I came back to work, these exclusive reports, bunched along with the good work of the staff, had taken me a little out of the awkward squad.

I wish that what I have next to record could be written in the third person; wish that I were writing of somebody else or that the yarn didn't sound so like the small-boy stories of the despised bush-league pitcher called from the big-team bench to save the deciding game of the championship series. And, as it is, I'm going to hamstring every dramatic trick in the telling of it. I'm going to draw all the climactic fizz from it now by saying to start with that one Saturday afternoon I was the low-score man on the local staff of the Post-Dispatch, and that twelve days later, because a talented and honest and earnest woman happened also to be vain enough to pretend to a knowledge of elementary Latin which she didn't have, a committee of politicians and bankers and otherwise sane citizens were trying to give me in fee simple a going newspaper and fifty thousand dollars in cash under the misapprehension that I was responsible for nearly all the business success of Joseph Pulitzer, to whom I had never spoken.

I have referred to the prominence in the journalistic world at that time of Mr. Joseph Howard, the New York *feuilletonist*. Either Johns or Jennings had in a generous moment of attempted encouragement mentioned Howard's name in connection with

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74

my own, observing of course the proper interval between the two. This mention had been seized upon by Magner as material for pleasantry, but there may be some truth in the maxim that every knock is a boost, because his ridicule fixed it in the mind of the managing editor, Moore, even though in distorted form. One morning about the latter part of March, 1887, Moore came into the local rooms with a telegram which he slowly handed to Magner. Magner read the telegram and looked at Moore, who waited expectantly. All of us reporters were watching both men covertly. Moore cautiously indicated me. Magner threw up his hands with an incredulous laugh, went to his swivel chair and again swung into the consultation. Moore laid the telegram in front of me. It was from Mr. Ballard Smith, managing editor of the New York World. It read:

"On Tuesday, April fifth, the women of Kansas will for the first time vote in the local elections. Send your best humorous writer and an artist at once to make a tour of the state to describe and illustrate conditions in principal cities. Have them arrange with local men in each city to report by telegraph to a central point, say Topeka, on election day, from which place your reporter will telegraph us summaries of the results."

Mrs. Gouger's Attack

When I had read it I looked over at Magner, who was grinning derisively, and then up to Moore, who stood beside me with a quite uncertain expression.

I said, "Were you thinking of sending me?"

Moore nodded.

"In what capacity humorous writer or artist?"

Moore answered, "Both."

When I didn't faint at his reply he told me to follow him into his private office, where the arrangements were completed. It must be told in partial explanation that, as far as affairs on the paper were concerned, Moore was noted for his extreme economy. The chance to save the expenses and salary of one man on this proposed trip for two must have been a consideration.

On the daylight run from St. Louis in the parlor car, which had few passengers, a lady came from a chair at the other end to take away her little daughter of five or six, who she thought was annoying me. On the contrary, I was much interested, as the child had said her home was in Leavenworth. The lady herself was a sister of Mayor S. F. Neely of that city, who was a candidate for reëlection. She was going home to vote for him. During the afternoon I got from her a better insight into the politics in the state from a woman's point of view than I could have got perhaps by two or three days' unaided reportorial inquiry. Getting to Leavenworth that night, I made Mayor Neely's acquaintance under these favorable conditions also, and after a day there started over the state. I made the prescribed tour, sent in stories and drawings to the New York World, and it was fun to be able to draw freely with a pen for publication for the first time without an interfering medium.

On Saturday, April second, I returned to Leavenworth and called at the house of D. R. Anthony, brother of Susan B., to see Mrs. Helen M. Gouger, the militant suffragist who had organized the Republican women of Kansas. Mrs. Gouger was in good spirits, because it was felt by her party associates that they would carry the state and that Mayor Neely, the Democratic candidate in the city of Leavenworth, would be defeated by three thousand majority. The mayor himself privately conceded an expected defeat by twenty-five hundred.

I had chosen Leavenworth as my headquarters for election day because of its nearness to Kansas City for one reason, and largely because of my new friendship for Mayor Neely and the comfortable quarters at the Hotel Delmonico, kept at that time by two Italian brothers named Giacomini.

For herself, Mrs. Gouger said that she was there because Leavenworth was the Sodom of America. I called her attention to the significance and the gravity of this characterization, both of which she said she knew and stood for; told her the statement was to be printed in the New York World. As it would not appear before Tuesday morning, she gave her full permission for its publication. Answering further questions, she said Leavenworth deserved that characterization because the upper strata of its female population had been corrupted by the proximity of the military post of Fort Leavenworth, with its officers. I knew that both these statements, the Sodom characterization and the charge against the military, were loaded, and hesitated to repeat them even with her permission. Back at the hotel I inquired of Neely if there was ground for the statement, and, in the slang of the day, he hit the ceiling.

My room that night was invaded by consecutive committees of citizens asking me to confirm this report which Neely had rather liberally passed on. In one of these committees, unknown to me, was a reporter for the Kansas City Times. That paper appeared on Sunday morning with a vivid article calling upon the citizens of Leavenworth to defend their homes against this slander, and a free copy was laid at every door in the city. As I was comfortably taking a late breakfast in the hotel dining room Monday morning a square-toed visitor touched me on the shoulder and told me he had a warrant for my arrest.

Remembering Don César de Bazan, Elliott Gray, Sir Francis Levison and other theatrical leading gentlemen of self-control, I tried to emulate them. Not allowing this startling news to seem to interrupt my breakfast, I asked why I was to be taken, and was shown a warrant for my arrest upon the charge of criminal libel. The constable consented to wait in the doorway and watch me finish my meal. While I Fletcherized everything and ordered more, I sent for a proprietor of the hotel, and he and his brother dispatched messengers to find Mayor Neely.

As the constable and I approached Judge Plowman's court policemen had to make way for us through a crowd which was threatening. One tough individual with an unshaven jaw close to my face asked if the World had sent me to Kansas to fight the Knights of Labor. Without speaking, I gave what had been the secret signs of membership when I was a master workman of the Knights of Labor. It seemed these signs had been superseded, and my use of them rather increased his anger and that of his gang. I got into the court and in front of the judge, however, unpunched. It was a serious situation for the artist and the humorous writer for the World and Post-Dispatch. To paraphrase Mansfield's Prince Karl, "I was two men, and she arrests me both."

In the Arms of the Law

I looked about for Mayor Neely. No friend was in sight. I began to write a telegram reporting the situation as briefly as possible to the St. Louis office. As I wrote, the prosecuting attorney addressed the court. He was asking for an adjournment of the case until Wednesday. The judge asked if that was agreeable to me. I answered that it was, but as I spoke a card was put on the telegram I was framing.

The man holding it said, "I am your attorney."

The judge announced, "Then this case is adjourned until — "

My new friend of the card interrupted him.

"Pardon, Your Honor, we demand immediate hearing."

"But your client has asked for an adjournment to Wednesday"

I, too, begged His Honor's pardon and said I had not made any request. Personally I wanted to be agreeable; but my attorney, Mr. Thomas P. Fenlon, would conduct my case with no interference on my part. After another interchange by the lawyers a recess was taken by the state

Except for its mere outline, this was all rather meaningless to me until I was again through the threatening crowd and safe in the office of the Hon. Lucian Baker, associated with ex-United States Senator Thomas P. Fenlon. Then I learned that the prosecution hoped only to get the case over and beyond election day, and that the town was already being covered with handbills containing an account of the criminal proceedings against me and announcing that the slanderer was in jail.

The news of the World man's arrest had followed the morning papers to Fort Leavenworth, where Mrs. Gouger's published charges against the army officers of that post had released a hornet's nest. Those officers could take no immediate action in defense of their own good repute and the

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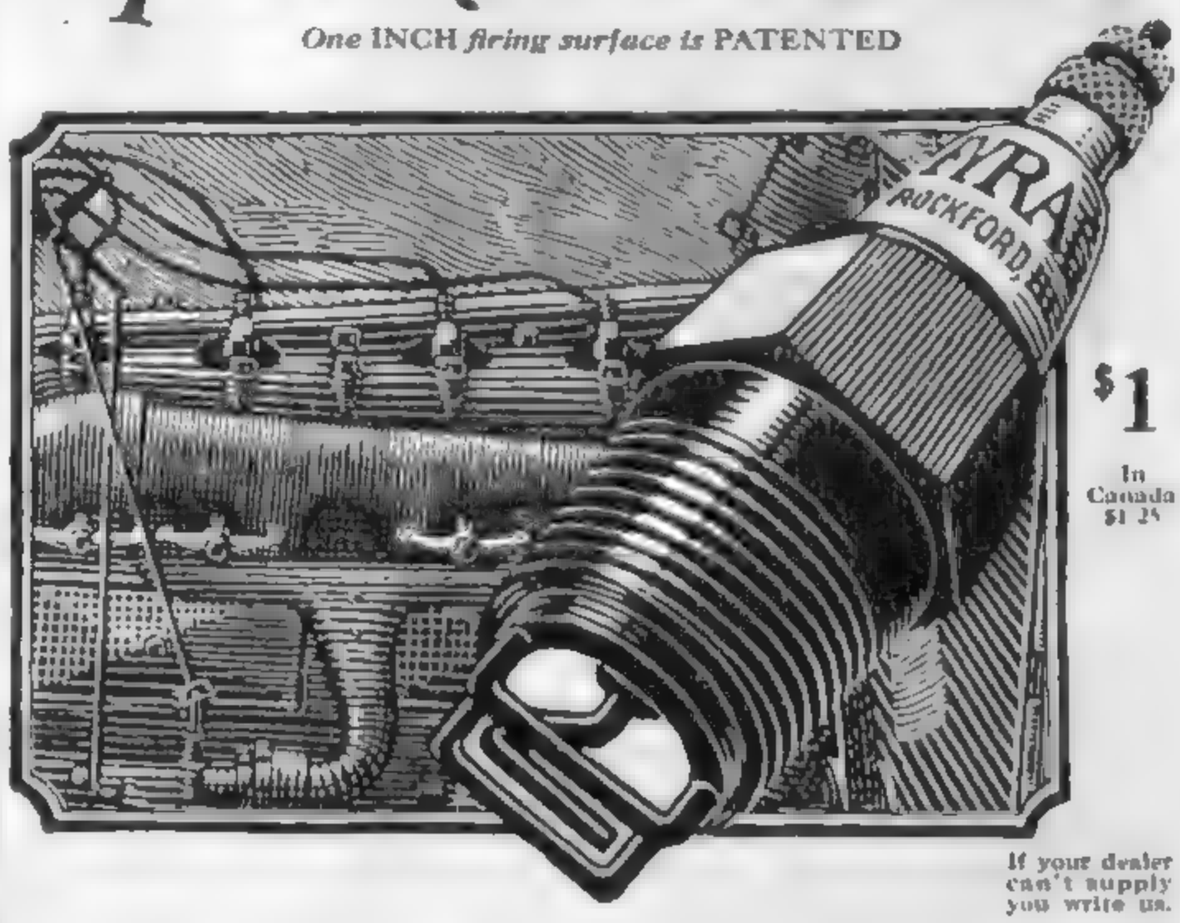

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reputations of the Leavenworth ladies who had received them socially, but they were not unable to show their colors. When Judge Plowman's court came to order after recess the equal crowd that packed it was of another complexion than that of the morning rabble of political strikers. Closely around its sides stood a row of commissioned officers, every one in his best dress uniform of the old army blue and gold; and they were grim of face, those fighting fellows.

The case opened. Mrs. Gouger, on the stand, didn't wish to deny her statement that the upper strata of Leavenworth's female society was corrupted by the Leavenworth post. She had been decided upon her charge against me by my exaggeration in changing "strata" to "stratum." When she found under the ironic cross-examination of Baker that "stratum" was the singular, not the plural, of her Latin noun, the poor lady burst into tears.

The case was dismissed and in a little while Leavenworth was again covered with handbills issued by the Neely camp, saying, "Mrs. Gouger repeats her slanders in court."

It is difficult at this distance of time and territory to appreciate the agitation that this charge of immorality and corruption made upon that social section. That afternoon and again next morning, election day, both the Leavenworth and the Kansas City papers dwelt sensationally upon the gravity of Mrs. Gouger's accusations, with the result that when the lines formed at the polls there was the unusual sight of the finest women in the city pleading with their humbler sisters who worked for them as laundresses, maids or in other domestic relations to come to their rescue and resent this slander.

It was an exciting day, and when the polls closed everybody knew that Neely had not lost by any twenty-five hundred. At 7:30 the report came in that he had lost by only thirty-one votes, and then, a half hour later, after some intense scrutiny, the final result was announced.

Neely winner by a majority of sixteen!

Neely had represented the liberal tendencies of the community and of course the municipal organizations, and when the sixteen majority was a settled fact at about 8:30 that night fire bells rang, engine companies turned out, their red-shirted crews came to the Delmonico Hotel and in a kind of Mardi-gras excitement ran their hose through all the building. I don't know just what that symbolized, but along with their yelling and the brass bands and the military on leave it was one more variety of emotional outlet. As the excitement mounted there was a call for the representative of the New York World, and despite protests I was carried by those firemen and Mayor Neely's managers to the balcony of the hotel, from which I was refused egress until I had made some sort of speech to the crowd.

This whole thing has a Munchausen ring to it; but it is in the musty files of those old papers, and I can't escape it if I am going to tell truthfully the things that have seemed to affect my course, guided as it was, like that of the beetle, principally by collisions. Wednesday was another large day, and on Thursday evening there was a victors' banquet organized by the local banker, Mr. M. H. Insley, who with Mayor Neely owned a majority of the stock of the afternoon paper, the Leavenworth Standard. There were about forty of the principal business men of the city at the table. In their speeches they explained the secret of the great Pulitzer successes. It was having priceless men like me beside him and making it worth while for them to stay there. The next day Mayor Neely and Mr. Insley and two others who made up the big four came to the hotel and offered me the Evening Standard and fifty thousand dollars with which to get additional equipment if I would stay in Leavenworth and edit the paper in the same vigorous way in which I had just won the recent campaign. As we talked about it a telegram came from Ballard Smith of the World:

"Go at once to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, where James G. Blaine is seriously ill at the home of his son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger. Send full reports."

My good friend, Mayor Neely, and his banker partner said they would hold their offer open for me until my return, and they did. I gave the banker a draft for railroad fares to Gibson.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Thomas.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 17)

never before have noticed how many well-fed people one saw in a day.

Late in the afternoon his explorations took him beyond the lower end of his little home street, and he was attracted by sounds of the picture drama from a rude board structure labeled High Gear Dance Hall. He approached and entered with that calm ease of manner which his days on the lot had brought to a perfect bloom. No one now would ever suppose that he was a mere sight-seer or chained to the Holden lot by circumstances over which he had ceased to exert the slightest control.

The interior of the High Gear Dance Hall presented nothing new to his seasoned eye. It was the dance hall made familiar by many a smashing five-reel Western. The picture was, quite normally, waiting. Electricians were shoving about the big light standards, cameras were being moved and bored actors were loafing informally at the round tables or chatting in groups about the set.

One actor alone was keeping in his part. A ragged, bearded, unkempt elderly man in red shirt and frayed overalls, a repellent felt hat pulled low over his brow, reclined on the floor at the end of the bar, his back against a barrel. Apparently he slept. A flash of remembrance from the Montague girl's talk identified this wretched creature. This was what happened to an actor who had to peddle the brush. Perhaps for days he had been compelled to sleep there in the interests of dance-hall atmosphere.

He again scanned the group, for he remembered too, now, that the Montague girl would also be working here in God's Great Outdoors. His eyes presently found her. She was, indeed, a blond hussy, short skirted, low necked, pitifully rouged, depraved beyond redemption. She stood at the end of the piano, and in company with another of the dance-hall girls who played the accompaniment she was singing a ballad the refrain of which he caught as "God calls them angels in heaven, we call them mothers here."

The song ended, the Montague girl stepped to the center of the room, looked aimlessly about her, then seized an innocent bystander, one of the rough characters frequenting this unsavory resort, and did a dance with him among the tables. Tiring of this, she flitted across the room and addressed the bored director, who impatiently awaited the changing of lights. She affected to consider him a reporter who had sought an interview with her. She stood erect, facing him with one hand on a hip, the other patting and readjusting her blond coiffure.

"Really," she began in a voice of pained dignity, "I am at a loss to understand why the public should be so interested in me. What can I say to your readers—I, who am so wholly absorbed in my art that I can't think of hardly anything else? Why will not the world let us alone? Hold on—don't go!"

She had here pretended that the reporter was taking her at her word. She seized him by a lapel, to which she clung while with her other arm she encircled a post, thus anchoring the supposed intruder into her private affairs.

"As I was saying," she resumed, "all this publicity is highly distasteful to the artist, and yet since you have forced yourself in here I may as well say a few little things about how good I am and how I got that way.

"Yes, I have nine motor cars, and I just bought a lace tablecloth for twelve hundred bones ——"

She broke off inconsequently, poor victim of her constitutional frivolity. The director grinned after her as she danced away, though Merton Gill had considered her levity in the worst of taste. Then her eye caught him as he stood modestly back of the working electricians, and she danced forward again in his direction. He would have liked to evade her, but saw that he could not do this gracefully. She greeted him with an impudent grin.

(Continued on Page 81)

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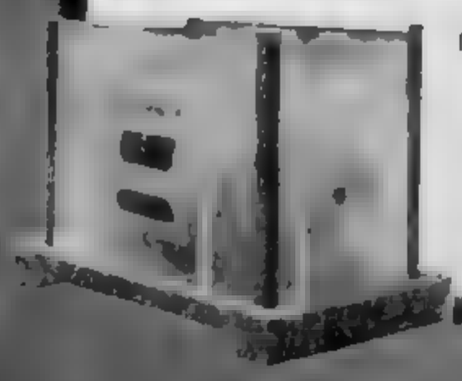

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Why, hello, trouper! As I live, the actin' kid!" She held out a hand to him and he could not well refuse it. He would have preferred to upstage her once more, as she had phrased it in her low jargon; but he was cornered. Her grip of his hand quite astonished him with its vigor.

"Well, how's everything with you? Everything jake?"

He tried for a show of easy confidence.

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed; everything is."

"Well, that's good, kid."

But she was now without the grin, and was running a practiced eye over what might have been called his general effect. The hat was jaunty enough, truly a hat of the successful; but all below that—the not too fresh collar, the somewhat rumpled coat, the trousers crying for an iron despite their nightly compression beneath their slumbering owner, the shoes not too recently polished, and, more than all, a certain hunted though still defiant look in the young man's eyes—seemed to speak eloquently under the shrewd glance she bent on him.

"Say, listen here, old-timer! Remember, I been trouping, man and boy, for over forty year, and it's hard to fool me—are you working?"

He resented the persistent levity of manner, but was coerced by the very apparent real kindness in her tone.

"Well"—he looked about the set vaguely in his discomfort—"you see, right now I'm between pictures; you know how it is."

Again she searched his eyes, and spoke in a lower tone.

"Well, all right; but you needn't blush about it, kid."

The blush she had detected now became more easy of detection.

"Well, I—you see ——" he began again, but he was saved from being more explicit by the call of an assistant director:

"Miss Montague! Miss Montague! Where's that Flips girl? On the set, please."

She skipped lightly from him. When she returned a little later to look for him he had gone.

He went to bed that night when darkness had made this practicable. The beans were gone. Peace to their ashes! But under his blankets he whiled away a couple of wakeful hours by running tensely dramatic films of breakfast, dinner and supper at the Gashwiler home. It seemed that you didn't fall asleep so quickly when you had eaten nothing since early morning. Never had he achieved such perfect photography as now of the Gashwiler corned-beef hash and light biscuits, the Gashwiler hot cakes and sausage, and never had Gashwiler so impressively carved the Saturday night four-rib roast of tender beef. Gashwiler achieved a sensational triumph in the scene, being accorded all the close-ups that the most exacting of screen actors could wish. His knife work was perfect. He held his audience enthralled by his superb technic.

Mrs. Gashwiler, too, had a small but telling part in the drama to-night; only a character bit, but one of those poignant bits that stand out in the memory. The subtitle was "Merton, won't you let me give you another piece of the mince pie?" That was all, and yet, as screen artists say, it got over big. There came very near to being not a dry eye in the house when the simple words were flashed beside an insert of thick, flaky-topped mince pies with quarters cut from them to reveal their noble interiors.

Sleep came at last while he was regretting that lawless orgy of the morning. He needn't have cleaned up those beans in that silly way. He could have left a good half of them. He ran what might have been considered a split-reel comedy of the stewpan's bottom still covered with perfectly edible beans lightly protected with Nature's own pastel-tinted shroud for perishing vegetable matter, diversified here and there with casual small deposits of ashes.

In the morning something good really did happen. As he folded his blankets in the gray light a hard object rattled along the floor from them. He picked this up before he recognized it as a mutilated fragment from the stale half loaf of bread he had salvaged. He wondered how he could have forgotten it even in the plenitude of his banquet. There it was, a mere nubbin of crust and so hard it might almost have been taken for a petrified specimen of prehistoric bread. Yet it proved to be rarely palatable. Its flavor was exquisite. It melted in the mouth.

Somewhat refreshed by this modest cheer, he climbed from the window of the Crystal Palace with his mind busy on two tracks. While the letter to Gashwiler composed itself, with especially clear directions about where the return money should be sent, he was also warning himself to remain throughout the day at a safe distance from the door of the cafeteria. He had proved the wisdom of this even the day before, that had started with a bounteous breakfast. To-day the aroma of cooked food occasionally wafted from the cafeteria door would prove, he was sure, to be more than he could bear.

He rather shunned the stages to-day, keeping more to himself. The collar, he had to confess, was no longer, even to the casual eye, what a successful screen actor's collar should be. The sprouting beard might still be misconstrued as the whim of a director sanctified to realism—every day it was getting to look more like that—but no director would have commanded the wearing of such a collar except in actual work, where it might have been a striking detail in the apparel of an underworldling, one of those creatures who became the tools of rich but unscrupulous roués who are bent upon the moral destruction of beautiful young screen heroines. He knew it was now that sort of collar. No use now in pretending that it had been worn yesterday for the first time.

■

Of Shattered Illusions

THE next morning he sat a long time in the genial sunlight watching carpenters finish a scaffolding beside the pool that had once floated logs to a sawmill. The scaffolding was a stout affair supporting an immense tank that would, evidently for some occult reason important to screen art, hold a great deal of water. The sawmill was gone; at one end of the pool rode a small sailboat with one mast, its canvas flapping idly in a gentle breeze. Its deck was littered with rigging upon which two men worked. They seemed to be getting things shipshape for a cruise.

When he had tired of this he started off toward the High Gear Dance Hall. Something all day had been drawing him there against his will. He hesitated to believe it was the Montague girl's kindly manner toward him the day before, yet he could identify no other influence. Probably it was that. Yet he didn't want to face her again, even if for a moment she had quit trying to be funny, even if for a moment her eyes had searched his quite earnestly, her broad, amiable face glowing with that sudden friendly concern. It had been hard to withstand this yesterday; he had been in actual danger of confiding to her that engagements of late were not plentiful—something like that. And it would be harder to-day. Even the collar would make it harder to resist the confidence that he was not at this time overwhelmed with offers for his art.

He had for what seemed like an interminable stretch of time been solitary and an outlaw. It was something to have been spoken to by a human being who expressed ever so fleeting an interest in his affairs, even by someone as inconsequent, as negligible in the world of screen artistry as this lightsome minx who, because of certain mental infirmities, could never hope for the least enviable eminence in a profession demanding seriousness of purpose. Still it would be foolish to go again to the set where she was. She might think he was encouraging her.

So he passed the High Gear, where a four-horse stage, watched by two cameras, was now releasing its passengers, who all appeared to be direct from New York, and walked on to an outdoor set that promised entertainment. This was the narrow street of some quaint European village—Scotch, he soon saw from the dress of its people. A large automobile was invading this remote hamlet to the dismay of its inhabitants. Rehearsed through a megaphone, they scurried within doors at its approach, ancient men hobbling on sticks and frantic mothers grabbing their little ones from the path of the monster. Two trial trips he saw the car make the length of the little street.

At its lower end, brooding placidly, was an ancient horse rather recalling Dexter in his generously exposed bones and the jaded droop of his head above a low stone wall. Twice the car sped by him, arousing no least sign of apprehension or even of interest.

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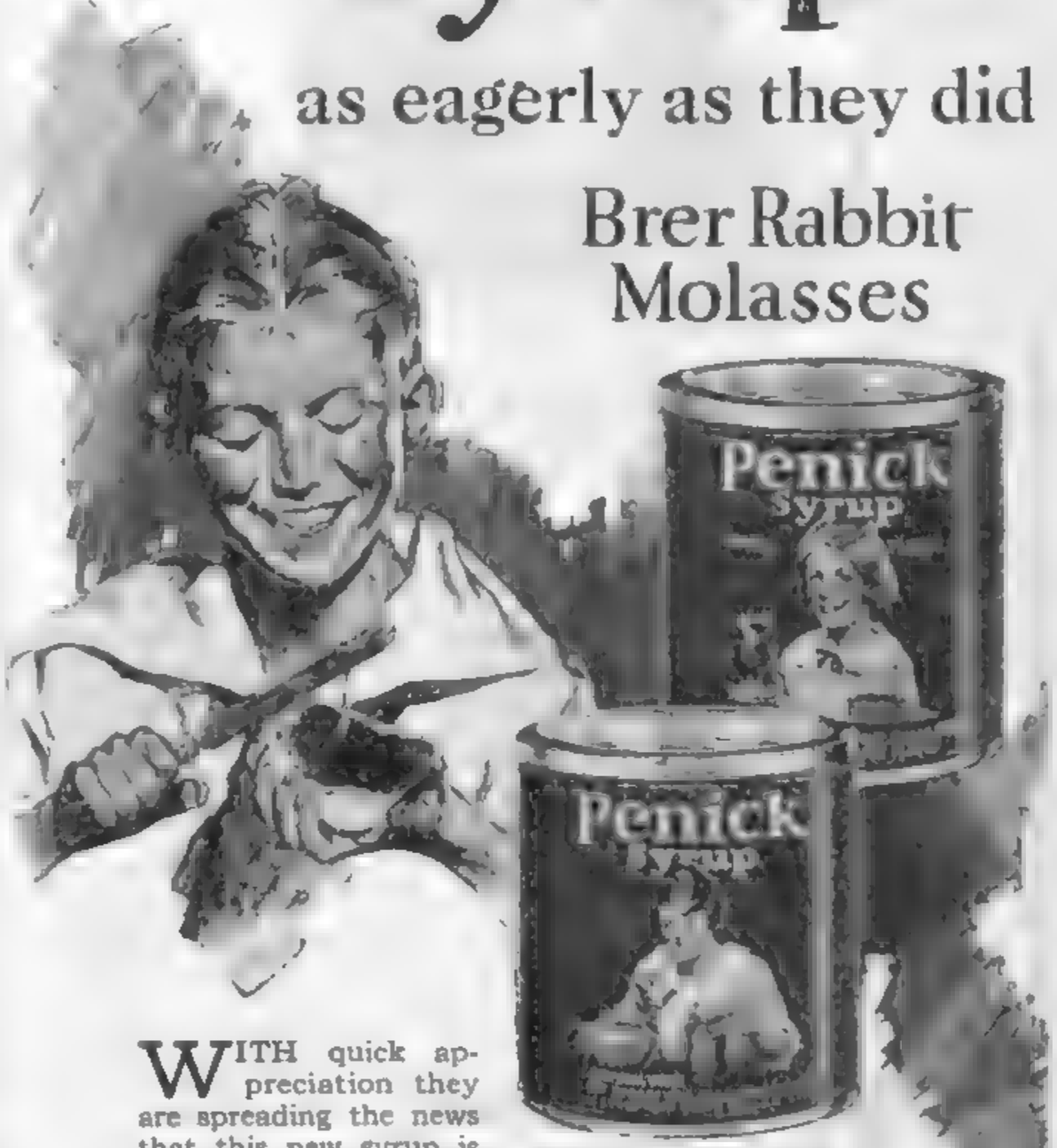

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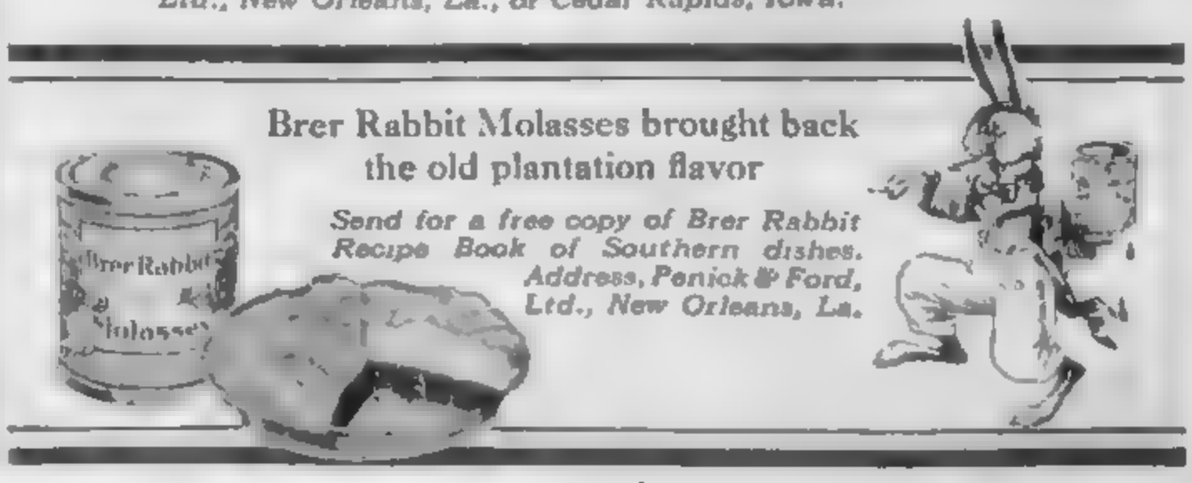

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Please send me booklet, describing Aladdin Thermalware Jar and Thermalware Dish.

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He paid it not so much as the tribute of a raised eyelid.

The car went back to the head of the street where its entrance would be made.

"All right—ready!" came the megaphoned order.

Again the peaceful street was thrown into panic by this snorting dragon from the outer world. The old men hobbled affrightedly within doors, the mothers saved their children. And this time, to the stupefaction of Merton Gill, even the old horse proved to be an actor of rare merits. As the car approached he seemed to suffer a painful shock. He tossed his aged head, kicked viciously with his rear feet, stood absurdly aloft on them, then turned and fled from the monster. As Merton mused upon the genius of the trainer who had taught his horse not only to betray fright at a motor car but to distinguish between rehearsals and the actual taking of a scene, he observed a man who emerged from a clump of near-by shrubbery. He carried a shotgun. This was broken at the breech and the man was blowing smoke from the barrels as he came on.

So that was it! The panic of the old horse had been but a simple reaction to a couple of charges of—perhaps rock salt. Merton Gill hoped it had been nothing sterner. For the first time in his screen career he became cynical about his art. A thing of sham, of machinery, of subterfuge. Nothing would be real, perhaps not even the art.

It is probable that lack of food conduced to this disparaging outlook; and he recovered presently, for he had been smitten with a quick vision of Beulah Baxter in one of her most daring exploits. She, at least, was real. Deaf to entreaty, she honestly braved her hazards. It was a comforting thought after this late exposure of a sham.

In this slightly combative mood he retraced his steps and found himself, outside the High Gear Dance Hall, fortified for another possible encounter with the inquiring and obviously sympathetic Montague girl. He entered and saw that she was not on the set. The barroom dance hall was for the moment deserted of its ribald crew, while an honest inhabitant of the open spaces on a balcony was holding a large revolver to the shrinking back of one of the New York men who had lately arrived by the stage. He forced this man, who was plainly not honest, to descend the stairs and to sign, at a table, a certain paper. Then, with weapon still in hand, the honest Westerner forced the cowardly New Yorker in the direction of the front door until they had passed out of the picture.

On this the bored director of the day before called loudly, "Now, boys, in your places! You've heard a shot! You're running outside to see what's the matter! On your toes, now! Try it once!"

From rear doors came the motley frequenters of the place, led by the elder Montague. They trooped to the front in two lines and passed from the picture. Here they milled about, waiting for further orders.

"Rotten!" called the director. "Rotten and then some! Listen! You came like a lot of children marching out of a public school. Don't come in lines! Break it up! Push each other! Fight to get ahead—and you're noisy too. You're shouting! You're saying, 'What's this? What's it all about? What's the matter? Which way did he go?' Say anything you want to, but keep shouting—anything at all. Say, 'Thar's gold in them hills!' if you can't think of anything else. Go on now, boys! Do it again and pep it, see? Turn the juice on! Open up the old mufflers!"

The men went back through the rear doors. The late caller would here have left, being fed up with this sort of stuff; but at that moment he descried the Montague girl back behind a light standard. She had not noted him, but was in close talk with a man he recognized as Jeff Baird, arch perpetrator of the infamous Buckeye comedies. They came toward him, still talking, as he looked.

"We'll finish here to-morrow afternoon, anyway," the girl was saying.

"Fine!" said Baird. "That makes everything jake. Get over on the set whenever you're through. Come over to-night if they don't shoot here, just to give us a look-in."

"Can't," said the girl. "Soon as I get outa this dump I got to eat on the lot and everything and be over to Baxter's layout. She'll be doing tank stuff till all hours—shipwreck and murder and all like that. Gosh, I hope it ain't cold! I don't mind the water, but I certainly hate to get out and wait in wet clothes while Sig Rosenblatt's thinking about a retake."

"Well"—Baird turned to go—"take care of yourself. Don't dive and forget to come up. Come over when you're ready."

"Sure! S'long!"

Here the girl, turning from Baird, noted Merton Gill beside her.

"Well, well, as I live, the actin' kid once more! Say, you're getting to be a regular studio hound, ain't you?"

For the moment he had forgotten his troubles. He was burning to ask her if Beulah Baxter would really work in a shipwreck scene that night at the place where he had watched the carpenters and the men on the sailboat; but as he tried to word this he saw that the girl was again scanning him with keen eyes. They were very knowing eyes. He knew she would read the collar, the beard, perhaps even a look of mere hunger that he thought must now be showing.

"Say, see here, trouper! What's the shootin' all about, anyway? You up against it—yes."

There was again in her eye the look of warm concern, and she was no longer trying to be funny. He might now have admitted a few little things about his screen career, but again the director interrupted:

"Miss Montague, where are you? Oh! Well, remember you're behind the piano during that gun play just now, and you stay hid till after the boys get out. We'll shoot this time, so get set."

She sped off, with a last backward glance of questioning. He waited but a moment before leaving. He was almost forgetting his hunger in the pretty certain knowledge that in a few hours he would actually behold his wonder woman in at least one of her daring exploits. Shipwreck! Perhaps she would be all but drowned. He hastened back to the pool that had now acquired this high significance. The carpenters were still puttering about on the scaffold. He saw that platforms for the cameras had been built out from its side.

He noted, too, and was puzzled by an aëroplane propeller that had been stationed close to one corner of the pool, just beyond the stern of the little sailing craft. Perhaps there would be an aëroplane wreck in addition to a shipwreck. Now he had something besides food to think of. And he wondered what the Montague girl could be doing in the company of a really serious artist like Beulah Baxter. From her own story she was going to get wet, but from what he knew of her she would be some character not greatly missed from the cast if she should, as Baird had suggested, dive and forget to come up. He supposed that Baird had meant this to be humorous, the humor typical of a man who could profane a great art with the atrocious Buckeye comedies, so called.

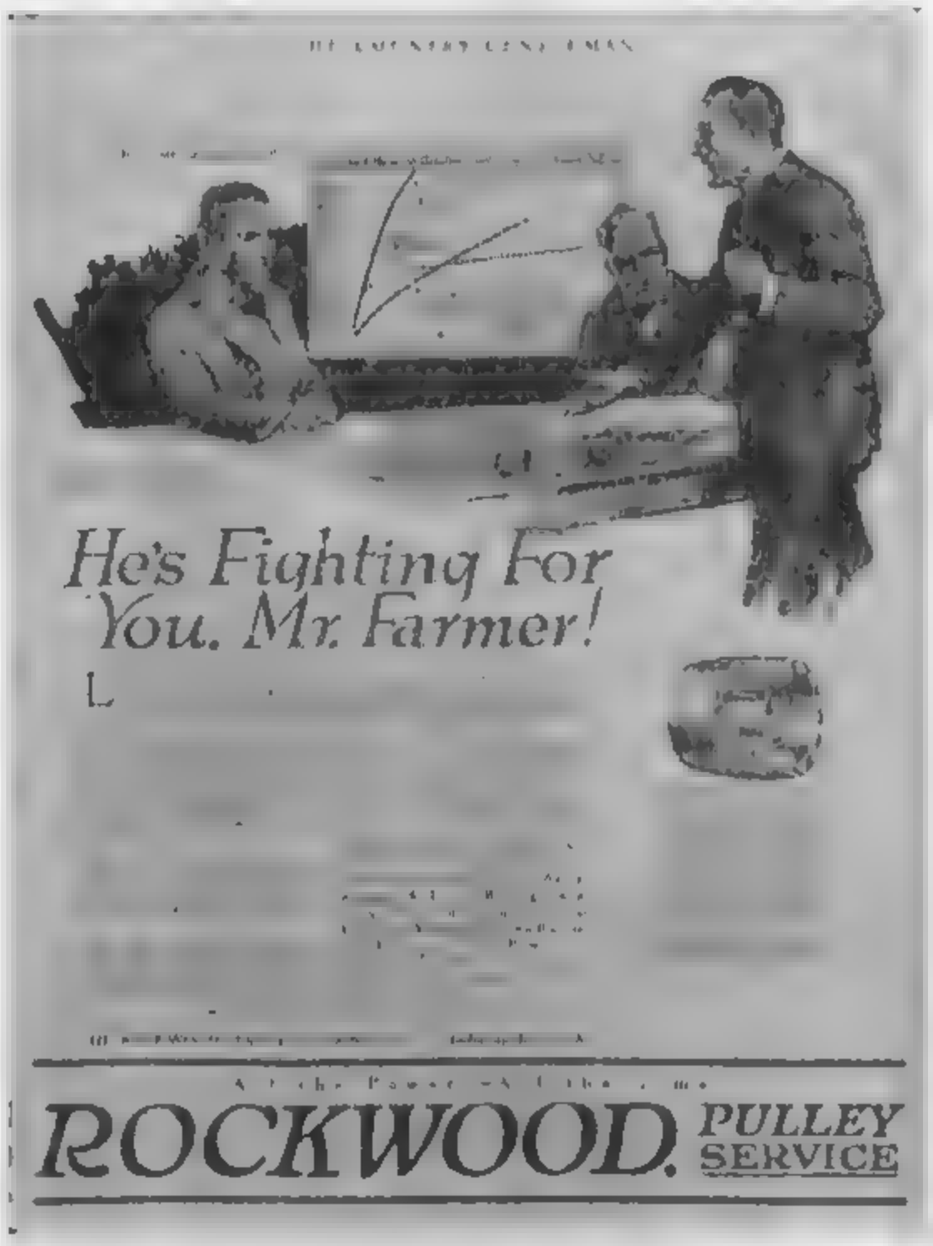
He put in the hours until nightfall in aimless wandering and idle gazing, and was early at the pool side where his heroine would do her sensational acting. It was now a scene of thrilling activity. Immense lights, both from the scaffolding and from a tower back of the sailing craft, flooded the little ship from time to time as adjustments were made. The rigging was slack and the deck was still littered—intentionally so, he now perceived. The gallant little boat had been cruelly buffeted by a gale. Two sailors in piratical dress could be seen to emerge at intervals from the cabin.

Suddenly the gale was on again with terrific force. The sea rose in great waves and the tiny ship rocked in a perilous manner. Great billows of water swept its decks. Merton Gill stared in amazement at these phenomena so dissonant with the quiet, starlit night. Then he traced them without difficulty to their various sources. The gale issued from the swift revolutions of that aëroplane propeller he had noticed a while ago. The flooding billows were spilled from the big tank at the top of the scaffold and the boat rocked in obedience to the tugging of a rope—tugged from the shore by a crew of helpers—that ran to the top of its mast. Thus had the storm been produced.

A spidery, youngish man from one of the platforms built out from the scaffold now became sharply vocal through a megaphone to assistants who were bending the elements to the need of this particular hazard of Hortense. He called directions to the men who tugged the rope, to the men in

(Continued on Page 84)

"We Wanted to Secure a Big New Market"



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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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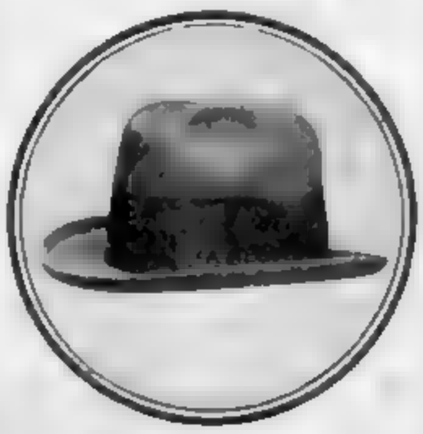

The delicate refinements that go into the making and blocking of every Stetson will be seen in this model at your dealer's. It's for all men—especially young men

STETSON HATS

STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 82)

control of the lights and to another who seemed to create the billows. Among other items, he wished more action for the boat and more water for the billows.

"See that your tank gits full up this time!" he called.

Whereupon an engine under the scaffold, by means of a large rubber hose reaching into the pool, began to suck water into the tank above.

The speaker must be Miss Baxter's director, the enviable personage who saw her safely through her perils. When one of the turning reflectors illumined him Merton saw his face of a keen Semitic type. He seemed to possess not the most engaging personality. His manner was aggressive; he spoke rudely to his doubtless conscientious employes; he danced in little rages of temper; and altogether he was not one with whom the watcher would have cared to come in contact. He wondered, indeed, that so puissant a star as Beulah Baxter should not be able to choose her own director, for surely the presence of this unlovely, waspishly tempered being could be nothing but an irritant in the daily life of the wonder woman. Perhaps she had tolerated him merely for one picture. Perhaps he was especially good in shipwrecks

If Merton Gill were in the company he would surely have words with this person, director or no director. He hastily wrote a one-reel scenario in which the man so far forgot himself as to speak sharply to the star, and in which a certain young actor, a new member of the company, resented the ungentlemanly words by pitching the offender into a convenient pool and earned even more than gratitude from the starry-eyed wonder woman.

The objectionable man continued active, profuse of gesture and loud through the megaphone. Once more the storm. The boat rocked threateningly, the wind roared through its slack rigging and giant billows swept the frail craft. Light as from a half-clouded moon broke through the mist that issued from a steam pipe. There was another lull, and the director on the platform became increasingly offensive. Merton had often wondered what, precisely, the word "bounder" meant. He believed now that he knew.

He saw himself saying to the slim little girl with the wistful eyes, "Allow me, Miss Baxter, to relieve you of the presence of this bounder." The man was impossible.

Constantly he had searched the scene for his heroine. She would probably not appear until they were ready to shoot, and this seemed not to be at once if the rising temper of the director could be thought an indication.

The big hose again drew water from the pool to the tank, whence, at a sudden release, it would issue in terrific billows. The big lights at last seemed to be adjusted to the director's whim. The aëroplane propeller whirred and the gale was found acceptable. The men at the rope tugged the boat into grave danger. The moon lighted the mist that overhung the scene.

Then at last Merton started, peering eagerly forward across the length of the pool. At the far end, half illumined by the big lights, stood the familiar figure of his wonder woman, the slim little girl with the wistful eyes. Plainly he could see her now as the mist lifted. She was chatting with one of the pirates who had stepped ashore from the boat. The wonderful golden hair shone resplendent under the glancing rays of the arcs. A cloak was about her shoulders, but at a word of command from the director she threw it off and stepped to the boat's deck. She was dressed in a short skirt, her trim feet and ankles lightly shod and silken clad. The sole maritime touch in her garb was a figured kerchief at her throat similar to those worn by the piratical crew.

"All ready, Hortense! All ready, José and Gaston! Get your places!"

Miss Baxter acknowledged the command with that characteristic little wave of a hand that he recalled from so many of her pictures, a half-humorous, half-mocking little defiance. She

The Honest Miners Had Enacted Their Heart Tragedy. He Jerked the Latchstring of the Door and Was Swiftly Inside

used it often when escaping her pursuers, as if to say that she would see them in the next installment.

The star and the two men were now in the cabin, hidden from view. Merton Gill was no seaman, but it occurred to him that at least one of the crew should be at the wheel in this emergency. Probably the director knew no better. Indeed the boat, so far as could be discerned, had no wheel. Apparently when a storm came up all hands went down into the cabin to get away from it.

The storm did come up at this moment, with no one on deck. It struck with the full force of a tropic hurricane. The boat rocked, the wind blew and billows swept the deck. At the height of the tempest Beulah Baxter sprang from the cabin to the deck, clutching wildly at a stanchion. Buffeted by the billows, she groped a painful way along the deck, at risk of being swept off to her death.

She was followed by one of the crew who held a murderous knife in his hand; then by the other sailor, who also held a knife. They, too, were swept by the billows, but seemed grimly determined upon the death of the heroine. Then, when she had reached 'midships and the foremost fiend was almost upon her, the mightiest of all the billows descended and swept her off into the cruel waters. Her pursuers, saving themselves only by great efforts, held to the rigging and stared after the girl. They leaned far over the ship's rocking side and each looked from under a spread hand.

For a distressing interval the heroine battled with the waves, but her frail strength availed her little. She raised a despairing face for an instant to the camera, and its agony was illumined. Then the dread waters closed above her. The director's whistle blew, the waves were stilled, the tumult ceased. The head of Beulah Baxter appeared halfway down the tank. She was swimming toward the end where Merton stood.

He had been thrilled beyond words at this actual sight of his heroine in action, but now it seemed that a new emotion might overcome him. He felt faint. Beulah Baxter would issue from the pool there at his feet. He might speak to her; might even help her to climb out. At least no one else had appeared to do this. Seemingly no one now cared where Miss Baxter swam to or whether she were offered any assistance in landing. She swam with an admirable crawl stroke, reached the wall and put up a hand to it. He stepped forward, but she was out before he reached her side. His awe had delayed him. He drew back then, for the star, after shaking herself, went to a tall brazier in which glowed a charcoal fire.

Here he now noticed for the first time the prop boy, Jimmy—he who had most probably defaulted with an excellent razor. Jimmy threw a blanket about the star's shoulders and she hovered above the glowing coals. Merton had waited for her voice. He might still venture to speak to her—to tell her of his long and profound admiration for her art. Her voice came as she shivered over the fire:

"Murder, that water's cold! Rosenblatt swore he'd have it warmed, but I'm here to say it wouldn't boil an egg in four minutes!"

He could not at first identify this voice with the remembered tones of Beulah Baxter. But of course she was now hoarse with the cold. Under the circumstances he could hardly expect his heroine's own musical clearness. Then as the girl spoke again something stirred among his more recent memories. The voice was still hoarse, but he placed it now. He approached the brazier. It was undoubtedly the Montague girl. She recognized him, even as she squeezed water from the hair of wondrous gold.

(Continued on Page 87)

Keep Growing Children in Ruddy Health. Look to their iron supply.

Stew the Raisins

—and spread over dry cereals. Mix in with oatmeal, cream of wheat and other cooked foods. Note the new charm and zest that children find in breakfast foods so much improved

To Give Cereals An Almost Magical Attraction

for children who should eat them every day

WE ask you to *try a new way* to make children like good cereals—a way to make them *ask* for foods which they now may push away.

A way to *add* more healthfulness to these body-building dishes, while giving them a new and almost magical appeal.

The Lure of Sweets

The way is through delicious raisins—a rare health-food in themselves, *but regarded by the little folks like sweetmeats.*

The raisins change the entire dish—from a *duty* to a treat.

Try it on your children. See how quickly they observe a new, delightful difference in that food.

Raisins should go with cereals for more than merely flavor.

Rich in *food-iron,* raisins help to form red corpuscles for the blood—to maintain vitality, and guard against disease. A child needs but a tiny bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital* to real health.

Food-Iron and Mild Laxative Effect

Being mainly pure fruit-sugar, in practically predigested form, raisins place no burden on digestion. Their mildly laxative effect still further improves each dish.

So, in choosing your foods for children, don't forget these benefits.

Above all, the *vital iron* value of the raisin.

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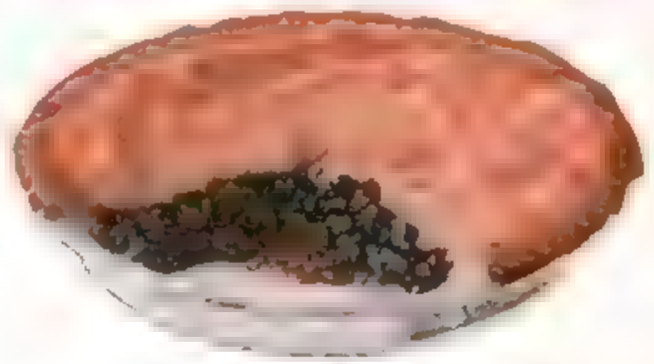
Delicious raisin bread, baked in your finest local bakeries, is sold through bake shops and groceries in your neighborhood.



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Seeded, Blue package *(seeds removed)* best for pies and bread; Seedless, Red package, *(grown without seeds)* best for stewing; Clusters *(on the stem)* an ever ready dessert.

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Saving 45 Days in Cuba

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Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
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(Continued from Page 64)

"Hello again, kid! You're everywhere, ain't you? Say, wha'd you think of that Rosenblatt man? Swore he'd put the steam into that water and take off the chill, and he never."

She threw aside the blanket and squeezed water from her garments, then began to slap her legs, arms and chest.

"Well, I'm getting a gentle glow, anyhow. Wha'd you think of the scene?"

"It was good—very well done, indeed!" He hoped it didn't sound patronizing, though that was how he felt. He believed now that Miss Baxter would have done it much better.

He ventured a question:

"But how about Miss Baxter? When does she do something? Is she going to be swept off the boat too?"

"Baxter? Into that water? Quit your kidding!"

"But isn't she here at all? Won't she do anything here?"

"Listen, kid! Why should she loaf around on the set when she's paying me good money to double for her?"

"You—double for Beulah Baxter?"

It was some more of the girl's nonsense, and a blasphemy for which he could not easily forgive her.

"Why not? Ain't I a good stunt actress? I'll tell the lot she hasn't found anyone yet that can get away with her stuff better than what I do."

"But she—I heard her say herself she never allowed anyone to double for her—she wouldn't do such a thing."

Here sounded a scornful laugh from Jimmy, the prop boy.

"Bunk!" said he at the laugh's end. "How long you been doublin' for her, Miss Montague? Two years, ain't it? I know it was before I come here, and I been on the lot a year and a half. Say, he ought to see some the stuff you done for her out on location, like jumpin' into the locomotive engine from your auto and catchin' the brake beams when the train's movin', and goin' across that quarry on the cable and ridin' down that lumber flume at sixty miles per hour, and ridin' some them outlaw buck-jumpers—he'd ought to seen some that stuff, hey, Miss Montague?"

"That's right, Jimmy. You tell him all about me. I hate to talk of myself."

Very wonderfully Merton Gill divined that this was said with a humorous intention. Jimmy was less sensitive to values. He began to obey.

"Well, I dunno—there's that motorcycle stuff. Purt' good, I'll say. I wouldn't try that, no, sir, not for a cool million dollars. An' that chase stuff on the roofs downtown where you jumped across that court that wasn't any too darned narrow; an' say, I wisht I could skin up a tree the way you can. An' there was that time ——"

"All right, all right, Jimmy. I can tell him the rest sometime. I don't really hate to talk about myself—that's on the level. And say, listen here, Jimmy, you're my favorite sweetheart, ain't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Jimmy warmly.

"All right. Then beat it up and get me about two quarts of that stuff they call coffee and about four ham sandwiches, two for you and two for me. That's a good kid."

"Sure!" exclaimed Jimmy, and was off.

Merton Gill had been dazed by these revelations, by the swift and utter destruction of his loftiest ideal. He hardly cared to know now if Beulah Baxter were married. It was the Montague girl who had most thrilled him for two years. Yet almost as if from habit he heard himself asking, "Is—do you happen to know if Beulah Baxter is married?"

"Baxter married? Sure! I should think you'd know it from the way that Sig Rosenblatt bawls everybody out."

"Who is he?"

"Who is he? Why, he's her husband, of course—he's Mr. Beulah Baxter."

"That little director up on the platform that yells so?"

This unspeakable person to be actually the husband of the wonder woman, the man he had supposed she must find intolerable even as a director! It was unthinkable; more horrible somehow than her employment of a double. In time he might have forgiven that—but this!

"Sure, that's her honest-to-God husband, and he's the best one out of three that I know she's had. Sig's a good scout even if he don't look like Buffalo Bill. In fact, he's all right in spite of his rough ways. He'd go farther for you than most of the men on this lot. If I wanted a favor I'd go to Sig before a lot of Christians I happen to know, and he's a bully director if he is noisy. Baxter's crazy about him too. Don't make any mistake about that."

"I won't," he answered, not knowing what he said.

She shot him a new look.

"Say, kid, as long as we're talking, you seem kind of up against it. Where's your overcoat a night like this, and when did you last ——"

"Miss Montague! Miss Montague!" The director was calling.

"Excuse me," she said. "I got to go entertain the white folks again."

She tucked up the folds of her blanket and sped around the pool to disappear in the mazes of the scaffolding. He remained a moment staring dully into the now quiet water. Then he walked swiftly away.

Beulah Baxter, his wonder woman, had deceived her public in Peoria, Illinois, by word of mouth. She employed a double at critical junctures. "She'd be a fool not to," the Montague girl had said. And in private life, having been unhappily wed twice before, she was Mrs. Sigmund Rosenblatt—and crazy about her husband!

A little while ago he had felt glad he was not to die of starvation before seeing his wonder woman. Reeling under the first shock of his discoveries he was now bitterly sorry. Beulah Baxter was no longer his wonder woman. She was Mr. Rosenblatt's. He would have preferred death, he thought, before this heart-withering revelation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Camp at Indian Bar at the Foot of Ohanapecosh Glacier, Rainier National Park

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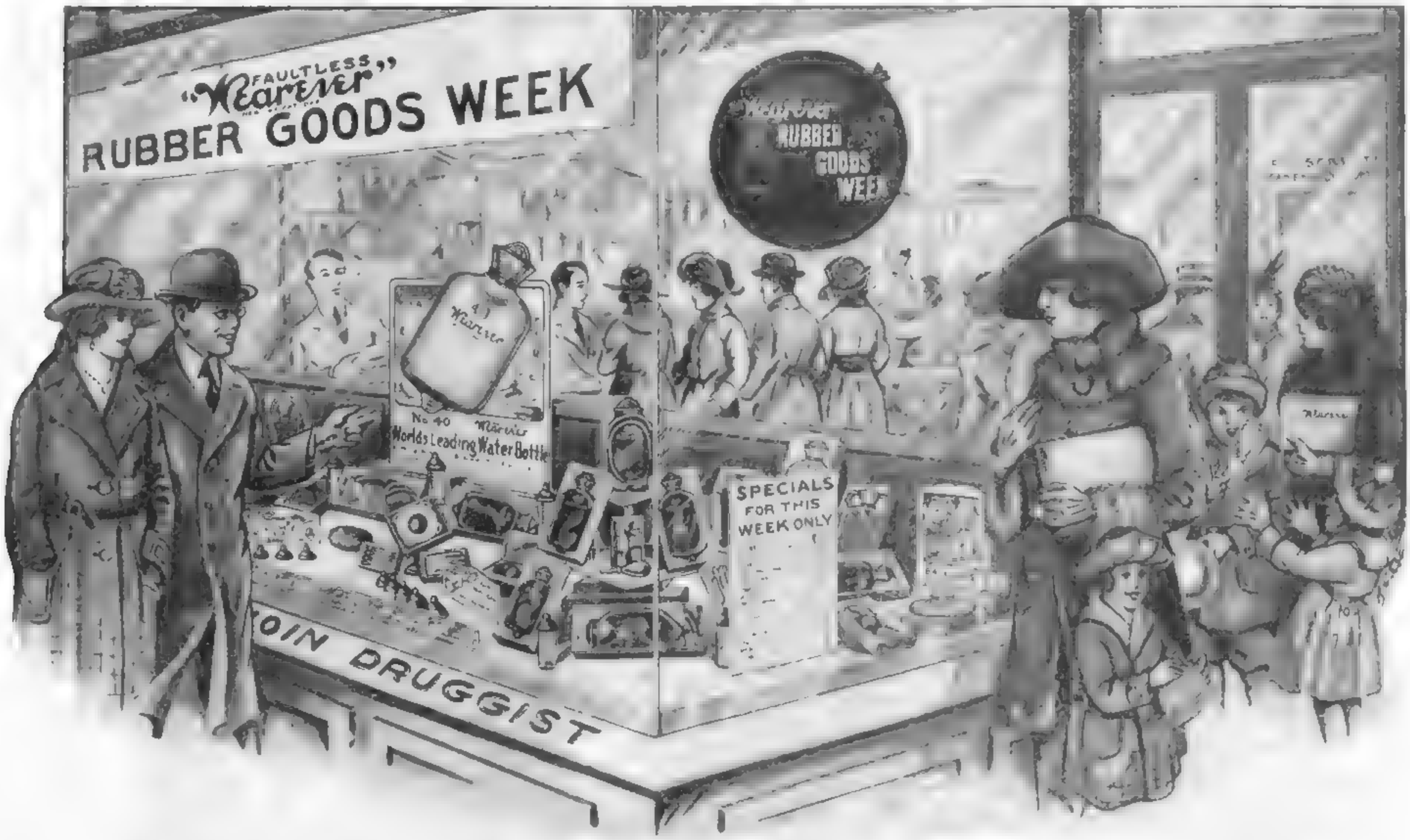

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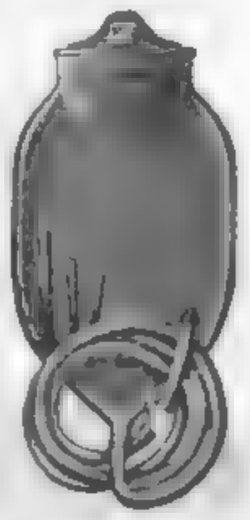
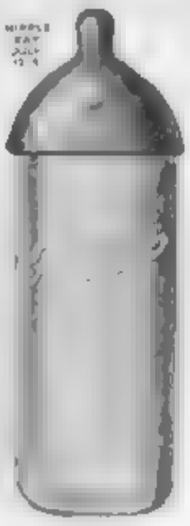


Also *moulded-in-one-piece.* A thoroughly dependable syringe which gives entire satisfaction. Has extra large, rapid flow tubing and is fully equipped.

The Faultless Nurser Nipple

(Pat. July 13, 1915)



Doctors and nurses endorse this nipple as "Next Best to Mother's Breast." It provides the CORRECT WAY to feed Baby—feeds food, not air. Does not collapse in use. Easy to clean.

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WINNIE AND THE DUNOON SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 7)

Fairbairn had had his affairs with Samson B. Trouble before—one rarely gets D. S. O., M. C. and M. P. after one's name without a few words with him—but the old antagonist had never before caught him quite so shrewdly in the exact center of his soul or his pocket.

When a man has been married twenty years he may be considered qualified to bear up under any kind of mere financial swat—he is, so to speak, trained to trouble and indurated to shocks and alarms. But when he is on the edge of that betrothal which leads to the extreme brink of matrimony it is a far, far crueler thing to take his money away from him than to embezzle candy from a child or, worse still, his hell-broth from a home-brewer.

In the first dizziness of the blow Winnie visualized the money going up into the air not as money but as a cloud of things like Persian carpets, a covey of rugs, a flight of Chinese vases, several first-class hunters galloping not on feet but like Pegasus on high-geared wings, and a perfect flock of the creations of Messrs. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton & Co.—for, sweet as March Lodge undoubtedly was, it needed a transfusion of furniture to make it perfect.

But she recovered almost instantly. If she had needed any spur to bring her back to her usual nimble-witted state of mind, a bitter muttered remark of her Cecil provided it.

"Well, after all, I don't quite drop two thousand—I shall get a sovereign for his hide!"

Winnie's hand fell on his sleeve.

"Oh, I am so hurt—so sorry! Please don't be despondent."

He looked down at her wistful wonderful eyes and was promptly magicked into something like cheerfulness again.

He smiled, nodded, and turned to the trainer and the vet. "Well—so it goes," he said. "It is the fortune of peace. I should like the horse post-mortemed. Perhaps our friend here can see to that. I have no doubt that you can give him the necessary facilities, Sloman?"

"Certainly," said the trainer with a sudden briskness, his stony eyes lightening. "I'm very sorry about it—everything possible was done. Very sorry. A thing like this touches my professional pride," he declared with a little deprecating laugh which, to Winnie, listening, was rather obviously insincere. She was watching Sloman closely.

"Thanks very much, Sloman. I appreciate that," said Fairbairn.

The veterinary surgeon promised to start his grisly excavations that afternoon, in search of the cause that had led to this expensive effect, and Fairbairn turned to Winnie.

"Shall we go now?" he asked.

Winnie was very ready and willing, and so they rode off to the heath, Cecil with a full heart, Winnie with a full mind.

Now that the shock had worn off, her mind was beginning to throw out little inquiring tendrils, all curly, shaped liked the word "Why?"

She rode absent-mindedly, controlling the lively Arab with strong slender wrists that worked mechanically.

Two thousand pounds gone!

There had been something very neat, precise and slick about Lady Freddy's deal with Cecil, and the expressionless Sloman had had his times very pat indeed.

There was no doubt at all that Paladin had become Cecil's property at 9:30 exactly—but was it permissible to question whether the smooth narrative of Mr. Sloman was quite as exact?

Suppose Lady Freddy had known or suspected that Paladin was sick at 9:30? The sweet face hardened a little, the baby-blue eyes darkened, and the Arab suddenly felt a touch of the spur that caused him to bound like a startled stag.

"Oh, but that's impossible—incredible!" gasped Winnie, soothing her mount. "But—I shall think very hard about this, all the same."

Fairbairn ranged alongside again.

"Please, did you—have you paid for Paladin?" asked Winnie.

"I gave Lady Freddy a check in the hall at bedtime last night," he said, not without gloom.

Winnie nodded and said no more, for just then they came up with a group of old friends—men and horses—to wit, Trainer Dan Harmon with Lullaby, Nanette and a dozen others, including the redoubtable Benjamin Swift. Sitting on a hack, with a rather unexpected air of being very much at home in the saddle, was gentle Mr. George H. Jay, looking more like a hardish, fox-hunting squire and less like the proprietor of a nebulous agency in Southampton Row than Winnie had ever suspected possible.

He and Dan Harmon had evidently taken to each other. His breezy laugh was ringing out over the heath like the sonorous clanging of wild swans as Winnie and Cecil approached.

Crouching low upon the businesslike figure of Benjamin Swift was the Mike person—looking very much like something that had grown there, so well did he fit the horse.

"What he doesn't know about horses, inside and outside, you could carve on a Japanese cultured seed pearl!"

Mr. Jay's words came back to Winnie with an almost audible click as she noted the Tartar horse expert. Her ideas about Tartary, like Mr. Jay's, were very hazy—not a surprising fact, since the word is practically obsolete—but she vaguely believed that the modern Cossacks, horsemen from the cradle, descendants of horsemen from time immemorial, had originated in the ancient Tartars—and if Mr. Jay's Mike had any connection at all with the Cossacks, particularly the more Asiatic kind, it was quite conceivable that he might be something of a veterinary wizard.

She filed Mike for later reference and, riding up, broke the dreadful news to her friends forthwith.

It was significant of her magnetic influence over Messrs. Dan Harmon and George H. Jay, both strictly business men, that the morning's work of the string was promptly put in charge of the head lad, and the trainer and agent promptly elected themselves members of a committee of inquiry concerning the sale and decease of Paladin.

"It was no business of mine to criticize Lady Dunoon or Sloman—or even Carbery, the vet—to you, Miss Winnie, or to Captain Fairbairn, just because you were her guests," said Dan incisively. "But now that she has sold you a horse over which you've lost a couple of thousand I may as well tell you that, whatever her social reputation may be, you would be hard put to it to find a sharper buyer or seller of horseflesh in the kingdom. I could give you instances, but it's not necessary. I never dreamed that she would deal with her guests in that spirit. It's easy to say that you ought to have looked at the horse before buying, but a race horse is a different proposition from an unknown screw. It's more public. I know Paladin was fit yesterday morning—I saw him working on the heath—and I marked him as a likely winner of the Jockey Club Stakes." He shook his head, pondering.

"There are a lot of little things about this deal wanting explanation—eh, Mr. Jay?" he muttered.

George H. nodded his heavy head.

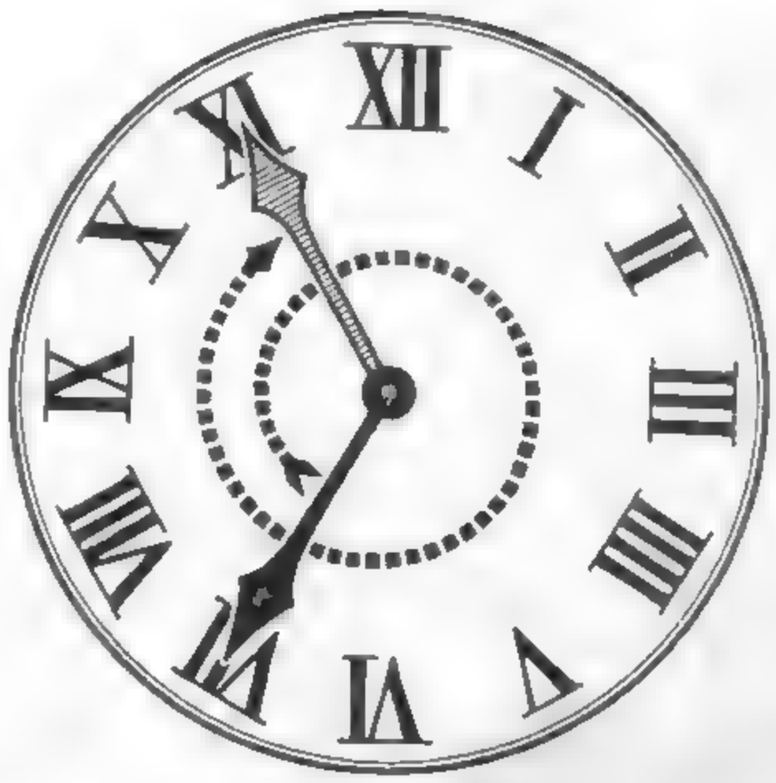
"Must see they get it, certainly," he agreed. "I can usually smell a swindle five miles off—and we're not more than a mile and a half from Shornacres."

"Well, let's look into it—as far as we can," suggested Dan Harmon. "Will you tell us exactly how the deal happened—from the very start, captain?"

"And perhaps Miss Winnie will drop in any comment which occurs to her as the captain tells us," advised gentle Mr. Jay, who had long ago acquired the habit of treating with the utmost respect and even caution the lightest comment of the blue-eyed little lady who was one of his best clients.

So the captain told the sad story in detail. But as is usually the case when one has only suspicion and conjecture to go on, neither the narrative nor the subsequent debate shed much light on the matter. They circled—coming back to the same place.

Winnie, listening quietly, saw that, and at last made her contribution.



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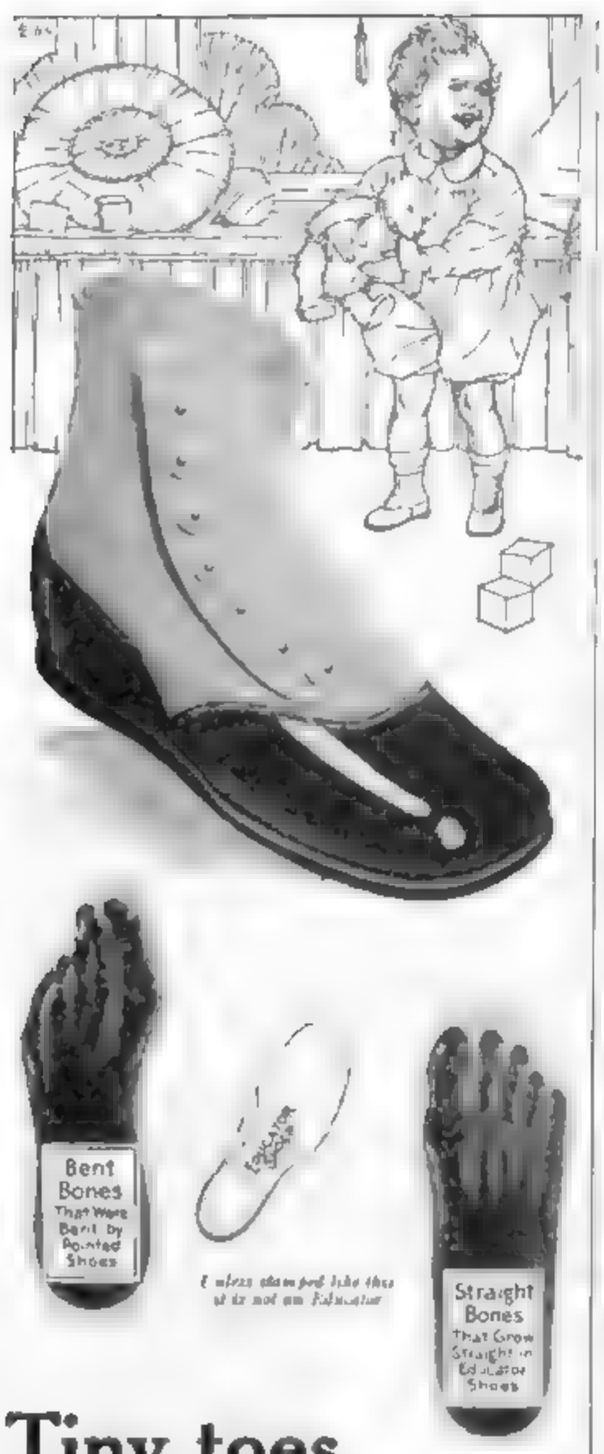

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"Please, don't you think that it would be a good plan first of all to find out what caused Paladin to die? I—I mean what made him ill."

George H. Jay, trained to Winnie, pricked up his ears.

"Well, yes, that would be all right of course. Though perhaps it mightn't take us very far, Miss Winnie," said Dan Harmon, his mind on Lady Dunoon.

"No, I see that," cooed Winnie; "only you see, please, I just thought that if we let someone we can trust do it—our own veterinary surgeon, not Lady Dunoon's—it might tell us how long Paladin must have been ill before he died. It is only just a little idea that came into my head. Only if we knew for certain that he died of something which must have shown signs of its existence before half past nine last night we should be in a much stronger position."

They agreed promptly, George H. Jay even enthusiastically. This was the Winnie he knew—busy witted, swift, logical, reasoning.

"And you know, when I saw the queer little man you call Mike, Mr. Jay, it occurred to me that he might be able to tell us without all the fuss and appearance of suspicion which a post-mortem examination by our own veterinary surgeon might cause. Does that sound silly to you all, please?"

"Silly? Far from it—far!" said Mr. Jay urgently, strongly supported by Fairbairn and, a little to Winnie's surprise, by Dan Harmon. She had not been without secret doubts as to whether Dan shared Mr. Jay's high opinion of the wizard from Tartary.

"You are right, Miss Winnie," said Dan; "Mike is the lad we want. I don't believe much in importing stray Cossacks who have drifted out of the war mix-up to this country like a floating bottle, but I own freely that this lad Mike is an exception. He knows a horse inside out—and precious little else. Yes, he is the boy we want. Nobody at Sloman's would take much notice of Mike. We'll do that."

"Mike can come back with us and take a look at the horse as soon as he's finished here," suggested Fairbairn.

They arranged it so.

George H. Jay advanced an inquiry.

"Assuming that you find grounds for believing that Lady Dunoon knew the horse was sick before she sold him to Captain Fairbairn, what steps would you suggest taking, Miss Winnie?"

She favored him with a look he knew of old—that wide, baby-blue, childlike stare of plaintive and wistful innocence which once had pierced him clean through the center of his wallet.

"We—I mean Captain Fairbairn—would have to think of a plan to protect himself from this mean and cruel attempt to pounce upon his—his funds," said Winnie very gently, very demurely. "Perhaps we might be able to think of a little harmless plan, between us."

Mr. Jay's mind switched back to other harmless little plans, and he made haste to agree.

So, that being settled, they rode off to where Harmon's head lad was winding up the morning's work of the horses.

"Are you quite unhappy now?" whispered Winnie to Fairbairn as they went. Her hand rested for an instant on his sleeve. "I have an instinct that it is all going to end well—after all. You won't worry, please, will you?"

Looking into those blue eyes he found it quite easy to promise—though it was rather suggestive of the lion promising the mouse that he wouldn't worry.

Then they said good morning to their respective steeds, and were proudly introduced by gentle George H. Jay to his new investment, Benjamin Swift, a wild, rakish-looking customer with a very white eye, ready teeth, hair-trigger heels, and more or less permanently laid-back ears. A Thoroughbred devil—but built throughout on the lines of the great winners. Mr. Jay was evidently very fond and proud of him. Benjamin drooped his head as they came up, with something of the queer, vicious, unmistakable look of the true man-killer.

"My hat, what a brute!" whispered Cecil, watching.

But Mike, the wizened little manikin on Benjamin's back, crouched low over the muscular neck, patting, rubbing, gently whispering, uttering a queer little sound, half cluck, half gurgle, and the horse responded to it at once. The more blatant signs of viciousness disappeared like magic and the animal threw up his head, steadied with cocked ears, rather like an old hunter who hears a distant horn. He looked now what he was—a tough, tearing, speedy race horse, with many a good race in him, if only Mike could extract it.

Winnie was very glad to see that.

"We are old friends, dear Mr. Jay, and we have had some funny adventures together, haven't we?" she said quietly, apart from the others. "And that makes it ever so much nicer for us to be able to congratulate you honestly on Benjamin Swift. He is a magnificent horse—provided Mike rides him always."

The naturally hard eyes of the agent softened and he flushed with real pleasure.

"Thank you, Miss Winnie. Your opinion means a lot to me. I've got a profound respect for your judgment—ought to by this time, ha ha! I don't mind telling you, Miss Winnie, that I'm looking to Benjamin Swift to win me a cozy little farm somewhere. Eh? I always had a passion to own a farm, provided I could afford it and if it didn't take me too far away from business. You never guessed that under the frock coat of old George Cockney Jay beat a farmer's heart—ha ha!—and under his silk hat lived a hunger to grow turnips and own horses and cows, hey, Miss Winnie?"

She smiled confession that he had really surprised her at last.

"Most likely most city men feel that way," he told her, and relapsed into silence as Dan Harmon took charge.

It was arranged that Mike should report himself to Captain Fairbairn at Shornacres immediately after breakfast and that Winnie and the captain should look in at Harmon's after lunch to discuss developments—if any.

Then the couple turned back to Shornacres.

IV

AMETHYST-EYED Fredegonde was woefully upset at the news—which had reached the house long before Winnie and Fairbairn returned. Every expression of sympathy at her command she freely shed on Fairbairn, every little thing she could do to soften the shock she did or offered to do—except to return the purchase price. And she rather skillfully conveyed to the whole party at breakfast that she considered it really unfortunate that they had been so very clear-cut about the actual hour—nay; minute—at which Paladin had changed owners. If only she could discover the least possibility of doubt, she conveyed, more by suggestion than by actual words, she would instantly tear up the check for the two thousand. But as things were, that was impossible now. Men like Captain Fairbairn, M.P., naturally bear their own losses. Far be it from Lady Freddy to offer the deadly insult of suggesting that she should bear them for him.

She zephyred it across with a regret and poignant concern that were really effective. Winnie, sitting shy and silent, perceived by the time she had finished that she was the only one in the company who was apparently so cynical and hard as to believe any ill of their honey-headed hostess. Even Cecil, she saw, was wavering.

"But I know she knew Paladin was ill," said Winnie deep down in her heart. "I know it! My instinct says so—and it is nearly always right. Lady Freddy is a—a wolf—a lady wolf, I am sure of it. And, after all, I ought to know about wolves. If Cecil were not so chivalrous and sweet natured and golden hearted and kind and—and so nice, he would be sure of it too!"

She sighed, big plaintive eyes on her wavy-haired hero.

"It makes me feel so harsh and hard and suspicious that it is quite lonely for me to be the only one," she thought wistfully. "But never mind—dear daddy used to say that a woman should always follow her intuition except when backing horses, provided she knew the difference between intuition and inclination; and he was right. And I am going to follow mine."

So, having made up her mind, she smiled sweetly on Lady Freddy. After all, if it came to a sweetness match Winnie knew that she was an odds-on favorite. The lemon juice could be added later.

All then, apparently, was forgotten, and Winnie and Cecil found it simple to slip away down to the racing stables with Mike, the weird, after breakfast.

But they were late. The veterinary surgeon, explained Mr. Sloman—who apparently was not so slow as he sounded—had decided to carry out his post mortem at once, after all. He had begun just as the captain had ridden away with Miss O'Wynn in the early morning, and after about three hours' work he had gone home, taking with him such parts of poor Paladin's more intimate internal mechanism as he had not decided about. And what was left had been decently interred back of the paddocks.

Sloman explained this very clearly. He was plainly anxious that Captain Fairbairn should approve—indeed, he said as much. He even went to the trouble of pointing out where Paladin had been buried, and it was while he was doing so that Winnie suggested that no doubt Captain Fairbairn would like to walk across and see the actual place.

She signed to Cecil that she desired this, and he obeyed with a promptness that boded well for his future happiness.

Winnie did not join them. On the contrary she amused herself by requesting the head lad to show her and Mike poor Paladin's stall -and the other horses in the stable.

She lingered long and admiringly over Barbarian, the stable crack two-year-old—a beautiful red bay, obviously good, even very good, though a little on the light side. Winnie decided that he would be very fast, but possibly not a long-distance horse.

She appealed in simple language to the Mike person, who agreed cordially—in the queer jigsaw jargon which at present was his line of communications.

She was apparently in a chattersome mood, commenting to Mike on quite a number of little things—the loose boxes, the stables generally, the excellent lighting, and so forth; comments which, had she not been quite so utterly pretty and fascinating, the head lad would have thought hardly worth making. As it was, like wiser men before him, he decided that she was merely Baby Blue Eyes.

Then Cecil came back, and as there was quite obviously nothing more to linger for they went off to Harmon's place with Mike.

To such a past mistress of strategy as Winnie it called for a merely elementary maneuver to attain what she required now—namely, a quarter of an hour alone with Mr. George H. Jay and Mike the Tartar-Cossack.

She left Cecil and Dan Harmon together under the competent wing of her very good friend Kathleen, Dan's wife, what time she set her little snares—with Mr. Jay as assistant strategian and Mike as tactician, or executive.

"I have been very anxious indeed to get an opportunity of a little private chat with you, dear Mr. Jay," she was cooing.

His eyes brightened.

"Hah, Miss Winnie—I fancied so!" he said, pleased; and commanded the hovering Mike to stand off fifty yards.

"Ears like an owl, that lad, Miss Winnie," he explained.

She smiled.

"You have such wonderful foresight," she sighed, thought for a moment, then launched out.

"Please, I want to say that I am very unhappy about Captain Fairbairn's dreadful loss, and I have been thinking terribly to try to find some way in which it can be restored. But I would be so grateful to you if you would tell me first of all whether you honestly think that Lady Dunoon sold Cecil the horse knowing he was ill, or whether she was innocent."

It was an easy question.

"I can answer that without straining my mind an inch, Miss Winnie," replied Mr. Jay. "I have not the least possible doubt that she knew the horse was sick—probably Sloman telephoned her immediately after dinner and just before you all settled down in the drawing-room. It was, to my mind—and to Harmon's, I can add—a plain do. But one which is mighty hard to prove."

Winnie nodded.

"Yes. I think so too. And it is a shame. For, you see, Cecil really cannot afford so great a loss. I am almost broken-hearted, dear Mr. Jay."

Dear Mr. Jay looked rather startled. He had known his sweet little client to be broken-hearted once before—and it had cost one of the keenest bookmakers and money lenders in London something like eight thousand pounds. Mr. Jay looked as if he wondered who was going to provide the necessary cement for Winnie's broken heart and Cecil's fractured bank balance on this melancholy occasion.

He was speedily informed.

(Continued on Page 93)

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From that beginning Interwoven Toe and Heel Socks have grown to be the best known and most used half hose in existence, and the Interwoven Stocking Company has become the largest maker of men's socks in the world.

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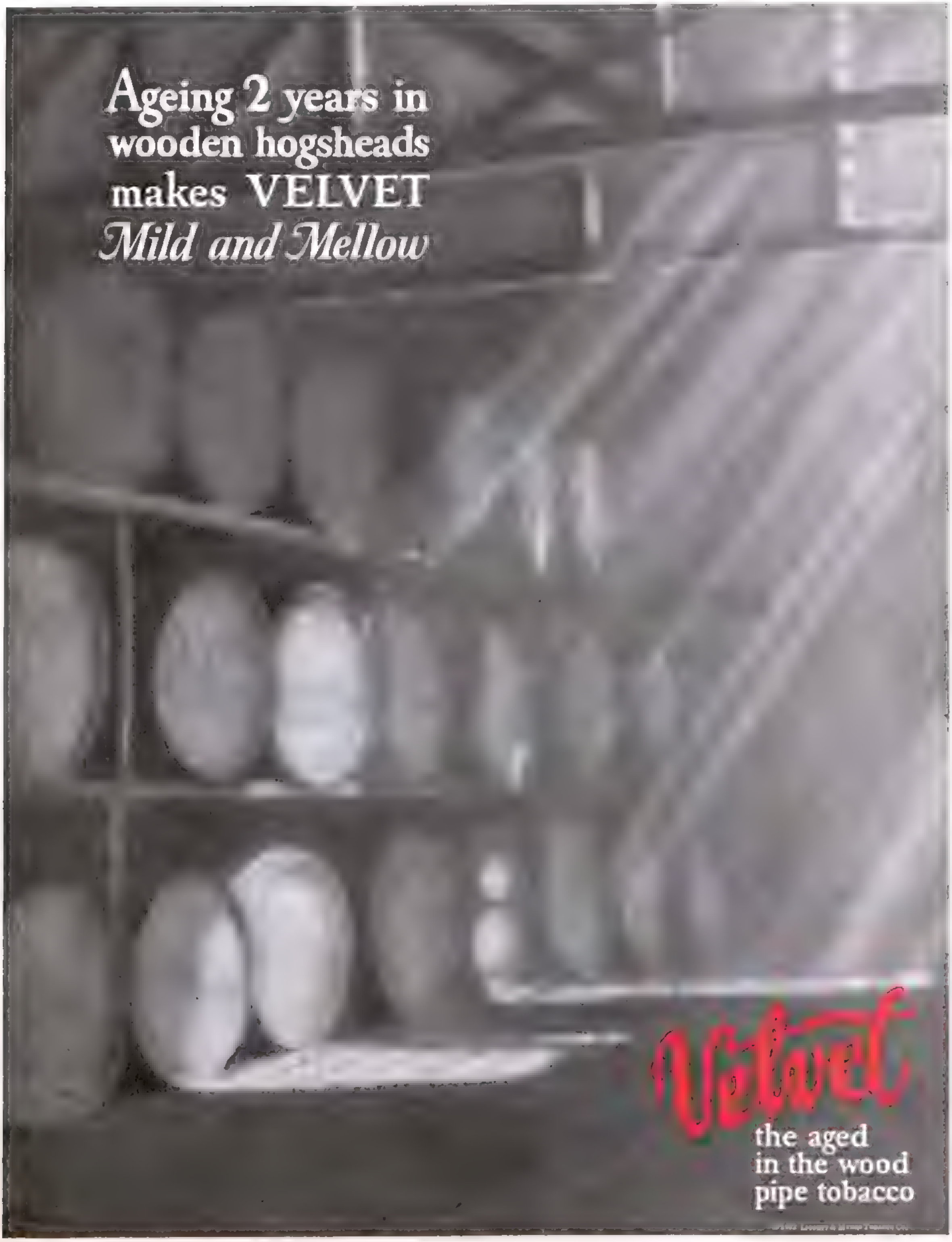
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wooden hogsheads
makes VELVET
Mild and Mellow
Velvet
the aged
in the wood
pipe tobacco

(Continued from Page 90)

"Cecil is of such a noble disposition that he can hardly bring himself to believe that Lady Freddy would do such a thing—but I am very sorry to say that my disposition is not quite so noble," continued Winnie. "Perhaps my experience of life has been not quite so pleasant as Cecil's. I have had to fight hard for my happiness and my modest prosperity, haven't I, please, Mr. Jay?"

"Yes, yes, indeed you have, Miss Winnie," murmured George H. sympathetically.

"And so," she resumed, "I have thought out a little harmless plan to help Cecil. If Lady Freddy is good and kind and honest it won't hurt her at all. But if she is cruel and hard and rapacious"—Winnie shivered at the very idea of rapacity—"then she will punish herself. Only, please, my plan would require your help, and that of Mike."

Mr. Jay laughed robustly.

"That is yours for the asking," he said very readily.

"Ah, but I knew you would say that—so loyal, so kind as you always are!" breathed Winnie. "Now I will tell you my plan."

And strolling quietly to and fro, well in the open and therefore well out of hearing even by the owl-eared Mike, she told him.

He listened patiently, with rapt attention, to the end, and as she finished he gave her one of those almost involuntary glances of admiration which she had so often extracted from him. But in this glance there was a subtle difference. In the earlier days it had been charged with a species of blended wonder and doubt. He had been wont to puzzle himself as to whether the girl, to use his own expression, was up from the old ivy-clad rectory or whether she was one of the cutest little kidders in town.

But now he no longer puzzled. He knew. Winnie was too angry and keenly interested in avenging Cecil to trouble about any appearance of ultra-innocence. Besides, in any case it was no longer necessary to impress on Mr. Jay's mind her ingenuousness. She had accumulated something like fifty thousand pounds—less income tax, alas!—and the crack two-year-old of the season, even now worth many thousands of pounds, and with her usual acumen she felt she could afford to be wholly herself. Indeed she said so.

"I know, of course, dear Mr. Jay, that you have puzzled quite a lot about me, haven't you? And you have never really satisfied yourself that I am not just miraculously innocent and unsophisticated, and phenomenally lucky, have you, please? Now that I am really independent I can admit to you that none of the coups I have made have been the result of just wild good luck. I confess that. I have thought very hard—worked—worried about them. I have engineered them—and I am not ashamed of a single one of them!"

She dropped a gloved hand to his sleeve in her favorite and most fascinating little gesture, and looked up at him with serious eyes.

"Now that the fates seem to be arranging everything between Cecil and me so nicely I want to enjoy the luxury of being candid with you," she went on. "Mr. Jay, I am—I have been—what people call an adventuress. But what have I done, after all—except just taken care of myself and fought for myself just as I want to for Cecil, just as I would for any of my friends or anyone who had been kind to me? I was a pretty girl, I suppose I can say that—my own daddy used to say I was very pretty; and if I cannot believe my own daddy on his very deathbed, who can I believe? Other people saw that. Suppose I had been just a weak, foolish, overimpulsive, too-vain pretty girl and had not fought for myself? Where would I have been by now? What should I be now? Suppose any of the men who have come to me with toys and gifts and bribes in their hands, but with no honesty and very little compassion or compunction in their hearts, had had their own way—would Winnie O'Wynn be talking here on this lawn with you so happily now? I think you know, Mr. Jay. I am only like many successful people—a fighter. I fight for myself—and I am not ashamed of my weapons. What weapons but my own wits had I against wealthy men like Lord Fasterton, Sir Cyril Fitzmedley, Mr. Ripon, Major Mountarden, Mr. Boldre Bailey and the others?"

She laughed a little triumphant laugh as she spoke of those old unfriends, flushing gloriously.

"I am Irish, Mr. Jay—an Irish terrier, if you like. I would give everything, anything, my very life for my real friends, my true friends; but for my enemies and hypocrites I have only my teeth."

She moved her hand from his sleeve, sighing.

"I have just told you all that—so that we can be honest with each other nowadays. I am not ingenuous except in my manner—nor ignorant except in the eyes of a certain type of man. But deep, deep down in my heart I am as innocent as any girl. I am no more ashamed of anything I have ever done than an Irish terrier is ashamed of chasing a rat into a woodpile.

"There!" She threw out her arms. "That is the end of the old Winnie. Shall we be just as good friends as ever, Mr. Jay?"

"Surely," said George H. Jay promptly. They shook hands solemnly.

"And you think that Mike can help us?" asked Winnie.

"I am sure he can. In fact, the lad must! He's under an obligation to me—and ought to be glad to oblige me. Besides, if Lady Fredegonde is genuine, no harm can be done."

He called Mike across, and the conversation became strictly technical.

IT WAS at breakfast next morning that Lady Freddy mentioned more or less casually that almost immediately after the race meeting she and Sir Russell were going to Monte Carlo to play the wonderful system. It would call for a very large capital, she said, but given that, success was certain. She had gone into the system and it was sound—even wonderful. She seemed suddenly quite proud of her husband. It was very novel. Sir Russell appeared curiously embarrassed about it. She harped rather noticeably for a minute on the large amount of capital required, then dropped the subject.

Later, at half-past ten, Winnie sat with her hostess in the morning room—alone, for May Fasterton was only just arranging about getting up, and the girl had insisted on Cecil and the Honorable Gerald having an hour at the rabbit warren before returning to an early lunch before the racing.

Lady Freddy was busy with some books and correspondence at a little writing table She had asked Winnie to join her in a stroll as soon as she had written a letter to her solicitors.

"It is a great strain to have to realize a lot of investments in a hurry, my dear," said Lady Freddy, looking up. "And if I were not so mathematically certain of Russell's system it would frighten me a little. You know"—she dropped her voice—"it will call for every penny I can realize without really dreadful loss. You see, stocks are so fearfully low now. Securities that one invested in years ago at par are now almost at half their par value."

She studied her neat little leather account books.

"One loses so tragically." She sighed. "I agree with my solicitor, who said on the telephone just now that it would pay me far, far better to sell the horses. It is very difficult. One hates to part with them—horses like Miss Magic; and—and Salt; and, yes, even Barbarian. It seems such a shame, don't you think so?"

Winnie looked surprised.

"But—but, please, dear Lady Freddy—I thought you had quite decided not to sell Barbarian," she said.

Lady Freddy nodded.

"Yes, darling. But that was before Russell completed his system. Nothing—no, nothing—would have persuaded me to part with Barbarian then. But—this sudden call for ready money makes me waver."

Winnie sat up.

"But I said—don't you remember—I said that I would buy Barbarian if ever you wished to sell," she cried, a little excited.

Lady Freddy's fine eyes gleamed.

"Yes, darling, I know. But that was before that dreadful disaster to Paladin. I don't think I would care to sell Barbarian to a guest of mine. Suppose he, too, fell ill and died? It would be most unpleasant."

"Oh, but, please, those things don't happen like that twice, you know," laughed Winnie. "That was just bad luck. I assure you, dear Lady Freddy, that I would very cheerfully take the risk of that if you were willing to sell Barbarian to me now. I—I am afraid that perhaps I could not offer you his full value just now—I have not

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Lady Freddy seemed to muse.

"Fifteen hundred is frightfully little, my dear," she said. "He is worth a great deal more."

"But this is the end of the season—and he has to go through the winter," Winnie reminded her.

"Yes, darling, I know."

Lady Freddy reflected a little longer, then rose.

"I will agree to this, Winnie," she said. "Will you motor into Cambridge with me now? I want to consult my solicitor again about the price and value of some securities. If he advises me to hold these I will sell you Barbarian for fifteen hundred. I am sure I could get lots more by waiting a little—but Russell is so desperately keen—and so, I confess, am I—to get away to Monte."

"Oh, thank you, yes! Indeed I will!" cried Winnie. "I will get ready at once. And I will pay you for Barbarian at your solicitor's the moment you decide. It is good of you, Lady Freddy, to give me this chance."

"No, no, darling. It is quite selfish—only just because I need the money. Shall we telephone down to the stables to ask Sloman if Barbarian is well? You see, that Paladin tragedy has made me nervous."

"Oh, no—no—it is quite unnecessary. Such unlucky coincidences don't happen twice in the same week!" said Winnie.

"Very well, dear. We must hurry."

VI

AN HOUR later Lady Freddy and Winnie were sitting in the office of a Cambridge solicitor, a gray-haired, benevolent-looking old gentleman with a ripe voice and naturally curved fingers. He had advised emphatically against the realizing the securities mentioned by Lady Freddy, and so the amethyst-eyed one had closed with Winnie's offer for Barbarian.

Winnie accordingly handed over a pink slip, value fifteen hundred.

"Thank you, darling," murmured Lady Freddy, passing the check to her solicitor to be paid into her bank. "Will you please let them make out a receipt to Miss O'Wynn for this money paid for Barbarian with all engagements, Mr. Hooker?"

She rose, glancing at the clock.

"Half past twelve already, darling!" she purred. "And the first race starts at 1:15. We shall have to have a quick little lunch here and drive straight to the course. Mr. Hooker will telephone them at Shornacres what we are doing."

A queer look of almost involuntary admiration flitted over the innocent, baby-sweet face of little Miss Winnie as she smiled agreement. But Lady Freddy did not observe it.

They were only just in time to see the second race, the Limekiln Stakes—which was neatly netted by Lady Fasterton's Curry, a useful three-year-old, which by beating Lord Fasterton's candidate by half a nose had sent dear May into raptures.

When they had congratulated her Winnie shyly announced the news of her new purchase.

"Barbarian! For fifteen hundred!" said that level-headed judge, the Hon. Gerald Peel, softly to Fairbairn. "By Jove, somebody has got a bargain—either Winnie or Lady Freddy! I wonder which."

He looked a little uneasy. "If Barbarian is well he is worth four or five thousand pounds," he added very softly. "And Lady Freddy knows that as well as I."

Fairbairn looked grave. But he did not crush in on Lady Freddy, Winnie and Lady Fasterton, who were already busily discussing the runners for the next race.

Gerald and he sauntered over to where Sloman, the trainer, was standing.

"Have you anything running to-day, Sloman?" asked Gerald.

"Nothing to-day, Mr. Peel. Miss Magic runs to-morrow, and Barbarian on Thursday. Barbarian is well worth a flutter."

Gerald nodded.

"Miss O'Wynn has just bought him," he observed.

"She has bought a good horse," said Sloman, "and I hope she has better luck than you had with Paladin, captain."

Captain Fairbairn laughed.

"Well, it would be too unlikely a coincidence for Barbarian to drop dead like Paladin," he said, as confidently as Winnie had said much the same thing.

"Unless Paladin's complaint happened to be infectious," warned Gerald Peel.

Fairbairn started a little at that.

"Eh? By Gad, yes—I forgot that."

His eyes dilated.

A stable lad stepped up to Sloman, touching his cap.

"Well, Evans?"

"The head lad sent me over to find you, sir. Barbarian's very sick, sir! Quite sudden, I was to tell you. He's down in his box—can't stand, sir."

Sloman stared. "He was as fit as a bird when I left the stables at one o'clock," he ejaculated. "This is awful! Excuse me, gentlemen. Would you be good enough to explain to Lady Dunoon—or now it should be Miss O'Wynn, I suppose. I must get to the horse."

He hurried away.

The Honorable Gerald and Fairbairn stared at each other. The same thought was jarring them both. Was this another Paladin affair? And why had Lady Freddy accepted fifteen hundred—so low a figure—if she had not known or suspected trouble with Barbarian?

But they said nothing of that, even to each other, as they hurried to the ladies and broke the news. They took it differently. Lady Freddy was very distressed.

"But I have only just sold Barbarian to Winnie!" she cried. "It—why, it looks—simply shocking!" She turned to Winnie. "Darling, tell them that I begged you either to see Barbarian or to telephone down to the stables and ask Sloman if he was fit before you actually bought him."

"Why, of course I will," said Winnie, pale but composed. She looked round at them all. "Indeed, indeed Lady Freddy urged me to be careful and to take every precaution before buying him," she told them. "I only laughed. You see I did not believe such a coincidence—such a double disaster—possible! Everything, please, was quite in order, wasn't it, Lady Freddy?"

"Indeed it was," said the amethyst-eyed one.

"The price was extraordinarily low," observed Lady Fasterton, her lovely face rather hard and her blue eyes incredulous.

"I told Winnie so," said Lady Freddy, returning May's cool stare.

"Oh, yes, that was explained—both by Lady Freddy and her solicitor. You see—Lady Freddy needs a lot of ready money so that she and Sir Russell may try the roulette system thoroughly at Monte Carlo, and although she lost a good deal, please, on the sale of Barbarian, she would have lost much more by realizing other securities," explained Winnie eagerly. "I was with her when the solicitor explained about the securities, so you see I know."

They all beamed upon her. It was a charming exhibition of loyalty and good sportsmanship.

"I only say that so that Lady Freddy can see that I don't feel piqued, please, or anxious to blame her for my own impulsiveness," added Winnie.

"It's probably an infectious trouble going through the stable ——" began Gerald.

Lady Freddy looked startled.

"Oh, then I shall lose Miss Magic, and Salt, and the others," she said despairingly. But somehow the despair did not ring quite desperately enough.

Winnie suddenly beckoned to a plump gentleman not far off, who was talking to a dwarfish man like a boy, in horsy raiment. It was Mr. George H. Jay, with his jockey, the Mike person. They came up hurriedly, and the eyes of the gentle George were glassy and gleaming with excitement. But the singular visage of the Mike person was as expressionless as the thick end of a bit of carved wood.

"Oh, please, dear Mr. Jay, such a dreadful thing!" cried Winnie softly. "I bought Barbarian for fifteen hundred pounds, and now he is dying like poor Paladin! You told me once—do you remember?—that your foreign jockey was the very best doctor for a sick horse you had ever heard of. Do you think, please, he could do anything for Barbarian? I would give anything—be so very grateful to him!"

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

There were tears in her sweet voice.

George H. gave an admirable impression of a man rising to an occasion. Curtly he spoke to the Mike man, and swiftly that one departed.

"Please—I beg—my dear Miss O'Wynn—do not distress yourself," said George H. with a curious happiness in his eyes. "All that Michael can do will be done, rest assured. Be very certain. He is already hurrying to Shornacres."

"I would like to go there, too, please," said Winnie.

It seemed that she was not alone in her desire. Most of them wanted to go.

So the chauffeurs were torn from their studies of the race cards and the whole party went to Shornacres, picking up the speeding Mike person en route.

Barbarian was in a bad way when they arrived, and Sloman had already given him up. He seemed to be suffering no pain but, like an old soldier, appeared to be fading away. He lay on his side in his loose box, his eyes half closed, breathing heavily. Gentle Mr. Jay took charge and introduced Mike to his patient.

"Now, my lad," he said slowly but distinctly, "let us see your form with a sick horse. Get as busy as ever you were in your life. I want that horse put right—and—there's a reward of—of ——" He glanced under his brows at Winnie.

"Oh, please, a hundred pounds!" she cried.

"—— a hundred pounds—millions of rubles, that is, boy!—waiting for you if you can do it. Go to it, Mike, my boy!"

Mike went to it, what time Sloman and his men stood back, smiling contemptuously at this twisted-visaged freak imported from nowhere.

The Cossack or Tartar or both—or neither—studied Barbarian in silence for an instant, then dropped on his knees beside the animal, and his hands played about the base of the small graceful ears in a curious massaging movement, gradually sliding down to the jaw muscles. After a little he took a small shabby skin case from his pocket containing an assortment of curious things—dried leaves, small boxes, a little bottle or two. From one of the bottles he poured into the palm of his hand a few grains of pinkish powder, took pinches of this and carefully dropped it into the nostrils of the horse.

"One way of curing a horse," muttered Sloman. "Though he ain't much of a snuff-sniffer as a rule!"

Then Mike demanded brandy, received it, and tilted it into about an eggcupful of the pink powder—all there was left of it. He added water, and, with assistance, introduced the mixture down Barbarian's throat, patted the horse in a friendly sort of way and stood clear.

Five minutes passed—silent and tense.

"What's this?" said a voice rather querulously.

They all turned. It was the veterinary surgeon just arrived, to whom Sloman had been muttering.

"You can't cure a sick horse with snuff!"

"No? Is that so?" blandly boomed George H. Jay. "But—we have!"

Barbarian had lifted his head—and his eyes were bright.

Mike was at him, busily massaging below his ears, clucking, gurgling—holding apparently an animated conversation with him. Then abruptly he stood back, with a low cry of encouragement, and an instant later the race horse was on his feet.

"Oh, well done—well done!" thrilled a low musical voice—Winnie's. She was in the box, fondling the horse before they quite knew what was happening.

Barbarian gave himself a long and vibrant shake, then nosed in his manger for food.

"But—this is a miracle!" said Lady Freddy, her voice a little shrill and wire-drawn. "The horse is well!"

Winnie glanced at her. "Yes, it is wonderful," she cooed sweetly.

Lady Freddy's beautiful eyes were hard and there were two bright pink patches on her cheeks; her lips were tight, and to a keen observer—like Winnie—she was clearly in a furious rage.

The men of the party were crowding round the horse.

"Absolutely amazin'," said the Honorable Gerald, and offered the proud George H. a substantial bonus for the permanent services of Mike. But Mr. Jay thought not.

He was sorry, but Mike was not to let, he explained. He had quite a lot of things to do—among others to take Barbarian over to Dan Harmon's training stables, there to augment Miss O'Wynn's possessions.

And this Mike proceeded forthwith to do.

They watched him go, leading a freely stepping horse that obviously felt not the slightest effect of his sickness.

The Honorable Gerald spoke quietly but clearly, his eyes on Lady Freddy's face.

"You have a five-thousand-pound horse there, Winnie. He was a bargain—a gift—at fifteen hundred."

The hard flush on Lady Freddy's face deepened and she opened her thin lips suddenly, then closed them again. But she favored Sloman, glaring stupefied after the striding Barbarian, with a glance that spoke libraries.

Then she turned to Winnie with a flood of congratulations.

Lady Fasterton's face had softened again.

"A splendid bit of luck, darling," she thrilled. "Let's go up to the house and talk it all over. Nobody wants to go back to the races after this, do they?"

So they all went up to the house, George H. Jay among them.

It chanced that George H. fell a little behind with the delighted Fairbairn. For a few yards he strolled in silence, his hard-ish eyes fixed on the slim form of Winnie, tripping ahead with her dear May and Lady Freddy.

Then presently he spoke, like a man who communes audibly with himself.

"Yes," he said, "a little enchantress—a wonder worker—and a fighter! And once upon a time I thought that even the violets of the dell were less ingenuous and innocent than she. What a girl! Ah, what a girl! Hardly human!"

His tone was reverent and he turned his massive head upon the extremely interested Fairbairn—also a client of his.

"Let's look, Captain Fairbairn," he said. "Paladin cost you—and lost you—a couple of thousand clear, wasn't it? Yes. Some swindle, that! But little Miss Winnie has just got a horse she can sell any day before Thursday for four thousand—and if he wins the Dewhurst Plate, as he probably will, he will net about another thirteen hundred or so plus his increased value—call it, for fun, another three thousand all told. H'm! Let's look now—four plus three is seven thousand, minus fifteen hundred is five thousand five hundred, minus your two thousand lost equals a clear three thousand five hundred—cold cash profit, practically speaking. Yes, sir; yes, captain, you can take it from old George Candid Jay that she's a girl in a million ——"

"Just a minute, Jay. Why in your mental arithmetic do you deduct my loss from Miss O'Wynn's profits?" demanded Fairbairn a shade excitedly.

Almost as though he had been expecting the question the gentle George halted and clutched his client by the arm.

"I'll tell you that, Captain Fairbairn—speaking, in a sense, *in loco parentis*—as an unofficial guardian of a young lady who never really needed a guardian in her life—I mean Miss Winnie. I will speak frankly, ha ha!—both of you being my clients. I deduct your loss from Miss Winnie's gain because it's a family matter—at least it will be before long, I hope, hey? A matter between husband and wife—for, surely, surely to heaven, man—you are going to propose to her the instant you can cut her out from the crowd! I ask you—as her guardian!"

A sudden dusky red flamed in the cheeks of Captain Cecil Fairbairn, M.P., D.S.O., M.C.

"What's that, Jay? I say—Jay, d'you think she'd accept me, Jay?" he gasped hoarsely.

George H. fixed the glittering eye of scorn upon the young man.

"Accept you?" he echoed. "Accept you—man, are you blind? Don't you know she spoils a pillow case every night of her life crying for you! Man, she's worked for you, schemed for you, run into danger—and out again—for you, fought for you, lived for you for months—and months! What are you going to do about it?"

The captain drew himself up.

"I'll answer that on Newmarket Heath tomorrow, Jay!" he said with dignity.

VII

SHE made it quite easy for him. That evening alone in the big billiard room before a bright fire she knelt on a great big bearskin rug by his chair, and looking up at him with the wide, sweet eyes of a child

about to beg a great favor she said in a still small voice, "Please, there is something troubling me so much—something I must confess to you. I—I am afraid I have done wrong to-day."

He stared down, thrilled by her loveliness. A little, slender, warm hand crept into his where it lay on his knee, and his fingers closed gently as on a flower.

"Please promise that you will not hate and detest me," she went on. "Or be angry with me for, please, I think that would break my heart."

Her eyes were shining like sapphires, and the glow of the fire was transmuting the fine filigree of her hair into bright gold.

"I will explain: Lady Freddy knew that Paladin was likely to die when she sold him to you. I have found that out. And—forgive me—I knew that to lose two thousand pounds meant so much to you. I—I was very angry—because it was such a shame. It was like plundering you. I thought so hard—puzzled so—and I thought of a plan to get back the two thousand pounds for you. Not a very good plan, please, but the best I could think of. I remembered that Mr. Jay's foreign jockey, Mike, was said to be very skillful with horses—and so I set a little trap. I talked to Mr. Jay and Mike and asked Mike if he knew of any way in which he could make a horse seem very ill for a few hours and yet be able to cure it when he liked. He's very clever and he must have lots of secret knowledge—perhaps learnt in the steppes or wherever he comes from—for he said he could do that quite easily in several ways. I told him to do it so that Barbarian should fall ill this morning at about nine or ten, and I promised him a reward. I made him swear not to injure Barbarian. So you see, if Lady Freddy were genuine and honest she could not possibly lose. But if she were greedy and mean, and tried to do with Barbarian as she did with Paladin she would prove to be the loser.

"At breakfast this morning I did not know whether Mike had been successful or not. I suspected he had when Lady Freddy began to talk about raising money for the system, and I knew he had at about half past ten when Lady Freddy, alone with me, suddenly hinted that she wanted to sell Barbarian quickly—in order, she said, to get ready money. Oh, she was very, very clever about it. Yes, I knew that Mike had been successful, and that Barbarian was sick, and that Lady Freddy knew it, and was hastening to sell him before he died. I expect Sloman had telephoned to her that he was puzzled and that some disease was running through the stables.

"So I offered fifteen hundred pounds—much less than Barbarian is really worth—and when she accepted I knew I was right. She was so clever, I thought. She suggested that I should telephone to the stables to ask about Barbarian, but of course Sloman had been instructed to say yes, so I did not bother. Lady Freddy was careful not to give me time to go to the stables—we hurried off to Cambridge to see her solicitor at once. And that was clever, too, for you see, she contrived that we should go straight to the race course from Cambridge—to prevent me from seeing Barbarian until this evening. But I knew he was sick all the time, for I knew Mike had made him so, so I was not surprised when that stable boy delivered the message from the head lad to Sloman on the race course this afternoon. And I was not worried either—for I knew Mike could cure Barbarian, and you saw that he did so quite easily."

The low voice trailed off into silence.

"But how did Mike make the horse sick?" asked Fairbairn, amazed at the story.

His voice was a little harsh with excitement—not with the disapproval which Winnie feared.

Her eyes dilated, then fell, and the lovely golden head drooped and drooped over his hand, like the head of a chidden child.

"Please, I think that in the night he blew a secret tasteless powder, mixed with salt and wrapped in very thin tissue paper that broke as it fell, into Barbarian's manger—through a long tube passing through the window. Barbarian licked it up—they love salt, you know. And—and so he became ill."

Her voice was very low, and she did not look up.

"I know, of course, that people would think it inexcusable to arrange such a scheme as that," she went on; "only, you know, please, it was justified at the end. Lady Freddy plundered you of two thousand pounds deliberately—and she tried to plunder me of fifteen hundred. It was only by trying to cheat me of that fifteen hundred that she cheated herself of enough to let me pay you back the money you lost. It was only for the sake of that I did it—just to get back your money for you. And I am ashamed now. You are so honest—so straight—so honorable—and now you are angry—and despise me."

Something hot and wet fell gently on his hand—the hand which still held hers—and he awoke from the spell she and the music of her voice, the beauty of her hair, the firelight and the dim peace of the big shadowy room had cast over him.

"Angry?" he cried. "Despise you? I? Oh, Winnie—Winnie, my dear, my dear—do you dream that I can ever care what you do just so long as you can care enough to think it worth while doing anything at all for me? Despise you? Why, my dear, my dear little soul, I worship you!"

He slipped to his knees beside her.

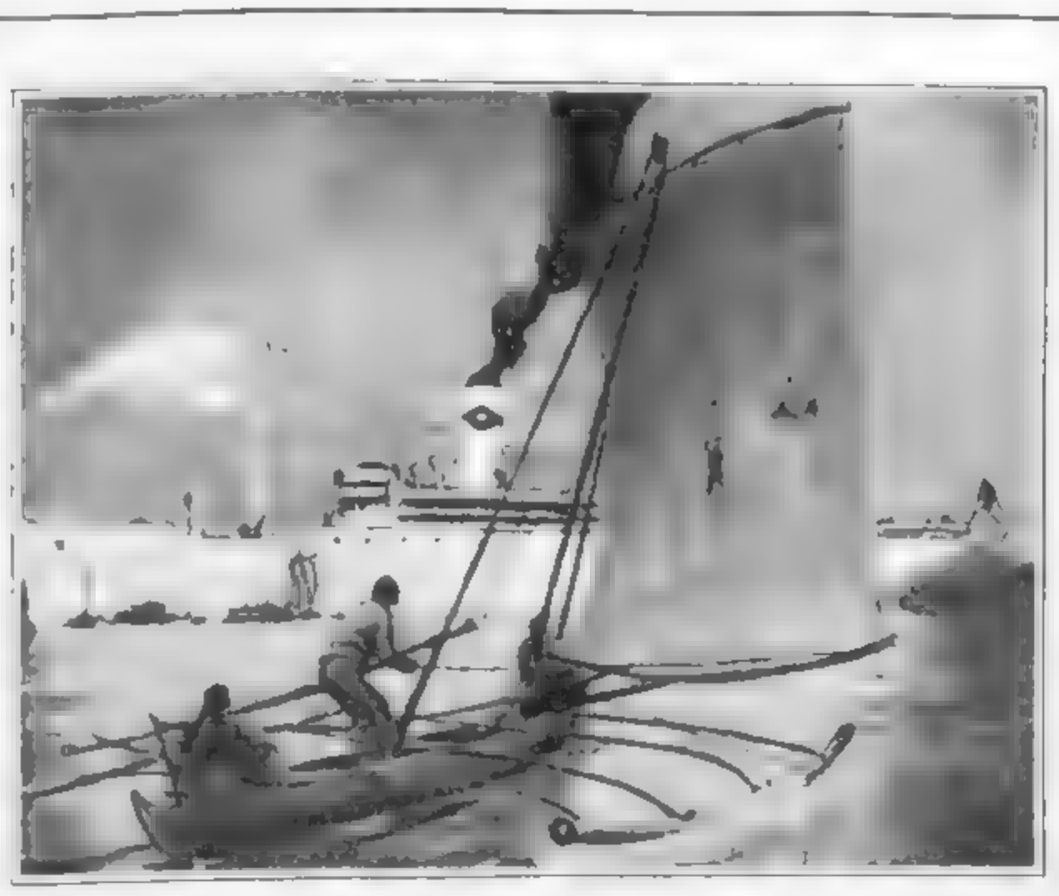
"Look up, Winnie, please!" he implored her.

The exquisite face lifted to his.

"Oh, Cecil!" she sighed, trembling.

So naturally he took her in his arms, forthwith and straightway, and kneeling on the big rug they kissed in the firelight as a preliminary to his telling her precisely what he thought of her and her conduct.

Probably he was not too severe—for when May Fasterton presently disturbed them the expression on Winnie's face was that of one who listens, enraptured, to anthems.



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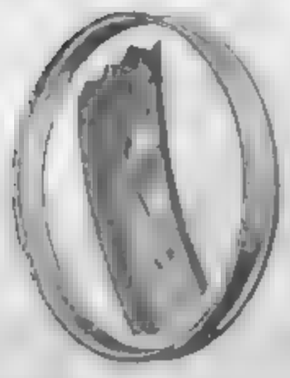

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SOLUTION OF THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 23)

with electricity, unlike steam, further great improvements may be looked for. The electrification solved the problem. Even with electric locomotives in an experimental stage the tonnage over the road increased by one-third in the first three months. After that their success was increasingly triumphant. Years ago, so complete was it, the Elkhorn Grade and Tunnel ceased to be obstacles to the success of the Norfolk & Western. "The outstanding and pertinent facts are," says the Railway Electrical Engineer for January, 1921, "that a new type of locomotive was made to perform a service never before performed, and was put into service practically without experiment. Difficulties have been surmounted as they appeared, and at no time have the electric locomotives been unable to handle the business that came over the division. Electric operation has made it possible to handle the ever-increasing traffic that is originated on this division. The farsighted policy of adopting it has been profitable to the Norfolk & Western, and the working out of the problems involved has been a service to all other roads confronted with similar problems."

A Notable Performance

Mr. A. H. Babcock, consulting electrical engineer for the Southern Pacific Railroad, made a report on this in January, 1917, in which he said of the Norfolk & Western electrification: "It is safe to say that the average train loading has been increased approximately 33 per cent, and the average train movements practically the same amount; in other words the track capacity has been very nearly doubled." I like to quote the careful and conservative statements of these disinterested engineers and technical writers, most of whom would rather lose a month's salary than make anything but an understatement. Mr. Babcock notes calmly the following fact: "Last May, trouble in the power house cut down the electric locomotives available from six to two in service, of which only one could be used on the hill at a time. As a result sixteen of the largest Mallet steam engines had to be brought in from other divisions in order to maintain the traffic." But I should like to have the reader note that when five electrics were for a short time out of business it took sixteen of the best steam locomotives in existence to take their places.

I shall dwell somewhat on the Norfolk & Western lesson for several reasons: First, it has not been much advertised; second, it has been so successful, in which it is like all the electrifications we have had, so far as I know; third, it is so complete, covering as it does main-line work, tunnel work, switching work and the making up of trains; fourth, it takes in work on steep grades and sharp curves; and fifth, it is so typical of the problem of our whole railway system and so illuminating as to its solution.

This railroad was partially paralyzed by a gorge of traffic at what is called by traffic men the neck of the bottle, and its efficiency was limited by what could pass through this neck. That is exactly the case with the railroad system of the country. There are numerous necks in the bottle in which congestions take place which destroy the business of the nation, not to mention that of the railroads, whenever business becomes prosperous.

The business prospects of this road were rosy for the future, and its traffic capable of indefinite expansion—if it could equip itself to carry the load. This is exactly the case with the railways of the United States generally; only in the latter case, cities, states, the whole business fabric of the nation must dwindle and decay unless the peak load of traffic is carried, instead of the business of a small region in the Appalachian coal fields.

The Norfolk & Western could not extend its facilities for steam-locomotive traction. It could not lay its tracks along a new route. By reason of physical conditions it could not lay additional tracks without prohibitive expense. It had to use the tracks it possessed—and it had to use the Elkhorn Tunnel, the sharp curves and the steep grades.

If we look at the railroad system of the whole country we see similar situations. We must use the tracks we have. We must use the terminals we have. We cannot relocate, or to any basic extent replan our railway system. The bottle necks exist, and the physical properties must be used. The peak load of American business must be hitched to something that will have the speed and the power and the reliability to haul it over the grades of our mountains, through and around what we may term the tunnels and curves of our great terminals and freight yards, and down to our docks. The problems of the bottle necks must be solved, and can be.

Let us start with a 3250-ton train of freight over the Norfolk & Western as it now goes. It stands on a 2 per cent grade. At the front end is an electric locomotive, and at the rear another and a similar locomotive used as a pusher. The heavy train starts very easily, with no slippage of wheels. The engineman in the cab watches his instrument closely and can govern this matter of wheel slippage very accurately. It used to be very different with the start of the same train with the huge Mallet steam engines. Then they had to use two great engines at the head of the train, and another at the rear as a pusher. The train started with much slipping of wheels and jerking of the whole train. The force in the electric is continuous, but with the steam locomotive it was not, and there was a lot of buckling and much damage to the rolling stock.

Don't think this unimportant. How much of the trouble in times of transportation crises is due to train breaks? Congestions grow out of such troubles to a great extent. And 42 per cent of the train breaks are caused by starting under steam. Tests made with a dynamometer have shown a stress as high as 800,000 pounds on the drawbars of cars over and above the normal pull of the train. Enough power can be applied under electricity to pull any train in two; but where, as on the Norfolk & Western, the trains hauled are those turned over to the great steam engines which haul them on, such is the control exercised and the steadiness of pull that train breaks have been for years practically unknown under electricity. Inquiry of men engaged in this work for years showed that they had never known of a train-break under electricity.

Weight and Speed

The train is of the proper size to be handled by the steam locomotives when the electrics turn it over to them; but it might be much longer if conditions made it desirable. Longer trains cannot be hauled by steam, because the engines are as heavy as the track and the bridges and curves will permit, and they cannot be made more powerful without being made larger. But as many electrics as might be desired might be put at the head of a train and operated by one crew. Electrics can pull any train of any length—provided that the drawheads and the general construction of the cars will permit.

Length and weight of trains has long been a subject of controversy among railroad men. There is the dominant school, which we may call the Hill school, who believe in the economy of making the trains of the maximum weight and moving them at what may be called the minimum speed. Opposed to the heavy-train, slow-speed doctrine there is what may be called the Harriman school, who believe in trains somewhat lighter but moved at a higher speed. One great revolution which must be wrought by electrification will arise from the fact that heavier trains than Hill ever advocated may be hauled by the electric locomotive at speeds never dreamed of by Harriman for freight trains. Freight trains of immense weight can be electrically operated at a speed as great as that at which local passenger trains are run. I do not know how to state the importance of this fact. It means that under electrification the advantages claimed by both schools may be combined, and not only combined but carried further than their most enthusiastic advocates have ever hoped for under steam. This will make for enormous economies

(Continued on Page 100)

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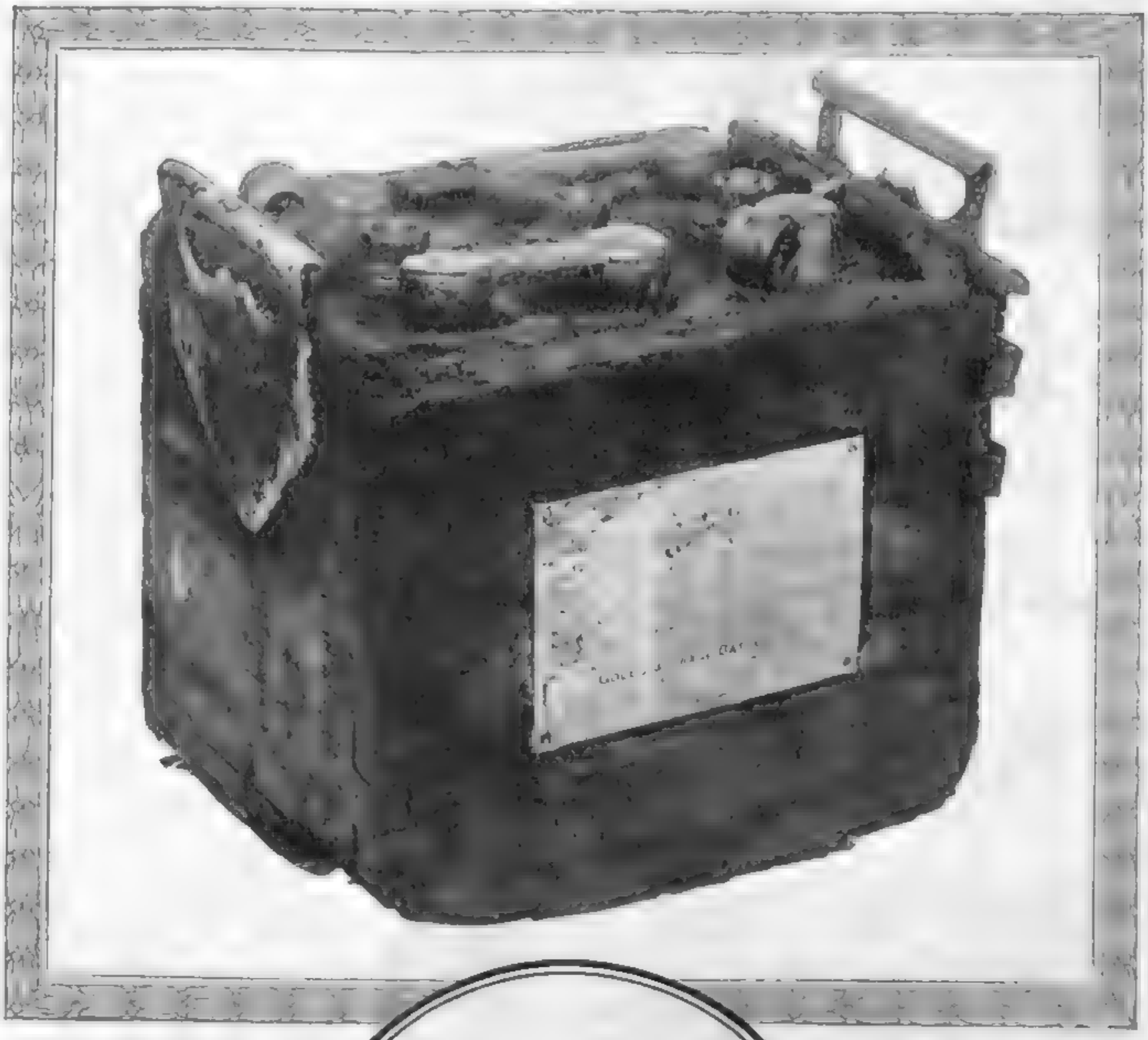
The Gould Battery shown below began service June 16, 1916. In sworn statement dated December 14, 1921, Mr. M. A. Parker, Cheyenne, Wyoming, states "battery is giving excellent service in my car at this time." Battery and affidavit in possession of Gould Storage Battery Co.



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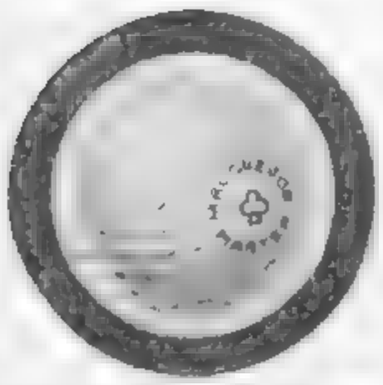

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Make Records With MACGREGORS

(Continued from Page 98)

and efficiencies. But let us return to our Norfolk & Western freight-train excursion.

We start the train easily up the 2 per cent grade, and in a single minute we have reached a speed on this upgrade of fourteen miles an hour. Having attained this speed we hold it constant. It was not thus with the best and most powerful steam-drawn trains at the same place. The three great engines got the same train up to seven miles an hour, which was as fast as they could run. They were made for power and not for speed, and were not expected to make more than seven miles. It took these three engines twelve minutes to get up to seven miles an hour. In a minute our two electrics get the train to fourteen miles.

We pass through the Elkhorn Tunnel in three minutes. The old steam-drawn train was often half an hour in making this passage.

We reach the top of the Elkhorn Grade at a speed of fourteen miles an hour. When we ease over the crest of the hill we do not apply the brakes. We never apply the brakes except when we desire to stop. We increase our speed from fourteen to sixteen miles an hour—and we hold that speed without applying the brakes. You wonder why the heavy train does not go faster and faster on this steep hill until it is wrecked. Something has happened; but what? Simply this: The motors have become generators and are holding the train back by the simple process of making current for the line. At sixteen miles an hour they put as much electricity into the line as one of the locomotives took out coming up at fourteen. That is, a train of sixteen cars coasting down grade will pull half of a similar train coming up the same grade. This is called regenerative braking. Since the system was put in operation, in 1915, more than 50,000 trains have been taken over the electrified section without a single failure of regenerative braking. Now it was not thus with the steam-drawn trains. They struggled with the weight of the train, burning coal all the time. Often the brake shoes grew red-hot with wasted energy. One of the most common causes of accidents is found in taking heavy trains down steep grades. This seems to be eliminated by regenerative braking, and much equipment damage is saved as well. Besides this, the electricity generated by the train itself is just as valuable as if it were produced by the burning of costly fuel.

The Power for Zero Weather

Just how much this bottle neck of traffic had to do with putting the Norfolk & Western into a receiver's hands I cannot say, but it has been a prosperous road since it solved its problem of the traffic jam. According to Mr. Babcock it began its electric operations in May, 1915. At the end of June, 1915, it showed for the year a decrease of net operating revenue of 3.73 per cent. The next year this was converted into an increase of 4.41 per cent with an increase of 14.49 per cent in maintenance-of-way expense, and a reduction of nearly 25 per cent in the number of cars and locomotives awaiting repairs. During the year before Mr. Babcock's examination the operating revenues had increased 37 per cent over the year before, the net operating revenues increased 69 per cent, and the net income 96 per cent.

The Norfolk & Western electrification covers only a small portion of the system. The significance of this lies in the fact that though it does not, on account of its limited extent, permit the economies that a more extensive application of the system would do, it has up to this time solved the problem of the breakdown of the steam locomotive. It widened the neck of the transportation bottle. It works in switching, make-up of trains, and imparting speed to main-line traffic.

On the Milwaukee there are several hundred miles of main-line electrification with current derived from water power. It is straight railroad operation. Its adoption was not a necessity, for though there are heavy grades in this portion of the line the work could have been done by ordinary means as well as on other lines. Electrification was adopted probably because of the availability of the water power. It has worked as well here as on the Norfolk & Western, and we glean some vitally important lessons from it.

It effects a reduction of 22½ per cent in the number of trains, and cuts down the time of trains 24½ per cent. It has so improved conditions that 30 per cent more tonnage can be handled in 80 per cent of the time. This means an increase of at least 50 per cent in the capacity of the track, and probably more. But it means more than this, for this added efficiency is in the ordinary operations. When the pinch of a crisis comes electricity shows its merits. It works better in cold weather than in hot, since the trouble with the electric motor, when it arises, is from overheating. Thus when the steam engine freezes up and dies the electric motor is better than ever. In 1917-18, when the weather was bitterly cold and steam engines could not make steam, when the chief apology of the railways all over the country was that they were paralyzed by the cold, when passengers were subjected to suffering, danger to health and financial losses, when tracks were blocked by frozen engines and trains, and tonnage was cut down to the point of actual danger, industries were shut down with great losses, and normal business was prohibited, the electrified division of the Milwaukee ran on schedule time. Often trains running over this division made up two hours of the time lost elsewhere by steam.

Handling Emergency Overloads

Other roads with electrified divisions did quite as well. The Norfolk & Western did, though at times their trolley wire was merely a string of icicles. Instead of going dead if not taken to a water tank or a coaling station every few hours, and being babied in a roundhouse half the time, these Milwaukee electrics often run twenty-four hours continuously, and have made 766 miles in a day. Instead of lying down when the load limit is increased beyond a certain point, as the steam locomotive does, the electrics can handle an overload of 100 per cent in hard starts and unusual pulls without injury—for they are drawing not on their own power but on a huge power house. All the Milwaukee electrics have ever had to do has been to increase the capacity of the road 50 per cent in normal times; but in crises they can more than double it. In crises they can do the work when steam will not operate the line at all. And this is the thing we must have. Steam works well on its stated load and under good conditions; but we must have a system that, as Artemus Ward once said, can rise to an emergency and cave in the emergency's head. This is where electricity excels. It rises to emergencies. It can carry overloads. It flourishes on bitter cold weather. And it caves in the emergency's head.

On the New York, New Haven & Hartford similar results have been noted. According to A. L. Ralston, mechanical superintendent of that road, there is one failure in every 21,000 miles run by electric, and one for every 4000 under steam. Thus electricity is several times as reliable as steam. Fuel consumption in passenger service averages twice as great under steam as electricity. In freight service it is two and a half times as great. In switching service it is much more than twice as great. Last year the partial electrification of this railroad, according to Mr. Ralston, was saving the road $755,000 annually in its fuel bill.

This road recently put in sixteen electric switchers. Operating in the crowded terminals of New York City and vicinity and through the dense industrial belt of New England it faces a most acute terminal crisis whenever business gets good. These electric switchers on many occasions have run twenty-four hours a day for thirty days without interruption. Compare this with the steam locomotive! As I have said, the electric locomotive works best in cold weather. It does not have to be turned around. It runs without the necessary stoppages of the steam engine. Its inspection is on five times the mileage of the steam engine. Trains run at a uniform speed and can be dispatched on a close margin. Freight trains can be run at a speed approximating that of passenger trains, and thus keep out of the way. Train crews make fewer delays. Division points on a fully electrified road should be at least 500 miles apart instead of about 100 as at present, and thus a part of the 5 per cent of the train crews' time lost in these division yards would be saved.

Six electric switchers on the New York, New Haven & Hartford take the place of ten steam switch engines. This is important as justifying the confidence of this road in electrification in view of its ample experience. The great terminals are the

Gordian knot that must be cut in times of crisis. To cut it requires the speed, the ability to work in all weathers, the reserve of power, and the constant service of the electric. Electrification is the solution of terminal jams.

On the Philadelphia, Paoli and Chestnut Hill electrified divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the schedule is made with such regularity as to amount to 10,000 train miles to every detention. On the Long Island Railroad 532 schedule electric trains are now operating. On the Erie Railroad between Rochester and Mount Morris the line has been electrified for thirteen years. It has been tied up only once on account of storms, and then for only four hours. Steam tie-ups of ten hours to three days had occurred on several occasions.

In the St. Clair Tunnel the Grand Trunk has been operating electric locomotives for twelve years at a fuel cost of half that of steam locomotives, and delays of even a few minutes have been practically unknown.

Thirty-three electric locomotives have handled the passenger traffic in and out of the Pennsylvania terminals of New York for eleven years. They have made more than 7,000,000 miles with a record of 64,437 miles per detention on account of the locomotives. They have made 11,1 6 miles for every minute of detention, including electrical, mechanical and man failures! The maintenance of these locomotives over all this long time has been just about one-sixth of that of equivalent steam locomotives.

The care and upkeep and inspection of the electrics are matters of interest. They may be judged from the experience of the Boston & Maine on their Hoosac Tunnel electrification, where seven electrics are used. They never withdraw these locomotives from service for general overhauling; and, so far as I know, this is true with electrics generally. The Boston & Maine inspect their locomotives on the basis of every 1800 miles, when the main motors are blown out, brushes are replaced if necessary, clearances taken, switch groups overhauled, auxiliary motors overhauled and oiled, and other light repairs made. This is all.

Many of the above facts are taken from a paper read in March, 1921, before the Providence Engineering Society by Mr. C. C. Whittaker, of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, and reprinted in the Railway Review, which says editorially: "Mr. Whittaker's address cannot be taken as an exhaustive analysis of the relative advantages of the two systems of operation, although presented without bias; nor will it be found to embody technical details with which every well-posted engineer is not already familiar."

Mr. E. M. Herr's Testimony

The electrified terminal is an entirely different thing from the one operated with steam locomotives. Contrast the electrified terminals of New York, for instance, with the old-style ones of Chicago. The steam-operated terminal is a nuisance. It is constantly crowded farther and farther from the center of business. But in New York electrification makes it possible for great and elegant hotels and businesses of the highest and most exclusive class to exist right alongside a great terminal. There is little noise, no smoke or steam, no hooting of engines, no human suffering and destruction of property from soot and gases. Enormous values are added to property by this close proximity of fine business property to the very center of transportation. I should not be surprised to learn after Chicago's terminals have been electrified, that the cost of the change will be found added to the value of adjacent property.

But the benefits to the railways are equally great. The huge terminal is really the graveyard of cars. Let me quote on the application of electricity to the solution of the terminal problem, a man who has been an engineer of tests, a superintendent of telegraphs, a division superintendent, a division master mechanic, a general superintendent of a locomotive works, and who has held many other important positions in the railroad world, who is an airbrake specialist, and an electrical and mechanical engineer, now connected with the electrical profession, and whose railway experience in official positions dates back to 1886, Mr. E. M. Herr.

"The electric locomotive," says he, "enables the capacity of a terminal to be greatly increased, owing to the greater rapidity of its movement over that of a steam locomotive, and the fact that the electric locomotive does not have to be turned, coaled, watered, have fires cleaned or its boiler washed. . . . In addition to the advantages mentioned above, in large terminals the use of electricity on wharves, in freight houses, and properly designed auto trucks for delivery of freight to consignees and collecting freight from shippers, must not be overlooked. On wharves, in freight houses, and other places where freight is temporarily stored or stopped in its movement from one kind of carrier to another, electricity, by its wonderful adaptability to subdivision and use in either small or large motors, is most advantageous. By a system of telpherage, properly designed and adapted, all kinds of freight can readily and economically be taken from car to freight house or wharf or the reverse, and what is of very grave importance, the entire space covered by this system can be economically used. The statement has been made that the cost of moving a ton of freight from the point at which it originates to the railroad car which is to carry it by rail to the railway terminal at its destination, added to the additional cost of delivering it from car to the consignee's store, factory or warehouse, is as large as the entire charge for rail transportation for a large proportion of freight handled by rail which has to be delivered and collected by dray or truck. Why then should not the railways themselves arrange to collect and deliver freight at terminals? Here again electricity can be of great service in furnishing the power to drive the telpherage for loading and unloading cars and supplying the motive power of a fleet of auto trucks and drays so handled as to cause the minimum delay of freight cars at terminals and the promptest delivery of package freight at the lowest cost."

The Price of Organization

This moderate statement of a recognized expert strikes at the heart of the railway problem—terminals. It warrants the belief that with electrification the great terminals will cease to be not only the graveyard of cars but the graveyard of prosperity in America.

I have not stated half the case for electrification, but I think I have stated enough for present purposes. There is, of course, a case against it. For one thing, it would more completely integrate our transportation system, and render each part to an extent more dependent upon every other part. That is the price paid all through Nature for the higher development and the more complete organization. This penalty in the higher animal is death, instead of the everlasting life of bacteria. I can conceive an electrified transportation system completely paralyzed by the destruction of its power houses. But integration has already gone so far with the present railway system that it, too, staggers and falls down when it fails in one of its members. The peril through the complete integration by electrification is no greater. The paralysis of steam is on us. We must dare the remoter dangers of electrification, which can hardly come upon us except through the collapse of our civilization itself

Besides this there are objections made by men wedded to steam. For a quarter of a century railway men have been spurred up by one interest or another, and by their native conservatism, to a false confidence in the steam locomotive. They had to believe in it or they could not have devoted themselves so completely to the task of making it do the work of the nation. There are business interests involved. But once the matter is taken up as it should be, that public interest which is warranted by the vital nature of the subject matter will stimulate investigation and thought to the end that the world will see that the case of electrification versus steam is complete

Electricity might be demanded in the place of steam even at increased cost of carriage, in a case of life and death; but we have no such choice to make. Electrified railroads can do the work more cheaply than steam railroads, even at the present price of coal, and with every rise in coal the advantages of electrification are increased. According to the annual report of the Norfolk & Western the cost of haulage by steam locomotive per million tractive miles is $29.90. The cost of doing the same work with the electric locomotive is $26 20 This is without any doubt an attractive saving.

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For they, too, are built "oversize"—as much as 25 per cent in common sizes. Their larger plate area means greater capacity, longer life, less strain and drain—more reserve power for emergencies.

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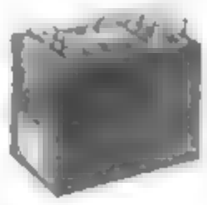

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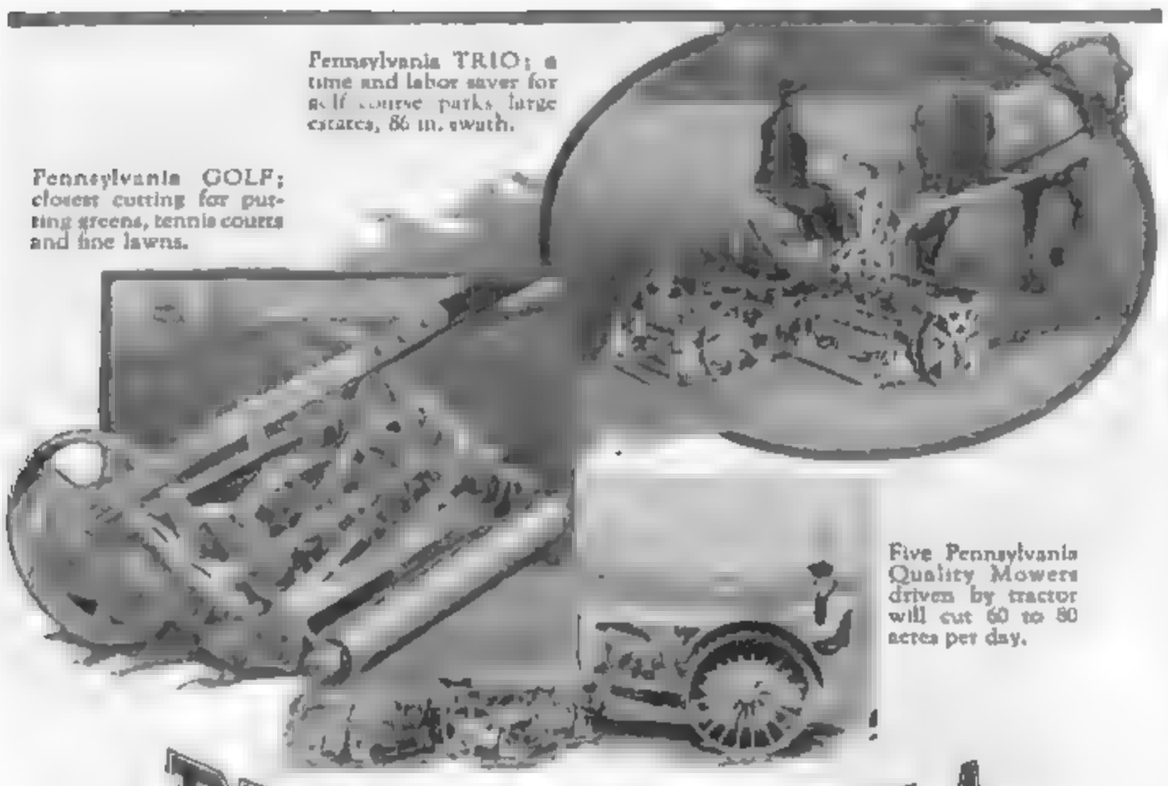
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Safe protection means keeping an Iver Johnson in your home. The standard safety revolver for over fifty years. Knocks, jolts, bumps, thumps cannot discharge it. You can even "Hammer the Hammer."

Yet the Iver Johnson is always alert and ready when needed. Drawn-tempered piano-wire springs—instead of ordinary flat springs, which often break—keep this revolver ready for instant use.

Hammer and Hammerless models in all calibres. Regular, Perfect Rubber, and Western Walnut grips. If your dealer hasn't the particular model you want, write us.

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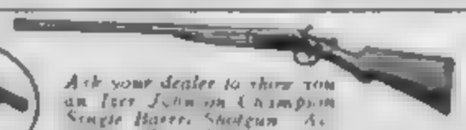

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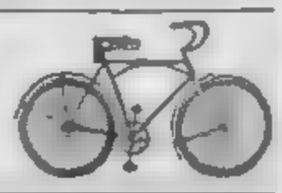


When Mr. Babcock was looking over the Norfolk & Western for the Southern Pacific, he said: "It is significant, however, that the general manager of the line refused to give me any operating costs per ton-mile, because, as he said, such figures as were available would not be fair for electric operation." As a matter of fact the above figures understate the case for electric operation. They include for both steam and electric operation the following items: Interest and depreciation, repairs, fuel of electric power at the locomotive, lubricants and waste, supplies, engine-house expenses, water and wages. But the power house charged against electricity is large enough to operate 33 per cent more locomotives. The repairs were calculated on a basis that the engineers agreed was unfair to the electrics. The accounting included the central power house in the calculation as a charge against electrification, but did not reckon in the roundhouses, machine shops, coal facilities, water stations, turntables and the like, against the steam locomotives. On a basis of strict accounting the financial returns on the traffic handled were more than 15 per cent better by electricity than by steam. It is only one case anyhow, though a very typical one. Results in other cases of electrification are, so far as I am informed, parallel.

No one suggests that all the railroads should be electrified at once. No one can indicate what proportion should be electrified, or whether they should all ever be electrified. In any case it will take a considerable term of years to carry the plan out, no matter how soon it is undertaken. During this time the engines replaced by electrics would increase the power plant of the lines still under steam, and whenever there should develop a surplus of steam engines there ought, in a world short of locomotives, to be a market for them abroad.

The economies which effected a saving of 15 per cent on the line just mentioned are nothing like what might be realized with complete electrification by divisions. Divisions under electrification should be 500 miles or more in length, and on them the old steam-engine facilities would not be needed or kept up. This would increase savings still further.

The Ideal Condition

The first electrifications should be on the mountain grades, where present facilities are inadequate, and in the dense industrial regions about our cities, and especially in New England, which suffers from lack of coal. The great superpower zone on which Mr. Murray has made a report should be included. This would give us electrification from Boston to Washington, through the great New England industrial belt, all around New York City, all of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Delaware, Eastern Maryland with Baltimore, and the vicinity of Washington. But this is not enough for even the immediate future. The railways from this zone to Pittsburgh should be included at once. Also the electrification should be carried west through all the region between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, including Southern Michigan. It should sweep up on the west of Lake Michigan at least as far as Milwaukee, and across Illinois to the St. Louis trade basin.

By that time the interests involved could tell how much further the work should be carried, and how soon. If the plan suggested in the work of the superpower survey above referred to were adopted there would be no doubt that it would be found profitable to extend it much further, and as fast as the building could be done.

This plan involves the establishment of a great superpower company which would sell power not only to the railways but to all present producers of electrical power who might find it profitable to buy it. It may be asked, Why not let the railways attend to their own power and thus keep the railway power separate from that of general business? Well, that is a point to be decided, but the answer given is, economy.

The ideal condition, it is claimed, is to have every user of electricity on the same system, so that what is called the load factor may be smoothed out and made more regular, steady and constant. Let me illustrate by the experience of Logan County, West Virginia. Here a few years ago the electrically operated coal mines were maintaining boiler capacity to the extent of 4000 horse power to operate their generators. They decided to put them into one electrical system, and found that a plant of only 500 horse power would do the work—an economy which the nation as a whole cannot afford not to emulate. Seven-eighths of the power plant was saved. Data obtained from the electrified mines of the Pennsylvania district are exhibited to show that if they were operated from one central station the plant used in making their power would not only do its present work but would yield enough surplus to carry the entire load requirement of Greater New York, including the railways.

In the discussion of the Lane superpower plan Mr. Samuel Ferguson, vice president of the Hartford Electric Light Company, said that in his city there is now installed 13,000 superfluous horse power which is idle from one end of the year to the other, but which might be either disposed of or put to work if a general system—a superpower system—were installed to carry the entire load. A superpower corporation to furnish electricity not only to the railways but to the other business of the United States would effect economies similar to those of Logan County, West Virginia, which if not so great in percentage of saving would be on a scale multiplied 20,000-fold.

Distribution of Power Plants

The minds of many, possibly most readers, will at once turn to water power as the agency which would supply current for the railways and the rest of us; but in this I think they are mistaken. Hydroelectric plants except where very favorably located cost three to four times what power plants operated by coal can be built for. Under such conditions power from water represents waste instead of saving. We had far better have three huge steam-operated plants than one of the same capacity using water power. Mr. Buckland in discussing the Lane plan mentioned the production of power from tidewater coal brought to New England ports, and "from unmerchantable coal developing power at the mines in Pennsylvania." This latter suggestion seems to be the one that will be adopted. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific States have most of the water power in the United States. They also have plenty of coal. That third of our area which needs four-fifths of our power, especially for railroad use, is deficient in water power, and its streams are irregular in flow. It must depend for a long time on coal, and will find it actually cheaper.

The moment coal is loaded on cars for shipment to power plants a great part of the economy is lost. We should have a system of great power plants located at the coal mines. We should not use anthracite. It is too limited in supply and is too valuable for other fuel uses. Power from Niagara and from the proposed Great Lakes-St. Lawrence development, and from the New England streams should be utilized if it can be developed promptly and regularly—but we should not wait for it. The easternmost power plant should be in the eastern edge of the bituminous fields of Pennsylvania. Other plants should be located in Western Pennsylvania, in West Virginia, in Virginia, in Ohio, in Tennessee, in Alabama, in the Ozark coal fields, in Kansas, in Oklahoma, in Illinois and the soft-coal fields of Iowa. The immense lignite fields of the Dakotas and Montana and thence west will furnish ample power more cheaply than it can be obtained from water, and will utilize a fuel that is largely unmerchantable.

If it be said that this leaves long distances unprovided with power plants, so that the current will have to be transmitted over longer distances than are now spanned, it is necessary only to cite the fact that the General Electric Company has recently transmitted current at 1,100,000 volts, and that plants are now building for commercial transmission at 220,000 volts. Distance yields to voltage. Expense for conductors yields to voltage. It is stated that at 220,000 volts, which is only one-fifth the pressure attained in the laboratory, 100 horse power could be transmitted through an ordinary forty-watt lamp filament without heating this little thread above its normal operating temperature or shortening its life. Transmission of current over the distances suggested is not difficult.

Texas has great lignite beds that can be used. California has coal fields away from the railways that might be used if the problem of building the plants were once solved.

(Continued on Page 104)

Is that weariness due to your feet?

Know—now—that there is a certain, positive way of relieving all forms of foot trouble

SEVEN people out of every ten, it is estimated, are suffering from some form of foot trouble.

Corns, bunions, callouses—what hours of tortured agony they cause! Weak, or fallen or broken arches! At night you are so tired—feet, legs, back—you can hardly stand. Or a condition known as weak feet—feet not quite up to the demands of modern footwear and pavements, and everyday business hustle.

Some might say that we are a nation of fatalists. We know that these conditions exist, and yet we do nothing. Or we try a so-called remedy, get no relief, and give up. We decide that nothing can help us. And so we go through life—enduring hours of needless suffering, losing days of precious happiness.

If you are one of these, take new hope—*now*.

A new science to combat a new problem

During the last decade or two, men of science have given more attention to foot problems.

Prominent among them has been Dr. Wm. M. Scholl. For the last twelve years he has given himself almost entirely to a specialized study of foot troubles and their correction.

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully instructed in Dr. Scholl's methods. In these stores Dr. Scholl's appliances and remedies are selected and supplied with an intelligent understanding of the specific foot trouble to be corrected.

The name Dr. Scholl is vastly more than a mark of identification for a line of appliances and remedies. It is a name that stands for an idea and a service.

Sure relief from every foot trouble

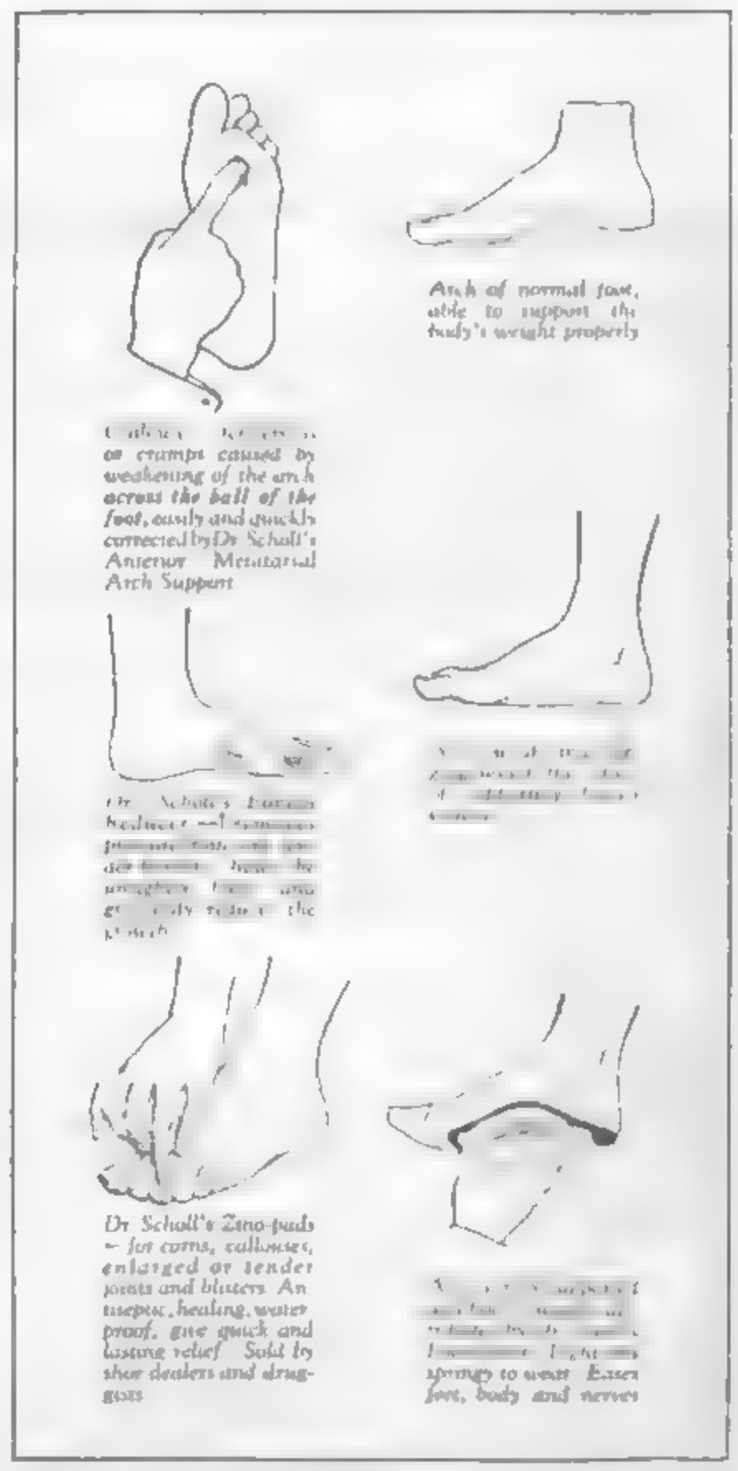
No matter what your foot trouble may be, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service offers you immediate and certain relief.

For every form of foot ailment—tired, aching feet, weak or fallen arches, tender heels, corns, bunions, callouses—Dr. Scholl has devised a scientific appliance or remedy.

If you are one who has despaired of finding relief from foot suffering, take new hope in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service.

You CAN have relief. Today foot suffering is needless. Go to the shoe or department store in your town that is headquarters for Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and see the man in charge. Tell him of your foot trouble and let him examine your stockinged-feet.

Begin now to know the joy of active, healthy, comfortable feet—have again the sturdy feet of your youth. Thousands upon thousands of persons are now enjoying the blessed relief this modern science offers you.


Arch of normal foot, able to support the body's weight properly
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads – for corns, callouses, enlarged or tender joints and blisters. Antiseptic, healing, waterproof, give quick and lasting relief. Sold by shoe dealers and druggists

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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

3000 Hours of Solid Comfort

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MAKERS
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Quality never lowered to make a price.

5-ton	$4,500
3½-ton	4,200
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THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

21 Years of Knowing How

(Continued from Page 102)

Oregon and Washington have plenty of coal. And these states have oceans of water power. Colorado can furnish power from her mines or her streams or both for territory as far east as Omaha, or farther. There is no reason to doubt that the Montana and Dakota lignites can be used to furnish power with incredible economy not only for the Twin Cities and their vicinity, but on to Duluth and Chicago if desirable. Give out the contract and the engineers would start the job to-day.

The power plants must be built at the mines, and the coal taken from the earth and dumped right in the stokers. By this system, as Mr. Buckland suggested, unmerchantable coal can be used. This shift from the best coal, such as is now used in steam engines, to the poorest, is in itself an economy that is most impressive. I know a power company in Pennsylvania operated on this plan. It has a fine body of coal in the midst of which its plant is located. The coal goes right from the mine to the furnace. They have several veins, but they are using only the poorest and thinnest—coal it would not pay to ship.

The plan just mentioned is the Boston-Washington Superpower Zone project expanded so as to take in all the railways that ought economically to be electrified, and to give to the system all the business of the country that might find it wise to buy power so cheaply generated. How far would this extension go? When we consider that we now have in operation twice the electric machinery necessary to run all the railroads, and that very little of this makes its power as cheaply as it would be made by the superpower plants, it is safe to predict that the electrification would go much farther than the business of the railways alone would warrant. It is probable that building would never stop until it reached the Pacific Coast on more than one line, and that it would extend from the interior cities and the Western grain fields to the Gulf at several ports.

I have discussed the electrification of railways through a superpower plan, because that seems to me the best method. It would divide the expense between the transportation system and a general electrification, and thus save overhead for the railways and promote huge economies and efficiencies in other businesses. But it is not the only way. It may not be the best way. It is not the purpose of this discussion to promote it. My purpose is to show the chasm of ruin ahead of us if the railways break down again under good business. For every time the collapse comes it is worse than ever before.

Future Financing

"Yes," the intelligent reader has said long since, "but where is the money to come from?" The necks in the transportation bottle would have been electrified long ago if things had not come to such a pass that money goes into almost any other business more freely than into railway investments. This is, without doubt, the great question. The project of making the railways able to save our business life is so large, no matter how it is done, that the financing of it is a problem as great as that which we met in financing the Great War. Do not ask what it will cost—nobody knows. The thing must be done, no matter what it costs, or the United States is a failure for the future.

It is, in fact, war—war to prevent industrial and agricultural ruin, east, west, north and south, war against continental distances, war against the very forces of Nature, a sort of war that no nation in the world's history has ever won. But see what we gain by winning it! And see what we escape by the victory! It is much more vital to our salvation than the victory against Germany. We could have existed and prospered if Germany had won; but America withers and dies when the railways fail. These recurring crises endanger the very fabric of society.

Once get this fact in the minds of the American people, once get it burned into their consciousness, and the money can be raised. Twice as much money can be raised unless America is busted. I do not believe that America is busted. A newspaper paragraph before me says it is significant that the word American ends in "I can." I like that quip. It tells the truth.

We may as well begin to think about ways to raise the money, for the railways in their present condition, no matter who is to blame for it, cannot raise it. It is a great public question, and not one for the railways alone.

The railways might be conceived as each electrifying itself by its own efforts. That may be the better way. It seems to me, however, that the task is so great that it all should be done as one great job or it will not be done at all. This is as certain as anything can be, that the citizens of the United States must make up their minds to invest as freely in one way or another in the business of making our railway systems what they must be made as they invested in the winning of the war. Not that I mean that it will cost so much; but it will cost enough to make us all dig to raise the money. I have no idea how much it will cost, though I have seen estimates running to $20,000,000,000. It ought to be done in much the way it was done in war—under the spur of impending calamity. And it can be so done if the nation can be inspired to the task.

Four Possibilities

We have been told by the railroads' spokesmen why money will not invest in railway securities now. They charge it to governmental regulations, to the fact that so large a proportion of the activities of the railway officials, the wages the railways pay, the rates they charge, thousands of things, are controlled by law and public officers. If we accept their statements we must believe that these restrictions must be removed and the railways be left as free to control their business as shipowners or grocers, or the roads will not be able to get the money to make them able to do our business. I do not intend to discuss this at all here. It is no part of my message. I content myself with pointing out the fact that if we are to go through the process of repealing these laws before we can begin to see light our case is a dark one. For the next breakdown will be on us before we know it. We shall be in the throes of it within five years, unless this business depression is to last longer than any but the most pessimistic dare to predict.

There is the plan of electrification by each road through its own efforts; there is the plan of a great superpower company which shall take over the work and sell power to the railways; there is the plan for this company to sell power to the railways and also to other users of power. And there is a fourth method which must be faced by both those who believe in it and those who do not. This is electrification through a power system established by governmental action. In one or the other of these ways the thing must be done. Every statement made in this paper as to our peril of future paralysis is justified. When the crisis comes upon us we may be driven to do the most unwise things. The time to act is now, while we have time—if we have time.

"There be three things," said Lord Bacon, "which make a nation great and prosperous: A fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance of men and commodities from place to place." Every word of this is more vitally true now than when and where it was written; but unless we have easy conveyance of men and commodities from place to place we cannot have busy workshops, and our fertile soil will by its very richness tempt people out upon it to their ruin.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Quick.

THE HOOVING OF HOOVER

(Continued from Page 4)

in 1911 was 100 and the selling price of the same commodities in 1911 was also 100. Eleven years have rolled by and prices have altered. The years have been cataclysmic; and the price alterations have been pronounced. Prices that were frail and slender and lissom back in 1911 have grown flabby and hard-faced and corpulent, and are not so welcome in pleasant social gatherings as they used to be. Still using index figures, and making all of them relative to the 1911 index figures, we place production cost of necessities in 1922 at 100; but we must put the selling price of the same commodities at from 150 to 180.

There are the horrible facts; things are produced at a cost of 100, but we who have to buy them in order to live must pay from 150 to 180 for them.

There is a persistent belief floating around the country that in a comparatively short time, by arresting a profiteer here and attacking a big corporation there, production costs and selling costs will be brought back to the old relationship that existed in 1911, and the American people will once more be purchasing at 100 the necessities of life that are produced at 100.

Hoover, however, says that this idea is all wrong, and that an equalization of production costs and selling costs will not be effected for years and years—possibly not even during the lifetime of any of the people who read these words. The people, he says, also have the idea that the fifty to eighty points which they pay for necessities to-day in excess of the 1911 prices are due to profiteering; and this idea, too, is incorrect. Those persons who have had their rents jumped from forty dollars a month to two hundred dollars a month in the last five years, with the jumping prospects still excellent, will be inclined to say that Mr. Hoover, in saying high prices aren't due to profiteering, is talking through his hat, that he ought to roll over, that he is hitting on only three cylinders. Yet time has shown that the persons who call Hoover a liar inevitably wake at a later date to the keen truth of the adage that silence is golden, and wish violently that they had taken the gold cure.

Gunning for the Waste

There are various reasons, according to Hoover, why production costs can be and have been brought down, while selling prices have not been and cannot be brought down to the same extent. There is, for example, $8,000,000,000 in taxes to be absorbed along the line of distribution between the producer and consumer. The taxes can't be eliminated, so they ultimately appear in selling costs. Increased transportation costs is another bit eventually added to the selling costs. And then, during the war period when large volumes of merchandise were being distributed, a larger machinery of distribution was developed on the larger volume of merchandise. Elements were added; new middlemen were inserted to smooth the rough places. Now the volume is smaller, but the smaller volume must pay for the heavier machinery brought into existence by the larger volume. And this, in turn, is added to the selling costs of necessities.

Hoover's argument, broadly speaking, is this: There is no way in which selling costs can be brought below 120, allowing that production costs are 100. To-day, though, selling costs range from 150 to 180. Though we can never get back to the prewar balance, we can and must knock from thirty to sixty points off to-day's selling costs. And the only way in which we can do it is not by arresting profiteers or attacking trusts, but by eliminating waste; for it is waste alone, and not profiteering, that accounts for those extra thirty to sixty points. So Hoover is gunning for the waste, with the idea of knocking from selling costs as many of the extra points as possible. The more he knocks off the easier it will be for people to buy things; and as they buy more things the factories will produce more things to meet the demand. Thus the commerce of the United States will have been promoted, all will be sweetness and light, and Hoover will have done what he was supposed to do.

The business of hunting for waste is a dangerous one. Life is mostly made up of just one darned waste after another, and a lot of the waste is the only thing that prevents the average man from blowing out the gas or taking a header into the river. If too much waste is eliminated the person from whom it is eliminated becomes almost as efficient as the coral polyp, which devotes its entire life to making itself into a piece of coral, and dies as soon as it regards its efforts as successful. If one allows himself to become a fanatic on the subject he can waste his entire life showing the rest of the world how frightfully it is wasting its time—wasting its time playing with the dog, wasting its time going to the movies, wasting its time falling in love, wasting its time tying neckties, wasting its time reading articles on Herbert Hoover in weekly magazines.

Hoover, being a wise and simple man, and not a nut, isn't concerned with individual wastes. He doesn't, for example, regard eating lunch as a waste, and advocate taking it in the form of two pills between callers or having it fed to him through a hose while dictating letters to a stenographer. He doesn't believe that all women ought to give up decent-looking clothes and take to wearing gray overalls or some other standardized garment. He has standardized his own clothes, but he doesn't advocate it for others. In fact, he is very touchy about using the word "standardize" at all.

A Better Word for It

Being an efficiency engineer he has made it a part of his efficiency to know that people as a whole object strenuously to any sort of standardization that may in any way affect them. They have a frantic and passionate loathing of living in standardized houses or eating standardized meals or wearing standardized hats and shoes or taking their recreation in a standardized way. Automatically, when they hear that somebody is trying to standardize production they think of all the men in America wearing standardized pants. Immediately they break into a cold sweat, and curse standardization at the top of their lungs. Coarse, low editorial writers, never averse to finding a chance to whack somebody with a resounding whack, cry piercingly about the decay of individualism and the destruction of self-expression, in the Greenwich Village manner, when they discover anybody doing any standardizing. That is why Hoover carefully dodges the word "standardize." A year ago he used it freely and without fear, just as a cook uses the word "bake" and a taxicab driver uses the word "hell." To-day he blinks once or twice whenever the word is used, and substitutes the word "simplify." Hoover wouldn't dream of standardizing production now. He simplifies production. There's as much difference as between pulling a tooth and extracting a tooth. One comes hard and the other comes easy.

Hoover started his campaign against waste in a typically hard-boiled and common-sense manner. As president of the Federated American Engineering Societies he appointed, early in 1921, a committee on the elimination of waste in industry. This was not a little group of serious theorists embarked on an expensive mental bat, but seventeen of the most distinguished and practical engineers in the United States, all serving without pay, and all eager to make the Federated American Engineering Societies, as set forth in its constitution, "a comprehensive organization dedicated to the service of the community, state and nation." The report of this committee, entitled Waste in Industry, was published in book form in New York during the summer of 1921. It is on the disinterested and dependable findings of this committee that Hoover has based his efforts to reduce costs.

One of the pieces of artillery with which he is sniping at waste is the Division of Simplified Commercial Practice of the Department of Commerce, and it shoots waste full of large numbers of gaping holes.

This Simplification Division works with all sorts of manufacturing organizations—with the manufacturers of paving bricks, men's clothes, farm implements, beds, automobile batteries, doors and sashes, and many other things; and this is the way it works:

A committee of paving-brick manufacturers, having been apprised of Hoover's attempts to eliminate waste, appear in

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Bathroom Comfort Always on Tap

The Reznor Bathroom Heater is designed to provide a permanent method of heating your bathroom on chilly days—either with or without reference to the regular heating plant. When you build or remodel, do not fail to install a Reznor—it occupies no floor space—is always in place—and gushes heat the moment a match is applied.

Easily installed in any type of wall construction, is a complete unit in itself, and the only appliance of this kind on the accepted list of the underwriters' laboratory, established and maintained by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

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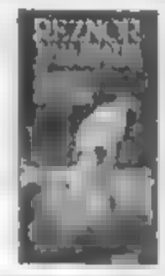
Write for our free booklet of complete information. Then consult your architect, building or plumbing contractor, and be sure "Reznor" is on the heater you install.



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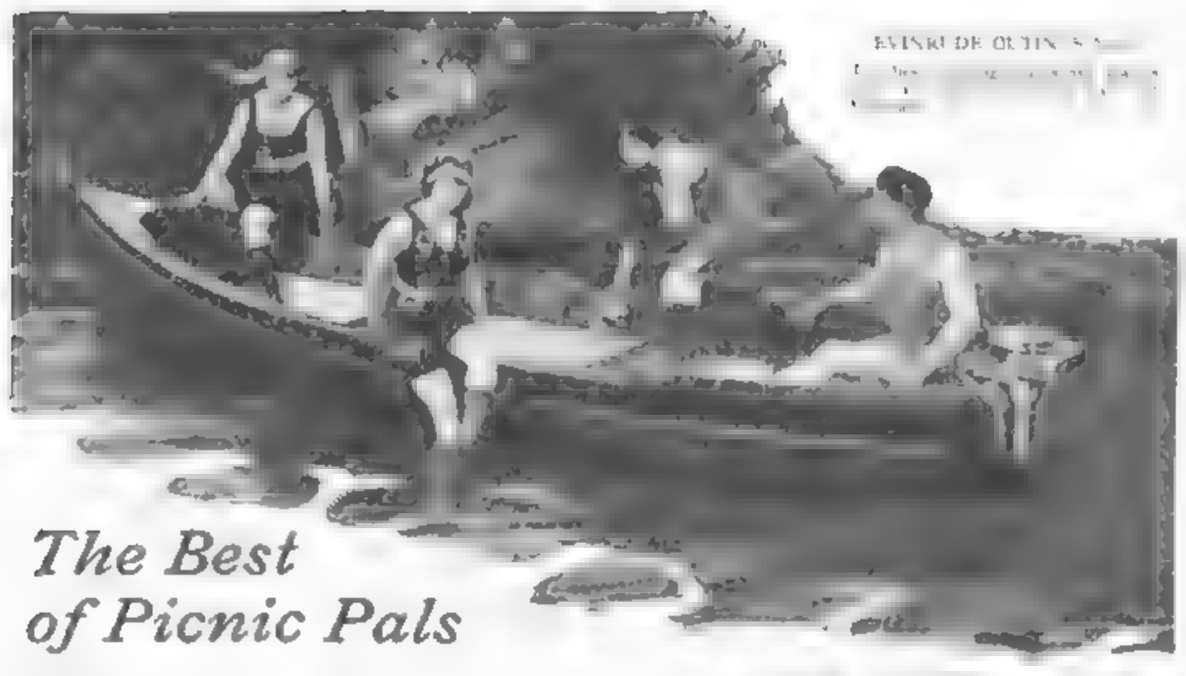

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Across the lake or miles upstream to favorite picnic grounds—distance means nothing when you have one of these husky little motors to do your oar-work. Always on the job—costs but a penny a mile for "gas" and oil

Both Evinrude models, Standard and Lightweight, are practically the same in design, size, power and speed. Due to the judicious use of aluminum alloys, the Lightweight scales just under 50 pounds complete—easily carried with you in car, train or trolley.

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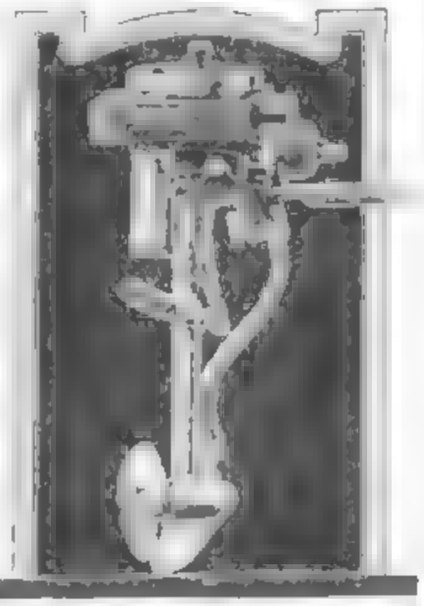

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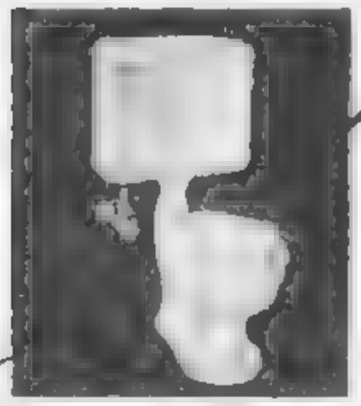

Every community must have its doctor, of course; and next in importance in safe-guarding health comes the plumbing contractor

This message in the interest of the plumbing contractor, is published by a firm that has devoted the energies of three generations to the development of sanitary fixtures for the home—

MADDOCK

THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS CO., TRENTON, N. J., U. S. A

Washington and have a conference with Hoover. Hoover outlines his scheme for the elimination of waste. The paving-brick people reply that they are well aware of the fact that there are so many sizes of paving brick in use that any manufacturer who wants to be in the paving-brick swim, so to speak, cannot concentrate on a few sizes, but must go to the expense of maintaining machinery to turn out many sizes. As a result, their expenses are higher than they should be, and paving brick cannot be made so cheaply as it should be made. Although they know that there are too many sizes they have never been able to do anything about it, because whenever they attempt to persuade the buyers of paving brick to agree not to use certain sorts of brick the buyers become suspicious and declare angrily that the brick manufacturers are trying, in the simplified argot of the day, to put something over on them.

Hoover asks the manufacturers how many sizes and varieties of paving brick they are likely to be called on to make, and they are unable to answer definitely. Even they themselves aren't sure, but they think about thirty. They are instructed to find out definitely. They go away and investigate; and on their return they announce that there are sixty-six sizes being made. One-half of this number can obviously be eliminated, as there would be no call for them once in ten years.

To Simplify is to Cheapen

At any rate, Hoover then invites to a meeting the representatives of all the people who have dealings with the paving-brick manufacturers—representatives from the buying department of the Navy, from societies of architects, from buyers and sellers, from specifiers, from engineers. In a one-day meeting at the Department of Commerce in Washington these people interested in the making, selling and buying of paving bricks cut the sizes and styles of paving bricks from sixty-six to eleven by mutual consent. These eleven sizes have been set up as standards. No manufacturer needs to be prepared to make any size except one of these eleven, and no architect or engineer will call for the use of any brick other than one of the eleven. A very large sum of money is saved to the manufacturers, the manufacturers are able to specialize on a few bricks, and the cost of brick to the consumer is materially reduced.

The same thing holds true in the manufacture of farm implements. The manufacturers came to Washington and absorbed Mr. Hoover's plan. They found that nine different sizes and styles of cast-iron seats were being made for plows and reapers and tractors and other farm machinery. None of the seats had any advantage over the others as resting places for weary farmers. They were cast-iron, as has been said. The only effect of the difference in size was to make seat manufacturers spend a lot of money making odd-sized seats and to force dealers to carry a lot of unnecessary seats in stock. The manufacturers at once agreed to cut the nine sizes of seats down to one size. Seats are now cheaper, and exactly as comfortable as before.

The manufacturers discovered that twenty-five styles and sizes of handles were used on farm implements. They promptly applied common sense and reduced the number to one. The same thing is true of wrenches needed on farm implements, of wheels. And so the element of waste is gradually eliminated.

While the Division of Simplified Commercial Practice works with committees of manufacturers the Division of Building and Housing struggles with the problem of high building costs. It doesn't do it by trying to build standardized cement houses with standardized molds that can be stored in the attic when not in use. Hoover hooves more subtly than that.

Hoover says that the cost of construction of a small dwelling has risen to a price that makes the average wage earner turn an arsenical green around the gills. The house that could have been built for five or six thousand dollars before the war cannot be built to-day under ten or twelve thousand dollars. His job, therefore, is to effect such reductions in the cost of construction that the average wage earner can get a good house built for five or six thousand dollars once more. Again Hoover declares that the difference between a six thousand dollar pre-war house and an exactly similar postwar house at twelve thousand dollars is not due to profiteering. If you examine the steps between production and distribution, he says, and sum up the profits that are skimmed off at each step, you will find that they are just about what they were in the old halcyon days when one could build a henhouse without wrecking the family fortunes.

The increased prices, in the odd jargon of the efficiency engineers, are all due to additions to the increments of cost.

In attempting to beat down construction prices to the reach of the average wage earner Hoover works through committees of architects, master plumbers, sash-and-door manufacturers, real-estate associations, boss carpenters, city planners, insurance people. He summons, for example, a committee of master plumbers to Washington; they figure for him, and announce that the difference in the building codes of different cities is responsible for some of the high prices of plumbers' supplies. Some cities demand that two sizes of pipe be used in building, other cities require only one size. If the plumbers could get along with only one size 20 per cent could be cut from plumbing costs.

Hoover therefore sets to work to effect a standardization of building codes. He does it by having the Bureau of Standards conduct tests to prove to all cities that one size of pipe will answer all purposes in house construction. The master plumbers also find that there are ninety different styles of cast-iron pipe that can be used in small-house construction at the whim of architects and builders, with the result that pipe manufacturers must be ready to supply all of them. These ninety styles can easily be cut down to five styles; and as soon as the designers and builders can be made to regard the five styles as standard, another large slice can be lopped from plumbing costs.

The same thing holds true with sashes and doors. The sash-and-door people have told Hoover that the standard-sized door, roughly speaking, is seven feet high and thirty-three inches wide. Yet an architect in designing a small house frequently calls for a door whose size is slightly off standard—seven feet two inches high, for example, and thirty-four inches wide. The door factory turns out this odd-sized door; but because of putting this special through the plant, a little must be added to the price of all doors turned out. The door has no added element of beauty because of its slightly different size; it is no different in appearance from a standard door. If specials are eliminated—as they will be when Hoover has brought the architects and the sash-and-door men together—the prices of doors can be put much lower.

Eleven-Foot Rooms Must Go

Through the American Architects Association, Hoover has got a committee of architects working on the plans of houses in which simplified methods are embodied. In all of them standard dimensional stock and trade standards are used. In none of them, for example, will you find an eleven-foot room specified. In building an eleven-foot room a carpenter must cut off and waste one foot from a standard twelve-foot beam. Such a waste gives Hoover a pain, to say nothing of putting a small but unnecessary dent in the pocketbook of the person who is paying for the house. These plans will be ready for distribution, Hoover thinks, in the autumn of 1922.

Hoover's men have thoroughly analyzed the elements of cost in house building, and every one of the elements, before Hoover finishes it, will be lower than when he started on it. Nothing has been overlooked in the matter of costs. Hoover's men found, for example, that costs had been increased by the haphazard way in which city planning has developed in different localities. Fire walls in some cities are required by regulation to be fourteen inches thick. In other cities the standard fire wall is eight inches thick. Tests in the Bureau of Standards show that an eight-inch wall is as discouraging to a fire as a fourteen-inch wall. In many cities the same building regulations apply to congested zones as to residential zones. Chicago, for example, has a congested center, then a band of parks, then residences, then a manufacturing belt, and then another area of parks and dwellings. Each one of these zones should have different building regulations; but costs in some of the

(Continued on Page 108)

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WITH fifty-eight years of success in making kitchen ranges to spur us on, we determined two years ago to build a gas range which all women would acknowledge the finest. The result is the new Universal Gas Range. Women who have seen it say we have more than succeeded. They recognize that here at last is the range for which they have been longing—a range that not only is convenient and beautiful, but also remarkable for cooking efficiency.

One reason for this efficiency is a new and more powerful oven burner, equipped with the new two-way, single valve Universal Safety Gas Economizer. A simple turn of the valve gives seven lines of flame—gives quick baking heat—permits *even* toasting or broiling. Another turn of the valve gives three lines of flame—permits roasting or baking with a reduced gas consumption. You can use all or *part* of oven burner with high or low flame. No guesswork, but *positive* oven heat control. Countless oven heat adjustments are available.

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It raises timer up where it is accessible and away from water, grease and dirt. Easily inspected without soiling your clothes. Prevents short-circuits; prolongs life of timer and wiring. Easily installed. Mailed postpaid for only $5.00. [illegible] and you would not part with it for three times the price. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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(Continued from Page 108)

residential sections are increased by the fact that congested-zone regulations apply in them. Hoover will attempt to adjust these things by promulgating uniform zoning regulations.

Even the real-estate men, who have never before coöperated with anyone along similar lines, have seen the value of the work that Hoover is trying to do, and have agreed to do their part in maintaining established zones—not to sell, for example, manufacturing sites in residential zones.

In such ways does Hoover attack costs by working directly through committees. At the same time he continues to plug along on an economic program for more intelligence and less guessing in business, and on the development of the Department of Commerce as a department of commercial specialists who will make it possible for all business men to base their actions on facts rather than on beliefs, hunches or rule of thumb.

There are, for example, three bureaus of the Department of Commerce that have direct contact with business and industry—the Bureau of the Census, the Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. All of these have been reorganized in such a way as to be of inestimable value to the business man. There was a time when the business man, writing to the Department of Commerce for information on implements and vehicles, received a hazy reply from a doctor of philosophy. To-day the business man, writing for the same information, gets his answer from an expert on implements and vehicles. The Department of Commerce, thanks to Hoover, has an expert lurking around every corner. One can't enter or leave an elevator without falling over an expert on pig bristles or an expert on Chinese lilies or an expert on crushed rock or cracked ice or some other dark mysterious subject. Hoover got them by going to trade associations and asking them to name experts who would have the confidence of the other men in their trades. Having secured the experts the Department of Commerce turns over to them the reports from consuls and foreign-trade representatives, and the experts proceed to interpret the consular and trade reports for the benefit of American business men.

Picking Experts Where They Grow

Hoover wanted a rubber expert, so he applied to the Rubber Association of America for a rubber expert who could properly interpret reports on rubber from Europe. "What you want," replied the Rubber Association of America, "is our Foreign Trade Division. We'll transfer it to Washington." And they did. Hoover wanted two automotive experts, one to act as chief of the Automotive Division of the department and the other to act as trade commissioner working out of the same division. He went to the National Automotive Chamber of Commerce and told them what he wanted. They picked ninety-eight men who might do, and selected the two best of the ninety-eight for Hoover's purposes. One of them is working in Washington and the other is working in Europe.

Another of Hoover's innovations is the dividing of Europe along commodity lines instead of along geographical lines. He is breaking away from the antiquated Department of Commerce idea of sending trade commissioners and commercial attachés to Europe and anchoring them to a bush-league country in Central Europe with instructions to pick up information on everything from goose livers to green hats—a field which would seem to be thoroughly and excellently covered by the American consular service—and is beginning to send trade commissioners with special knowledge to Europe to report on particular industries instead of on countries. Witness the sending of a trade commissioner to Europe, accredited to Automotive Information instead of to England or San Marino or Azerbaijan.

Why Hoover Gets Publicity

Hoover was inserted in his present job, as has been said before, charged with the work of promoting the commerce of the United States. He will therefore promote commerce. If it is necessary for him to reduce building and living costs in order to promote commerce he will so reduce. If it is necessary for him to step on somebody's feet in order to promote commerce he will so step.

Hoover's methods are not popular with certain members of Washington's political élite, who believe that nothing should be done unless it is prefaced with a suffocating amount of hot air and a great deal of imitation politeness. But those who are interested in having a voice in the government speaking for business, in having commerce promoted as per the prospectus of the Department of Commerce, in having high prices lowered instead of talked about unpleasantly—will keep on rooting for Hoover.

The Griddle School Guards declare that he would be willing to start a revolution for the sake of getting publicity. Well—at various times and in various parts of the world I have had occasion to say a good word for the activities of Herbert Hoover and the organizations that he built up. These organizations were invariably functioning with the extreme minimum of fuss, flubdub, excitement and expense, and securing the maximum of results. The Hoover organizations always put all the relief in the exact spots where it was supposed to go—and never to my knowledge have there been other similar organizations capable of such a thing.

Nobody has ever asked me to say a good word for Hoover or for any of his organizations; the good words were said because a person would have to be either blind or an ass not to say them. The reason for the publicity that Herbert Clark Hoover has received and will receive, and the reason for the publicity he is now receiving in this article, is due to the fact that whatever Hoover does is worth writing about.

When you hear a Griddle School Guard buttering his griddle and preparing to sizzle Hoover over a hot fire you might remind him of that fact. It may help—but it probably won't.

A CADDY'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 13)

They are a fine bunch of tight wads said Joe and I said well Crane is all right only he just has not got no money.

He aint all right no more then the rest of them said Joe.

Well at lease he dont cheat on his score I said.

And you know why that is said Joe, neither does Jack Andrews cheat on his score but that is because they play to good. Players like Crane and Andrews that goes around in 80 or better cant cheat on their score because they make the most of the holes in around 4 strokes and the 4 strokes includes their tee shot and a couple of putts which everybody is right there to watch them when they make them and count them right along with them. So if they make a 4 and claim a 3 why people would just laugh in their face and say how did the ball get from the fair way on to the green, did it fly? But the boys that takes 7 and 8 strokes to a hole can shave their score and you know they are shaveing it but you have to let them get away with it because you cant prove nothing. But that is one of the penaltys for being a good player, you cant cheat.

To hear Joe tell it pretty near everybody are born crooks, well maybe he is right.

Wed. Apr. 26.

TODAY Mrs Doane was out for the first time this yr and asked for me to caddy for her and you bet I was on the job. Well how are you Dick she said, she always calls me by name. She asked me what had I been doing all winter and was I glad to see her and etc.

She said she had been down south all winter and played golf pretty near every day and would I watch her and notice how much she had improved.

Well to tell the truth she was no better then last yr and wont never be no better and I guess she is just to pretty to be a golf player but of course when she asked me did I think her game was improved I had to reply yes indeed as I would not hurt her feelings and she laughed like my reply pleased her. She played with Mr and Mrs Carter and I carried the 2 ladies bags wile

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Unapproached for all occasions from the surpassing dinner, where the exquisite flavor of Ranomaco is achievement, to the still greater, the everyday dinner Ranomaco quality is far beyond word description. Have a Ranomaco garden. On receipt of 25 cents (U. S.) we mail a package of Ranomaco Menu Corn Seed. Not more than 4 packages, in a growing season, to one person. 25-cent package plants 30 x 33 feet. Send today.

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Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923
ROUND THE WORLD
Superb SS "EMPRESS of FRANCE"
18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
4 MONTHS' CRUISE, $1000 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS of SCOTLAND"
25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
65 DAYS' CRUISE, $600 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc
19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc
Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.
Europe and Passion Play Parties, $400 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York.

Joe Bean cadded for Mr Carter. Mrs Carter is a ugly dame with things on her face and it must make Mr Carter feel sore when he looks at Mrs Doane to think he married Mrs Carter but I suppose they could not all marry the same one and besides Mrs Doane would not be a sucker enough to marry a man like he who drinks all the time and is pretty near always stood, tho Mr Doane who she did marry aint such a H of a man himself tho dirty with money.

They all gave me the laugh on the 3d hole when Mrs Doane was makeing her 2d shot and the ball was in the fair way but laid kind of bad and she just ticked it and then she asked me if winter rules was in force and I said yes so we teed her ball up so as she could get a good shot at it and they gave me the laugh for saying winter rules was in force.

You have got the caddys bribed Mr Carter said to her.

But she just smiled and put her hand on my sholder and said Dick is my pal. That is enough of a bribe to just have her touch you and I would caddy all day for her and never ask for a cent only to have her smile at me and call me her pal.

Sat. Apr. 29.

TODAY they had the first club tournament of the yr and they have a monthly tournament every month and today was the first one, it is a handicap tournament and everybody plays in it and they have prizes for low net score and low gross score and etc. I cadded for Mr Thomas today and will tell what happened.

They played a 4 some and besides Mr Thomas we had Mr Blake and Mr Carter and Mr Dunham. Mr Dunham is the worst man player in the club and the other men would not play with him a specialy on a Saturday only him and Mr Blake is partners together in business. Mr Dunham has got the highest handicap in the club which is 50 but it would have to be 150 for him to win a prize. Mr Blake and Mr Carter has got a handicap of about 15 a piece I think and Mr Thomas is 30, the first prize for the low net score for the day was a dozen golf balls and the second low score a ½ dozen golf balls and etc.

Well we had a great battle and Mr Colby ought to been along to write it up or some good writer. Mr Carter and Mr Dunham played partners against Mr Thomas and Mr Blake which ment that Mr Carter was playing Thomas and Blakes best ball, well Mr Dunham took the honor and the first ball he hit went strate off to the right and over the fence outside of the grounds, well he done the same thing 3 times. Well when he finely did hit one in the course why Mr Carter said why not let us not count them 3 first shots of Mr Dunham as they was just practice. Like H we wont count them said Mr Thomas we must count every shot and keep our scores correct for the tournament.

All right said Mr Carter.

Well we got down to the green and Mr. Dunham had about 11 and Mr Carter sunk a long putt for a par 5, Mr Blake all ready had 5 strokes and so did Mr Thomas and when Mr Carter sunk his putt why Mr Thomas picked his ball up and said Carter wins the hole and I and Blake will take 6s. Like H you will said Mr Carter, this is a tournament and we must play every hole out and keep our scores correct. So Mr Dunham putted and went down in 13 and Mr Blake got a 6 and Mr Thomas missed 2 easy putts and took a 8 and maybe he was not boiling.

Well it was still their honor and Mr Dunham had one of his dizzy spells on the 2d tee and he missed the ball twice before he hit it and then Mr Carter drove the green which is only a midiron shot and then Mr Thomas stepped up and missed the ball just like Mr Dunham. He was wild and yelled at Mr. Dunham no man could play golf playing with a man like you, you would spoil anybodys game.

Your game was all ready spoiled said Mr Dunham, it turned sour on the 1st green.

You would turn anybody sour said Mr Thomas.

Well Mr Thomas finely took a 8 for the hole which is a par 3 and it certainly looked bad for him winning a prize when he started out with 2 8s, and he and Mr Dunham had another terrible time on No 3 and wile they was messing things up a 2 some come up behind us and hollered fore and we left them go through tho it was Mr Clayton and Mr Joyce and as Joe Bean said they was probly dissapointed when we left them go through as they are the kind that feels like the day is lost if they cant write to some committee and preffer charges.

Well Mr Thomas got a 7 on the 3d and he said well it is no wonder I am off of my game today as I was up ½ the night with my teeth.

Well said Mr Carter if I had your money why on the night before a big tournament like this I would hire somebody else to set up with my teeth.

Well I wished I could remember all that was said and done but any way Mr Thomas kept getting sore and sore and we got to the 7th tee and he had not made a decent tee shot all day so Mr Blake said to him why dont you try the wood as you cant do no worse?

By Geo I beleive I will said Mr Thomas and took his driver out of the bag which he had not used it for 3 yrs.

Well he swang and zowie away went the ball pretty near 8 inchs distants wile the head of the club broke off clean and saled 50 yds down the course. Well I have got a hold on myself so as I dont never laugh out loud and I beleive the other men was scarred to laugh or he would of killed them so we all stood there in silents waiting for what would happen.

Well without saying a word he come to where I was standing and took his other 4 wood clubs out of the bag and took them to a tree which standa a little ways from the tee box and one by one he swang them with all his strenth against the trunk of the tree and smashed them to H and gone, all right gentlemen that is over he said.

Well to cut it short Mr Thomas score for the first 9 was a even 60 and then we started out on the 2d 9 and you would not think it was the same man playing, on the first 3 holes he made 2 4s and a 5 and beat Mr Carter even and followed up with a 6 and a 5 and that is how he kept going up to the 17th hole.

What has got in to you Thomas said Mr Carter.

Nothing said Mr Thomas only I broke my hoodoo when I broke them 5 wood clubs.

Yes I said to myself and if you had broke them 5 wood clubs 3 yrs ago I would not of broke my back lugging them around.

Well we come to the 18th tee and Mr Thomas had a 39 which give him a 99 for 17 holes, well everybody drove off and as we was following along why Mr Klabor come walking down the course from the club house on his way to the 17th green to join some friends and Mr Thomas asked him what had he made and he said he had turned in a 93 but his handicap is only 12 so that give him a 81.

That wont get me no wheres he said as Charley Crane made a 75.

Well said Mr Thomas I can tie Crane for low net if I get a 6 on this hole.

Well it come his turn to make his 2d and zowie he hit the ball pretty good but they was a hook on it and away she went in to the woods on the left, the ball laid in behind a tree so as they was only one thing to do and that was waste a shot getting it back on the fair so that is what Mr Thomas done and it took him 2 more to reach the green.

How many have you had Thomas said Mr Carter when we was all on the green.

Let me see said Mr Thomas and then turned to me, how many have I had caddy?

I dont know I said.

Well it is either 4 or 5 said Mr Thomas.

I think it is 5 said Mr Carter.

I think it is 4 said Mr Thomas and turned to me again and said how many have I had caddy?

So I said 4.

Well said Mr Thomas personly I was not sure myself but my caddy says 4 and I guess he is right.

Well the other men looked at each other and I and Joe Bean looked at each other but Mr Thomas went ahead and putted and was down in 2 putts.

Well he said I certainly come to life on them last 9 holes.

So he turned in his score as 105 and with his handicap of 30 why that give him a net of 75 which was the same as Mr Crane so instead of Mr Crane getting I dozen golf balls and Mr Thomas getting ½ a dozen golf balls why they will split the 1st and 2d prize makeing 9 golf balls a piece.

Tues. May 2.

THIS was the first ladies day of the season and even Joe Bean had to carry for the fair sex. We cadded for a 4 some which

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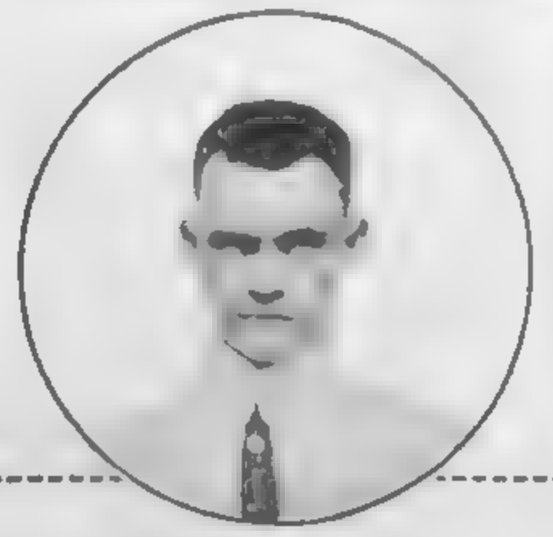

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was Miss Rennie and Mrs Thomas against Mrs Doane and Mrs Carter. I guess if they had of kept their score right the total for the 4 of them would of ran well over a 1000.

Our course has a great many trees and they seemed to have a traction for our 4 ladies today and we was in amongst the trees more then we was on the fair way.

Well said Joe Bean theys one thing about cadding for these dames, it keeps you out of the hot sun.

And another time he said he felt like a boy scout studing wood craft.

These dames is always up against a stump he said.

And another time he said that it was not fair to charge these dames regular ladies dues in the club as they hardly ever used the course.

Well it seems like they was a party in the village last night and of course the ladies was talking about it and Mrs Doane said what a lovely dress Miss Rennie wore to the party and Miss Rennie said she did not care for the dress herself.

Well said Mrs Doane if you want to get rid of it just hand it over to me.

I wont give it to you said Miss Rennie but I will sell it to you at ½ what it cost me and it was a bargain at that as it only cost me a $100.00 and I will sell it to you for $50.00.

I have not got $50.00 just now to spend said Mrs Doane and besides I dont know would it fit me.

Sure it would fit you said Miss Rennie, you and I are exactly the same size and figure, I tell you what I will do with you I will play you golf for it and if you beat me you can have the gown for nothing and if I beat you why you will give me $50.00 for it.

All right but if I loose you may have to wait for your money said Mrs Doane.

So this was on the 4th hole and they started from there to play for the dress and they was both terrible and worse then usual on acct of being nervous as this was the biggest stakes they had either of them ever played for tho the Doanes has got a bbl of money and $50.00 is chickens food.

Well we was on the 16th hole and Mrs Doane was 1 up and Miss Rennie sliced her tee shot off in the rough and Mrs Doane landed in some rough over on the left so they was clear across the course from each other. Well I and Mrs Doane went over to her ball and as luck would have it it had come to rest in a kind of a groove where a good player could not hardly make a good shot of it let alone Mrs Doane. Well Mrs Thomas was out in the middle of the course for once in her life and the other 2 ladies was over on the right side and Joe Bean with them so they was nobody near Mrs Doane and I.

Do I have to play it from there she said. I guess you do was my reply.

Why Dick have you went back on me she said and give me one of her looks.

Well I looked to see if the others was looking and then I kind of give the ball a shove with my toe and it come out of the groove and laid where she could get a swipe at it.

This was the 16th hole and Mrs Doane win it by 11 strokes to 10 and that made her 2 up and 2 to go. Miss Rennie win the 17th but they both took a 10 for the 18th and that give Mrs Doane the match.

Well I wont never have a chance to see her in Miss Rennies dress but if I did I aint sure that I would like it on her.

Fri. May 5.

WELL I never thought we would have so much excitement in the club and so much to write down in my diary but I guess I better get busy writeing it down as here it is Friday and it was Wed. A.M. when the excitement broke loose and I was getting ready to play around when Harry Lear the caddy master come running out with the paper in his hand and showed it to me on the first page.

It told how Chas Crane our club champion had went south with $8000 which he had stole out of Mr Thomas bank and a swell looking dame that was a stenographer in the bank had elloped with him and they had her picture in the paper and I will say she is a pip but who would of thought a nice quiet young man like Mr Crane was going to prove himself a gay Romeo and a specialy as he was engaged to Miss Rennie tho she now says she broke their engagement a month ago but any way the whole affair has certainly give everybody something to talk about and one of the caddys Lou Crowell busted Fat Brunner in the nose because Fat claimed to of been the last one that cadded for Crane. Lou was really the last one and cadded for him last Sunday which was the last time Crane was at the club.

Well everybody was thinking how sore Mr Thomas would be and they would better not mention the affair around him and etc. but who should show up to play yesterday but Mr Thomas himself and he played with Mr Blake and all they talked about the whole P.M. was Crane and what he had pulled.

Well Thomas said Mr Blake I am curious to know if the thing come as a suprise to you or if you ever had a hunch that he was libel to do a thing like this.

Well Blake said Mr Thomas I will admit that the whole thing come as a complete suprise to me as Crane was all most like my son you might say and I was going to see that he got along all right and that is what makes me sore is not only that he has proved himself dishonest but that he could be such a sucker as to give up a bright future for a sum of money like $8000 and a doll face girl that cant be no good or she would not of let him do it. When you think how young he was and the carreer he might of had why it certainly seems like he sold his soul pretty cheap.

That is what Mr Thomas had to say or at lease part of it as I cant remember a ½ of all he said but any way this P.M. I cadded for Mrs Thomas and Mrs Doane and that is all they talked about to, and Mrs Thomas talked along the same lines like her husband and said she had always thought Crane was to smart a young man to pull a thing like that and ruin his whole future.

He was getting $4000 a yr said Mrs Thomas and everybody liked him and said he was bound to get ahead so that is what makes it such a silly thing for him to of done, sell his soul for $8000 and a pretty face.

Yes indeed said Mrs Doane.

Well all the time I was listening to Mr Thomas and Mr Blake and Mrs Thomas and Mrs Doane why I was thinking about something which I wanted to say to them but it would of ment me looseing my job so I kept it to myself but I sprung it on my pal Joe Bean on the way home tonight.

Joe I said what do these people mean when they talk about Crane selling his soul?

Why you know what they mean said Joe, they mean that a person that does something dishonest for a bunch of money or a gal or any kind of a reward why the person that does it is selling his soul.

All right I said and it dont make no differents does it if the reward is big or little?

Why no said Joe only the bigger it is the less of a sucker the person is that goes after it.

Well I said here is Mr Thomas who is vice president of a big bank and worth a bbl of money and it is just a few days ago when he lied about his golf score in order so as he would win 9 golf balls instead of a ½ a dozen.

Sure said Joe.

And how about his wife Mrs Thomas I said, who plays for 2 bits a hole and when her ball dont lie good why she picks it up and pretends to look at it to see if it is hers and then puts it back in a good lie where she can sock it.

And how about my friend Mrs Doane that made me move her ball out of a rut to help her beat Miss Rennie out of a party dress.

Well said Joe what of it?

Well I said it seems to me like these people have got a lot of nerve to pan Mr Crane and call him a sucker for doing what he done, it seems to me like $8000 and a swell dame is a pretty fair reward compared with what some of these other people sells their soul for, and I would like to tell them about it.

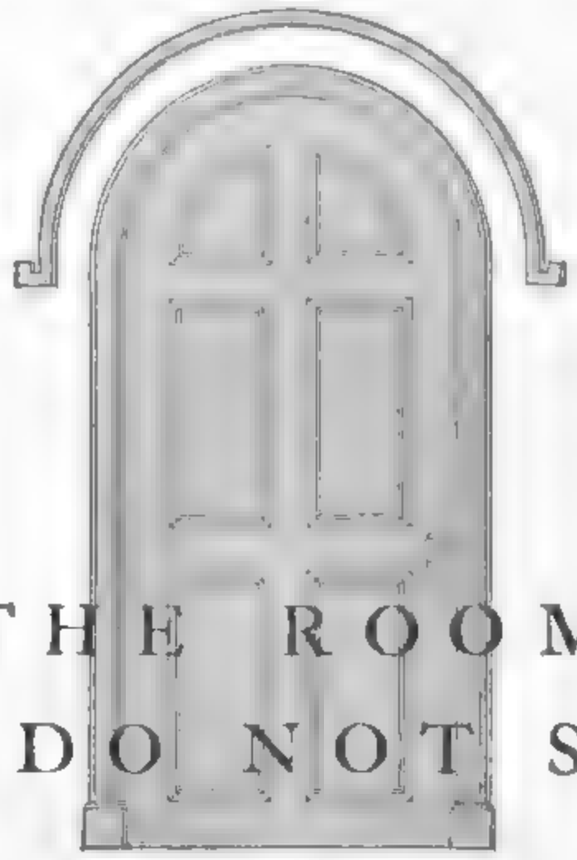
Well said Joe go ahead and tell them but maybe they will tell you something right back.

What will they tell me?

Well said Joe they might tell you this, that when Mr Thomas asks you how many shots he has had and you say 4 when you know he has had 5, why you are selling your soul for a $1.00 tip. And when you move Mrs Doanes ball out of a rut and give it a good lie, what are you selling your soul for? Just a smile.

O keep your mouth shut I said to him.

I am going to said Joe and would advice you to do the same.



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TRAINED AND UNTRAINED SEALS

(Continued from Page 11)

Secretary Hughes set off all the fireworks at once, and there was a whole lot for the trained seals to write about their actions and reactions during this momentous moment in the history of the world. They clogged the wires with their analyses of their emotions, and 99.7 per cent of all their pieces began: "I thought as I sat ——"

Well, even the shiniest of trained seals can sit and think what he thinks he is thinking when he is sitting for only so long without a request from the person who is paying him—or her—good money for copy for a little less thought, practically no sitting, and a modicum of matter having some slight reference to what is going on, with a bearing on the subjects under discussion, even if remote. Right there is where Lord Riddell bulged in. He is the greatest trained-seal handler and supplier extant. Twice a day the seals flocked to his job-saving presence, his face-saving presence; and he tossed them informative bits of fish. British fish, but fish. He answered each and every proper question, explained, elucidated and exemplified. He contributed a series of anecdotes that must have given Bluff King Hal great enjoyment when he first heard them from that sly wag, Cardinal Wolsey, and kept many a trained seal in copy after he, or she, had run out of everything save capital I's.

Thus in the dreary and behind-closed-doors days between plenary sessions Lord Riddell advised, suggested, refuted, expounded, explicated, unfolded and construed. Thus in those dreary days the esteemed and visiting British got none the worst of it, by and large, in the newspaper dispatches and the trained-seal contributions printed here and abroad. All of which is one reason why Lord Riddell is a lord. It is an American, and a Latin, and a Slav idea that the British are a stolid and uncommunicative folk, but they have glimmers of vivacity and a certain skill at impartiveness in such matters as those of the conference. They do seem to have a smattering of politics and propaganda.

Expert Publicity Work

Here was Lord Riddell happening along in a providentially casual manner, and, having sensed a place where he might be useful, stepping right in to make things easier for the writing boys and girls. He was one of them, you understand, an editor himself, and with a full knowledge of the difficulties that beset his fellow crafts men and women, to say nothing of the necessity for keeping the trained seals fed up. He had no official position—none. He was no politician—only an editor, the representative of British editors, and primarily interested in British writers. Still, if there were any Americans or French or Japanese, or what not—any others besides the British—who cared to come to him, he was only too willing to oblige.

The noble lord's idea was simply to get out the news. He believes in publicity, dotes on it. Of course he is a close and confidential friend of Lloyd George, but that had no bearing on his visit, his effort or his emphasis. And of course there was a pretty able and active and intelligent Northcliffe representation at the conference, but Northcliffe and Riddell are both in the same business, both editors, even if they happen to differ politically now and then. And as to what Northcliffe and Lloyd George think on political matters, why, that is domestic, English and insular, and this conference was international. Surely you get the distinction.

Whether you get it or not, Lord Riddell had it. He had it before he left London and he never let go of it an instant while he was here. You may say what you like about Lloyd George—and many people do—but it cannot be alleged that he ever overlooked a publicity bet. He selected his delegates carefully and with due regard to the political and diplomatic aspects of the conference, but none knows better than he that however great the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour may be as a publicist he is but indifferent as a publicity man. Likewise he sensed keenly the status of Lord Northcliffe, unofficial, to be sure, but with certain elements of strength in it, such as the Times and the Mail and the Evening News and other mediums of publicity coming out morning after morning and afternoon after afternoon in London and no doubt the Northcliffian distaste, shall we say, for many things Georgian, including David Lloyd George himself. Hence, Riddell.

Hence, also, Mr. Wickham Steed. This Mr. Steed is a tall, thin man with a short and pointed beard, a high and expansive forehead, a calmly questioning eye, a quick humor, and a great skill at putting his thoughts, impressions, opinions and conclusions on paper, which conclusions, et cetera, are keen and well founded, usually. Given a property forked tail and cloven hoof, he could do the exterior of Mephistopheles very well. He has the scenery, save in those regards, for excellent make-up thus, but in reality there is nothing Mephistophelean about him except his pointed beard and the twirl of his mustaches. As mild-mannered and kindly a Mephistopheles as one would care to meet. And humorous on occasion.

The Two Interpreters

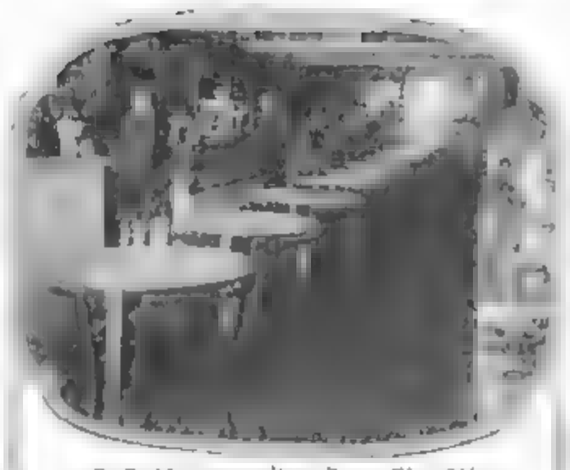
Now, Mr. Steed is editor of the Times, which newspaper, whatever its consideration may be in London by the intelligentzia, is still The Thunderer throughout the rest of the world, and it thunders considerably in London also. Therefore what Steed said about the conference meant more than just Steed saying it. It meant the Times saying it, and, further, it meant Lord Northcliffe saying it—quite a hefty trio, all things considered. There was slight doubt that this trio would not be influenced particularly by the desires of Mr. Lloyd George as to reports on the doings of the emissaries of the Lloyd George government at the conference, and if Mr. Lloyd George personally got a good press—a good Northcliffe press—about the conference it would be because the conference was responsible and not because of any high regard for Lloyd George himself, nor by favorable bestowal by Mr. Steed and his assistants. The point is that Mr. Steed and his assistants were in no way prejudiced in favor of Lloyd George.

Having some small skill in newspapering and news, and how to handle and distribute it, unobtrusive but effective arrangements were made whereby Mr. Steed's dispatches to the Times were duplicated to many of the important newspapers of the United States. Thus a well-considered balance was maintained. The Northcliffe interpretation, via Steed, ran side by side with the Lloyd George interpretation, via Riddell. This was instructive to the American people. There was no discord. Lord Riddell was merely seeing to it that the press had the facts as he perceived them, and out of the abundant kindliness and generosity of a heart that beats warmly for his fellows of said press; and Mr. Steed was acting as the illuminating and able correspondent of his own paper. Also, Lord Northcliffe was in Borneo or Madagascar or somewhere, and Mr. Lloyd George was detained in England by his onerous public duties. However, Steed and Riddell were in Washington, so the status quo was safely maintained.

It was engaging to see them operate. Riddell was suave, anecdotal, amiable and discreet, adept at parrying questions that he did not care to answer and voluble at answering questions not necessary to parry. He was frank, hail-fellow, boys-I'm-one-of-you, and obliging to the extent of going to any pains to enlighten, sustain or expand. He told what he heard, heard what was told, with suitable reservations in the first instance and suitable reticences in the second, and from the time he opened shop until he left after his atmosphere was created and stable he made no slips and always had a good attendance at his meetings.

Steed was active, nervous, intense, and flogged himself to unceasing efforts to promote, extend and maintain better relations between the United States and Great Britain. He saw, and sees, the hopeful future of the world bound up in the coöperation of the English-speaking races, and world disaster in lack of that coöperation; and "Get together" was the text of his dispatches. That was his objective, that and the seeing to it that Lord Riddell did not put over anything; not, of course, that Lord Riddell would try to put over anything, but merely as a precautionary measure.

Riddell, I should say, was the busiest little cup of English tea we have had with



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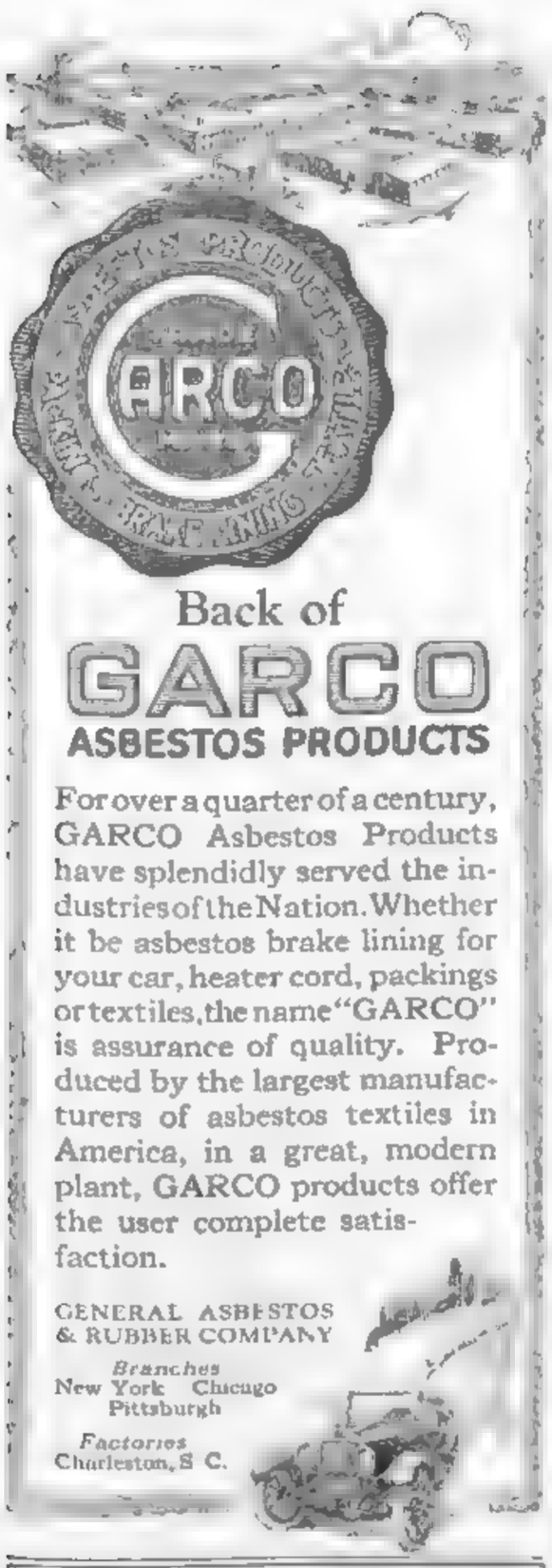

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us in many years. He not only helped out the writing contingent but he made speeches, preached sermons, gave interviews and dashed off a few pieces himself. Everybody liked him, and admired his cleverness, his aptness, his good humor and his skill at politic publicity. Steed, though he made a few speeches also, expressed himself mainly through his dispatches. By the efforts of the two of them the United States was well informed of the British view and intention, not only for Britain but for others, and entertained with a modicum of British domestic politics on the side.

Steed is an interesting man, and entertainingly human. Twenty-odd years ago, about Spanish-American War times, he was doing free-lance newspaper work in Paris, and among other occasional clients had the New York World. An American statesman arrived, and Steed was instructed by the World to see this statesman and get a talk with him for American publication. This statesman had been to Cuba before he came to Paris, and his views seemed to be of moment.

Sheer Cruelty

Steed found him at the Hôtel Bristol, and asked for his interview. The American statesman consented to talk and took Steed to his rooms in the hotel. When he came from Havana he brought with him some boxes of extraordinary Havana cigars, long, oily, made of the finest leaf, and each one perfection to the eye and the taste of the smoker. Steed was a smoker, and he had his difficulties in getting good tobacco in France, where tobacco is a government monopoly, and a frightful example of what ruin may be wrought by government control.

The American statesman sat Steed down in a chair, opened one of these exceptional boxes of exceptional cigars, carefully selected one and as carefully lighted it. He drew in several mouthfuls of the fragrant smoke, expelled it luxuriously, and the aroma of it enveloped Steed and set his nostrils to quivering and his lips to twitching. Then the statesman turned to Steed and said: "Now, young man, what is it you desire to know?"

Steed told him, and it took the American statesman some time to impart to Steed what Steed desired to know—long enough time for him to finish one cigar and light another, but not long enough for him to ask Steed if, perchance, he smoked, and discovering that he did smoke, to offer him a cigar. He did neither. Those cigars were no doubt far too good to be bestowed on a free-lance correspondent in Paris—far too good. And Steed left without experiencing any but olfactory delights of that tobacco.

Well, as the saying is, it is a small world, and you never can tell what may happen. Years passed, and the free-lance correspondent in Paris became the editor of the London Times. A conference for the limitation of armaments was called to meet in Washington, and Steed came to write about it for his paper, as has been told. Among those prominent—very prominent—in the American end of this conference he discovered his statesman acquaintance who years before in Paris sat and smoked two ravishing cigars, and had boxes of equally ravishing cigars on the table, and never offered Steed a cigar or ventured an inquiry as to whether he used tobacco.

It was a curious turn of the wheel. This time the American statesman was doing the calling, and it was Steed who had the fine cigars on his table; not that the American statesman was not possessed of ample cigars in his own right, but that the positions were reversed, and Steed was the perfect host. His cigars were at the disposal of the caller in ones, twos or by the box. However, the American statesman didn't get anywhere in particular with the editor of the Times. Early impressions, they say, are strongest and longest retained. A statesman is only a statesman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

They used to say in London that the excessively productive Andrew Lang, who turned out bales of literary matter each year, wasn't an individual, and was a syndicate. Until he came to Washington in the flesh there had been a prevalent American suspicion that H. G. Wells was a book factory—a publishing business. When he arrived that suspicion was quieted, because his method is plain to see. He is a book factory. When anything occurs to him he writes a book about it, and occasionally when nothing does occur to him. "My goodness," says Wells, about once a month, "I haven't put out a book for thirty days." So he jumps out of bed, grasps his trusty stylographic pen, and, presto, there is a book.

He came to Washington to write about the conference for a string of newspapers, and he wrote about it and some other things. As his newspaper contract expired as he was finishing the last sheet of copy, his publisher came in, waited impatiently until he had signed his name to it, seized the sheet, and next morning we all had a new Wells book for our uplift and delectation. He'll probably write another book on the way home, aboard ship, and have the publisher waiting at the dock at Liverpool to grab the manuscript and have it out by the time Wells gets from the dock to the Lime Street station. This one will probably be about the American people.

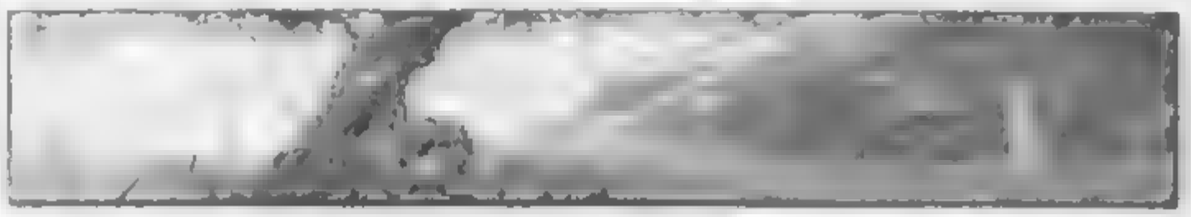
Wells is a cheerful and chubby little chap, and differs from most of his English brethren in this: His brethren bring their own environments with them—superior ones, of course—and never escape them. Nothing American touches them, much less interests them, except casually and for purposes of remark on how much better whatever it is would be done at home. They move about Britishly, in a British atmosphere, and never get out of it. Not so with Wells. He is British enough nationally, but he also became cognizant of the fact when he landed in New York that he was some three thousand and more miles from Easton Glebe, Dunmow, and that possibly there were a few things here and there that might interest him if investigated.

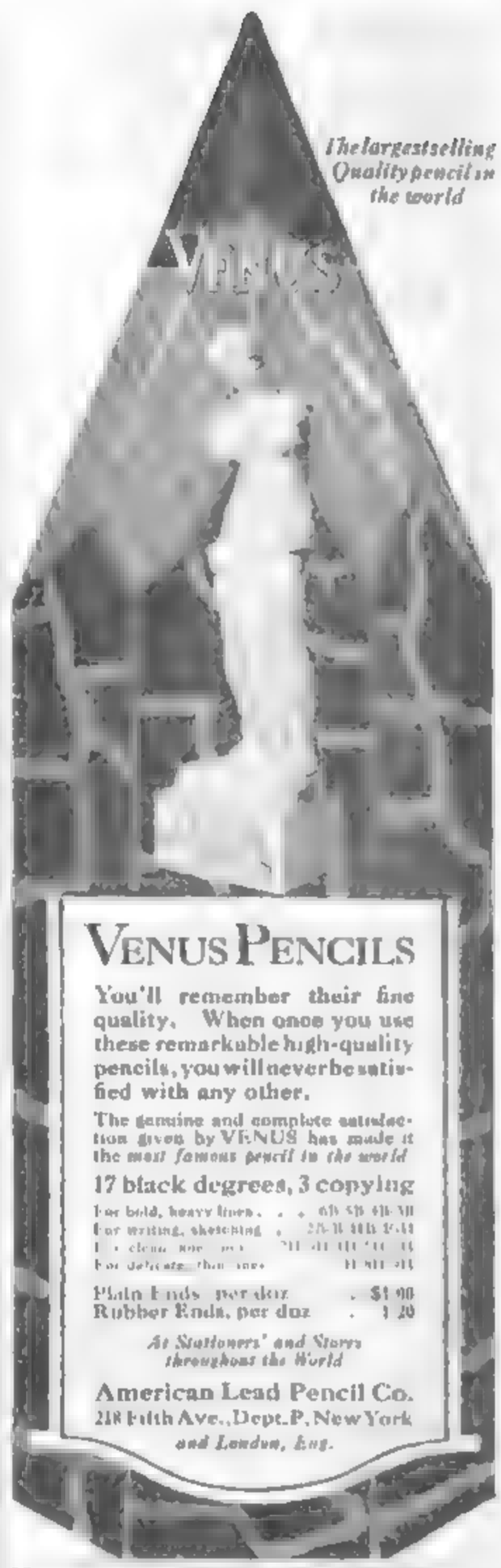
Busy Days for Mr. Wells

So he unceasingly investigated everything. He looked and asked for information. He was insatiably curious. He wanted to know, and he found out. Because a thing was new to him didn't necessarily mean to Wells that that thing was unworthy of examination and discussion. He examined and discussed it. He was not so hipped of the idea that age, either in nations or in customs, is the only criterion for judgment or approval, thereby differing widely from many of his colleagues, and thereby presenting the real reason why he leads all the rest of them as he does.

Still, he didn't need this new information that he sought so unceasingly and intelligently, for his conference work. He had that all sized up before he came. In intervals of his investigations of tramcars, theology, bootlegging, the automobile industry, the origin of jazz, the Rockefeller Foundation, shop windows on Fifth Avenue, the researches of Carrel and Loeb, the Midnight Follies, the Carnegie Institute, terrapin, the housing of the poor, corn pone, the melting pot, barbecues and the status of the colored race—among other phases and features of American life—he had a grand time writing his pieces for the papers. He wrote about Mesopotamia, Russia, the union of the states of the world and how to get all nations under one governmental tent, the paths to peace, communism as a means to economic grace, collectivism as a creed, the difference between socialism and internationalism, and so on, when, it may be—it reasonably may be—his editorial directors made bold to suggest that he get appreciably nearer to brass tacks, come down to earth, as it were, and write an article or two with a slight bearing, trend or leaning towards the actual proceedings of the conference.

It may be. Editors are that way sometimes. They occasionally get peevish when they send a man to write about Constantinople and he turns in a story about Des Moines, Iowa. Of course the editors

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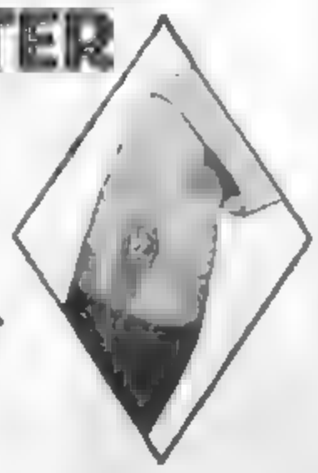

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had told Wells he could write what he pleased, but you know how those fellows are who buy service—those roughneck editors out through the country who paid big money for the Wells feature, which was to be a report of the conference, and got a lot about the effect of the Aryan migration on the Nordic races, and so on.

Well, be that as it may, Wells came to bat one morning with a piece of news which was to the broad general effect that France is getting ready to go to war with Great Britain, and that incontestably and incontrovertibly, that is what a lot of things meant that were going on at the conference. He warned England. He deemed it his duty so to do. He could see it all plainly, and he hung to it valiantly for a couple of days.

"There, drat you," one can hear him saying to his editors, "maybe that will hold you for a while, as my American friends say; and now trot along, for I must be getting on with the situation in Asia as regards the parliament of man."

And he educated us, by heck, he educated us, and led us. I find in a copy of the London Nation and Athenæum the statement that Wells led idealist America as it has never been led before, which statement is respectfully referred to the Democratic Party: "Wells," says the Nation writer, "has given America the first great popular lesson in international politics she has ever had, and his peculiar blend of rhetoric and common sense, of moral analysis and biting criticism of after-war society shook American complacency and laid the track of a new political consciousness." And all in fifteen articles! Likely as not we'd have gone soviet if he had written thirty.

However, that is what the London Nation says—not what Wells says. Wells is quite modest and retiring, except when he is asking questions, and then he is insistent and persistent. With due regard and obeisance to the rest, Wells is the most interesting Englishman who has come to this country in a long time, and the greatest.

Of the others, there was the jaunty Beatty, who commanded the Grand Fleet during the latter part of the war, who has an American wife and gives us his approval; Lord Lee, a solemn statesman, who seemed unbelievably calm and unemotional until he went into action against the French, when he turned catamount all of a sudden; the massive Geddes, who always gives the impression of a large truck heavily loaded with staples; Repington, who, obsessed of a horrid fear that the thing might turn out a success, left before he should be forced to witness that calamity; Nevinson, the Manchester Guardian man, looking at it all with calm detachment; and many more—all English, all interesting.

Naturally we gave the foreigners an opportunity to study our native sports, pastimes, customs and tribal and other ceremonies, and one opportunity was at a barbecue at Folly Quarters, between Baltimore and Washington, where the Baltimore Sun put on a show one November day that was American in every aspect and was lavish beyond belief. Attending this amazing conglomerate of food, drink, music and sport was a band of Indians, headed by a chief named Plenty Coups, and all moccasined, buckskinned, war-bonneted, painted in excellent aboriginal style, and supplying a fine touch of native American color to the proceedings.

The host was Mr. Van Lear Black, and during the course of the afternoon, for the delectation of the guests, and as a tribute from the Indians to the hospitality extended, the Indians adopted Mr. Black into their tribe, with full rites, and bestowed on him a name, performing the ceremony in front of a grand stand on which the guests had assembled to watch a rodeo.

Plenty Coups, surrounded by his braves, went through the adoption ceremonies in a resonant and impressive manner, but when it came to bestowing the Indian name on Black, Plenty Coups' mind failed to register. He forgot the name.

"I give you the name ——" he began, and stopped. "I give you the name ——"

Black waited nervously. The great gathering of guests on the stand was silent. Plenty Coups was plainly in the throes of a tremendous mental struggle.

"I give you the name ——" he said again, and stopped. He had no name to give.

"Call him Gustave," bellowed an American sitting on one of the top rows.

"Oh, I say," came in shrill objection, "that wouldn't do, you know. Gustave isn't an Indian name."

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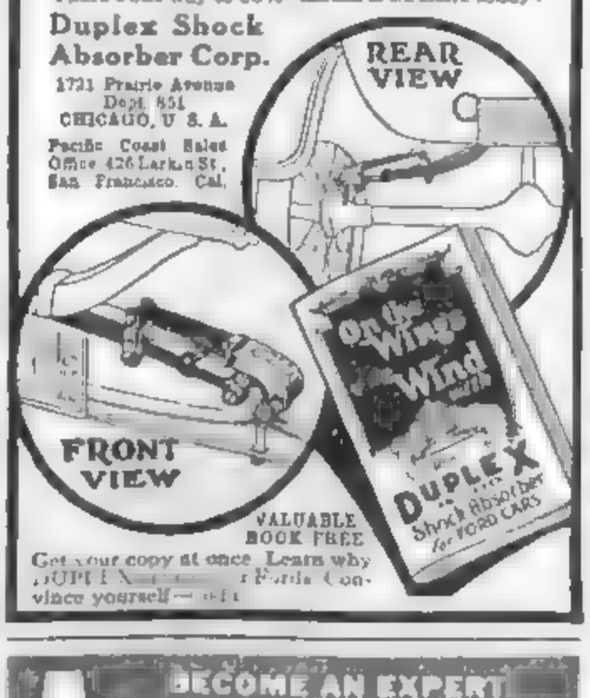

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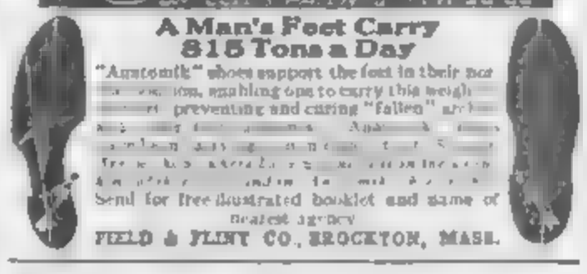

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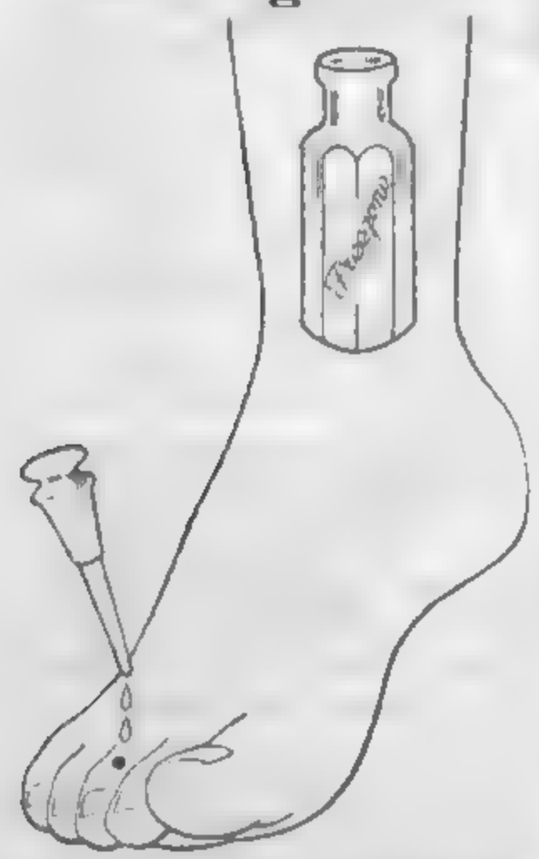

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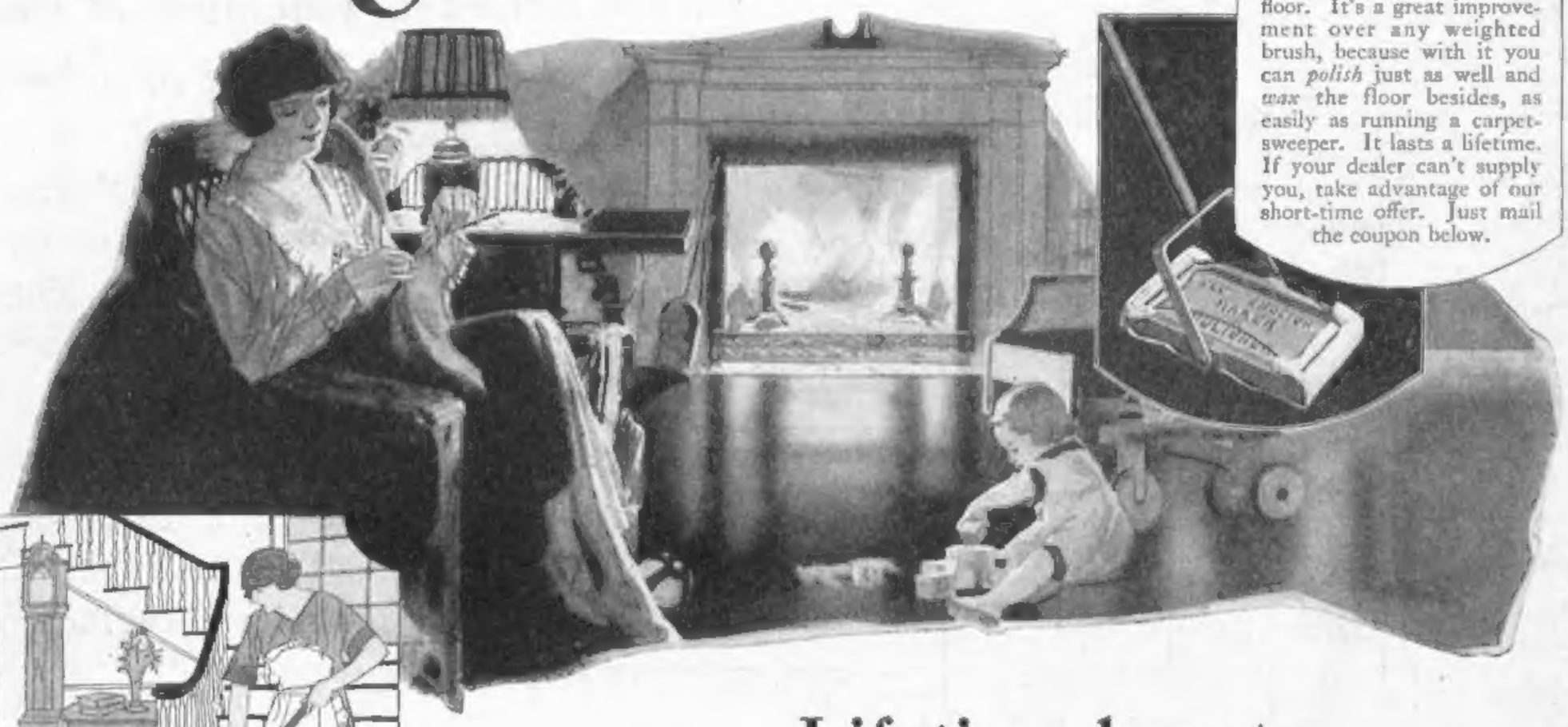

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Anyone who can run a carpet-sweeper can both wax and polish floors with the Old English Waxer-Polisher. It's the new, easy way. A soft cloth will do. But the Waxer-Polisher is much easier and quicker. It saves wax, too.

And it's inexpensive

Old English Wax costs about one-third of most other finishes. It contains a large proportion of hard, high-grade, imported wax. That's why Old English goes farther and lasts longer. It is the ideal finish for any home, however simple or magnificent.

Wax just one floor

Try it. See for yourself the permanent beauty that Old English Wax gives all your floors—whether they're unfinished hardwood or softwood, varnished or shellaced—and your woodwork and furniture.

For dancing

Sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor—the feet of the dancers put on the polish.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 2000 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian Factory: Toronto

How to *clean* your floors

Old English Brightener is the ideal cleaner for your floors—waxed, varnished, or shellaced—and for your woodwork and furniture. It is *the* preparation that cleans perfectly *without injuring the finish.* It leaves a light film of wax that polishes beautifully, protects against wear, and makes the finish last twice as long. Keeps linoleum pliable and protects the surface. Old English Brightener contains no oil, so it will not collect dust, discolor the wood, or soil your rugs.

Mail coupon for FREE book

Into this book we've condensed expert advice based on our experience of more than a quarter of a century to help you in finishing your floors, woodwork, furniture, linoleum, etc.

Get Old English products at your paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department store. Or write us direct. At least mail the coupon for the free book.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 2000 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

☐ Send me, all charges paid, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* at the special time-limited price, $1.50 (Denver and West, $1.60), which I enclose.

Name _____

Address _____

Fair Prices for big as well as small cars

CAR	YEAR	Oversize "Fabric Tire" Batteries (18 mos. guarantee) PRICE	Oversize "Fabric Tire" Batteries (18 mos. guarantee) Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee	Oversize Philco Retainer "Cord Tire" Batteries (2 year guarantee) PRICE	Oversize Philco Retainer "Cord Tire" Batteries (2 year guarantee) Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee
Packard (except Single 6)	1914-21	45.00	2.50	51.25	2.13
Cadillac	1914-19			51.25	2.13
Cole	1914-15				
Stevens-Duryea	1914-15				
Cadillac	1920-21				
Cole	1918-20				
Lafayette	1920-21				
Lincoln	1920-21				
Locomobile	1920-21				
Marmon	1920-21				
Maxwell	1918-20	40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Mercer	1918-20				
Pierce-Arrow	1916-21				
Revere	1918-20				
Singer	1920				
Standard	1918-21				
Stevens-Duryea	1920				
Willys-Knight	1920-21				
Dodge	1915-21	40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Franklin	1916-21	*Dodge Special at $35.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Cole	1921				
Cunningham	1917-21				
Daniels	1920-21				
Dorris	1921				
Haynes	1920-21				
Marmon	1917-19	37.50	2.08	42.50	1.77
National	1919-21				
Peerless	1916-21				
Stutz	1918-21				
Wills Ste. Claire	1921				
Willys-Knight	1916-19				
Winton	1919-20				
Buick 6	1919-21				
Case	1918-21				
Chalmers	1919-21				
Chandler	1918-21				
Chevrolet FB	1920-21				
Cole	1915-17				
Dorris	1916-20				
Du Pont	1921				
Durant Six	1921				
Essex	1919-21				
Grant	1920-21				
Haynes	1919				
H. C. S.	1920-21				
Hudson	1916-20				
Jordan	1919-21				
King	1920				
Kissel	1919-21				
Lexington	1919-21				
Maxwell	1920-21				
McLaughlin	1919-20	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.67
Metz	1919-20				
Mitchell	1921				
Moon	1920-21				
Nash	1919-21				
Oakland	1920-21				
Oldsmobile 8	1920-21				
Packard Single 6	1921				
Paige	1917-21				
Pierce-Arrow	1914-16				
Premier	1921				
Reo	1916-21				
R. & V. Knight	1920-21				
Saxon	1921				
Scripps-Booth	1920-21				
Stephens	1920-21				
Studebaker	1914-21				
Templar	1919-21				
Velie	1913-21				
Westcott	1915-21	*Buick Special at $30.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Allen	1920-21				
American Six	1920-21				
Anderson	1919-21				
Auburn	1921				
Buick D	1916				
Chevrolet 490	1916-21				
Cleveland	1920-21				
Columbia	1918-21				
Crow-Elkhart	1920				
Davis	1916-21	30.00	1.67	35.00	1.46
Dort	1916-21				
Durant 4	1921				
Elcar	1918-21				
Elgin	1916-21				
Ford	1919-21				
Hupmobile	1918-21				
Liberty	1916-20				
Monroe	1920				
Oldsmobile	1916-20				
Overland	1919-21				
Saxon	1916-20				
Scripps-Booth	1916-19				
Studebaker Light 6	1921	*Ford Special at $25.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			

Excise Tax Paid. Exchange prices east of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi, including Pacific Coast, only slightly higher.

* Special batteries with 11, 13 and 7 *thick* Diamond Grid plates, **4¾ inches high**, at $25.00, $30.00 and $35.00, for cars using respectively Ford, Buick and Dodge size batteries. These batteries, while not oversize, are full size and are guaranteed one year. No skimping in plate size in Philadelphia Specials.

No "Surtax"

No price penalty on Philadelphia Batteries because you own a Cadillac, Packard, Pierce-Arrow or other big car

THE owner of a big car is sometimes charged for repairs and accessories in proportion to the size of his pocketbook, on the income tax theory of collecting in increasing ratio in accordance with ability to pay. Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries are not priced this way.

Size and volume considered, the battery for a $5000 car costs no more than the battery for a Ford. Prices of all Philadelphia batteries are based upon cost, and not upon what the market will bear. The table at the left gives prices for a range of popular cars, covering all price classes.

PHILADELPHIA batteries are made in three types—with 12, 18, and 24 month guarantees. With reasonable care, all types should far outlast their guarantees, and being—all of them—either full size or oversize, they will all give you a comfortable sense of security that they will surely start your engine, even under adverse conditions.

Philco Retainer Two Year Batteries offer the greatest value. Their initial price is but little higher, their maximum cost per month of service is much lower, they will stand idle for longer periods without losing their charge, and like cord tires, their dependability and freedom from little troubles are worth as much to their owner in comfort and peace of mind as is their long life in dollars and cents.

To all owners of quality cars we recommend Philco Retainer Batteries as offering value in keeping with the value of the cars themselves.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Ontario and C Streets - - - Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

Pure country milk with the cream left in

Evaporated Milk of Quality

Borden's Evaporated Milk is pure country milk with the cream *left in*. It has all the goodness of the best grade country milk, with less of the natural water content. For cooking and for coffee it is quite as good as regular cream. It is delicious, economical, and convenient to use. Ask your grocer to send you Borden's Evaporated Milk.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building, New York

Too Early

Babies don't need Pebeco, for they have no teeth. Neither do older persons whom "Acid-Mouth" has robbed of their teeth—it is then too late for Pebeco.

But for folks who have teeth and want to keep them, Pebeco is the right tooth paste. Cleans the teeth, keeps them firm, and counteracts "Acid-Mouth"—a condition that causes rapid tooth decay.

Too Late

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition in the mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street and No._____

City or Town_____

State_____

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.